

THE MAGAZINE OF TEN MILLION

MAY, 1906

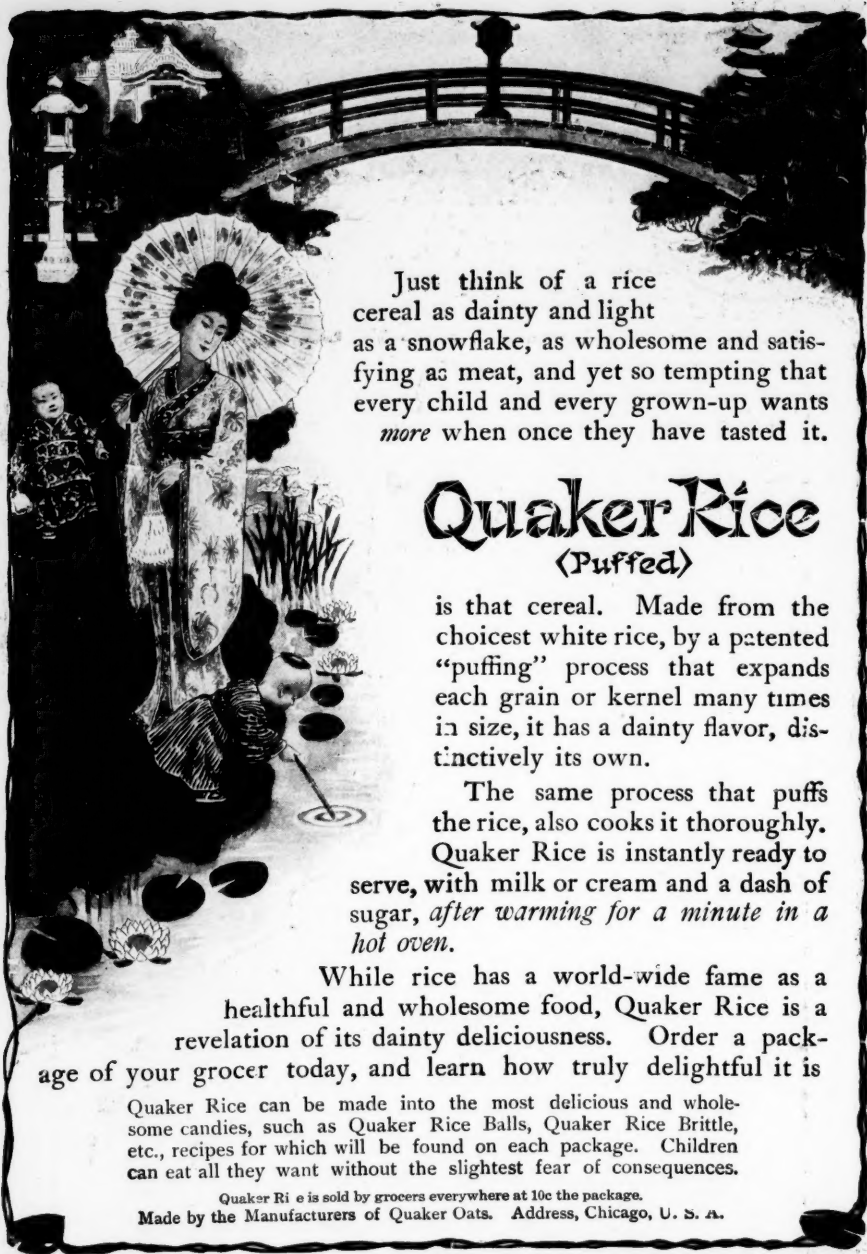
10 CENTS

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE



Published Monthly by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York

BEAUTIFUL ART STUDIES. 40 PAGES PRINTED IN COLORS



Just think of a rice cereal as dainty and light as a snowflake, as wholesome and satisfying as meat, and yet so tempting that every child and every grown-up wants *more* when once they have tasted it.

## Quaker Rice

(Puffed)

is that cereal. Made from the choicest white rice, by a patented "puffing" process that expands each grain or kernel many times in size, it has a dainty flavor, distinctively its own.

The same process that puffs the rice, also cooks it thoroughly. Quaker Rice is instantly ready to serve, with milk or cream and a dash of sugar, *after warming for a minute in a hot oven.*

While rice has a world-wide fame as a healthful and wholesome food, Quaker Rice is a revelation of its dainty deliciousness. Order a package of your grocer today, and learn how truly delightful it is

Quaker Rice can be made into the most delicious and wholesome candies, such as Quaker Rice Balls, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc., recipes for which will be found on each package. Children can eat all they want without the slightest fear of consequences.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.  
 Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U. S. A.



**VICTOR I**  
\$22.



**VICTOR II**  
\$30.



**VICTOR III**  
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**VICTOR IV**  
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**VICTOR V**  
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The throat of Caruso is a magnificently powerful and sensitive machine and the artist's soul on fire sends through this machine the pulsations which we know as Caruso's voice.

The Victor is another throat, strong, sensitive and true, and it brings to you—wherever you are—those same pulsations of sound that people enjoy in Grand Opera at New York, or in hearing Sousa's or Pryor's Band, and the light and bright music that is such a relief in this tired over-strained age.

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To secure further information in regard to full details of the different style Victors and buying on the instalment plan, fill out, cut out and mail us today the coupon at the top of this page.

**Victor Talking Machine Co**  
Camden N J

Berliner Gramophone Co. of Montreal,  
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**Victor Talking Machine Co**  
Camden N J

Please send me your catalogue  
and instalment information,  
and tell me where I can hear  
the Victor played.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

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VI

**Fill out, cut out and mail today**

## What the Editor has to say

IN New York City, situated in that part of Park Row which extends from the Brooklyn Bridge to Chatham Square, and which, for the most part, is given over to dance-halls, darksome stores where second-hand clothes may be purchased, tobacconists who appear to deal only in musty and mildewed cigars, and foul-smelling saloons where a bowl of soup is given with every glass of beer, there is an establishment for the purchase and sale of second-hand periodicals. An old man, with a long beard and black-rimmed finger-nails, sits behind the counter inside, and, unless addressed in a loud voice, never moves or looks up from the Yiddish book he reads. Any one is at liberty to enter the shop and finger over the old magazines and papers, dirty and fly-specked, some of them yellow with age. Here are to be found copies of all the failures in the magazine world for the past twenty years: art magazines, literary magazines, political magazines, risqué publications with impressionistic French pictures on the covers, magazines of humor and religious papers—here they lie in heaps, all of them failures, each one a record of disappointment and unsuccessful endeavor. There is plenty of lost wit and cleverness and feeling that never reached the public for which it was intended, and that now lies hidden in this dingy little shop. It is a morgue, where the unclaimed remains of the dead magazines are thrown in heaps. The whole neighborhood, with its swarm of unlovely life, its dingy squalor, is sad enough; but this haven

for lost magazines is one of the saddest things there.

LOOKING over the magazines, you will find that some of them had no chance from the first. They are stupid, unsuited to the time and the public, or founded on a total misconception of life and conditions. One does not stop to consider why they failed. They have failure written between the lines on every page. There are others, however, that must have looked promising and vigorous when they were launched on the market. They show taste, appreciation, and judgment in the editors; they contain stories by authors now famous; they are well illustrated and attractive. At first you are at a loss to tell why they should fail, when others, at first glance no better, have succeeded. You can always find a reason. Some of them have followed in the rear of public taste and thought instead of in the vanguard; some have fixed the price of their magazines too high. Others started well enough, but did not develop and grow; like all organisms that cease to grow, they decayed and died. All of them contain lessons for the editor and the publisher. We are striving to take some of these lessons to heart.

WE are not entirely satisfied with SMITH'S MAGAZINE. In the past year we have doubled our circulation, and more than doubled it, by a steady growth that indicates that the maga-

**WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY—Continued.**

zine does not owe its success to any one article or story, to a passing fancy, but to its own fitness and excellence. We have a solid body of two hundred thousand readers who do not merely buy the magazine now and then, but who get it regularly because they want it regularly every month. We know also that SMITH'S is a magazine that is passed from hand to hand, and read by every one in the house before it is laid aside. We have made it what we hoped to make it—a magazine for the whole family. We have kept all our promises to our readers, and given them other things that we did not promise. We are issuing the biggest illustrated magazine in the world, the most profusely illustrated, the magazine that offers the greatest wealth and variety in its contents, the magazine that contains something for everybody. And in spite of this we are not entirely satisfied.



**I**F we were satisfied we would rest on our laurels now, and stop trying to make the magazine any better. We have made a splendid record so far, but we have certain advantages that we must live up to and make the most use of. We have the best printing and manufacturing plant in the United States. We can print magazines faster and cheaper than any publishing house in the world. We have the best organization for distributing our magazines and presenting them to our readers all over the country. We have also the best organization in the world for securing fiction, special articles, pictures, everything that goes to make up a magazine. In addition to all this we

have the newest and best type of magazine to work with. We imitated no one, but developed a type of our own. It is the type that represents best what magazine readers of to-day want. If we are to prove ourselves at all worthy of these advantages we must go ahead by leaps and bounds. We must double our circulation in the coming year; we must constantly improve the quality and interest of the magazine. That is what we mean when we say that we are not satisfied.



**W**HEN you lay down this number of the magazine you will be convinced that it is well worth its price. Next month, however, we will give you a number that will be better still. It will certainly surpass in completeness, cost, and quality any previous issue of SMITH'S, and will mean a new record in the magazine field. The short stories by Edwin L. Sabin, Elmore Elliot Peake, Charles Fort, Mary Louise Mil-mow, and F. Walworth Brown, are five of the best examples of what the American author can do in the way of a short story that have ever been published. The art studies with which we open the magazine show the highest development in half-tone, two-color reproduction that has ever been reached. The special articles on "The Extravagances of the Rich" and "American Pilgrims at the Vatican" both represent an interesting and vital phase of life. Either of the articles is important and interesting enough to make a big feature for an ordinary magazine. Next month, also, we hope to be able to give you interesting information in regard to our plans for the future.

B. M. BOWER'S

# "Chip, of the Flying U"

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. Pathos and humor are adroitly commingled and the author seems to be as adept at portraying one as the other. The "Little Doctor" makes a very lovable heroine, and one doesn't blame Chip in the least for falling in love with her. The book reviewer's task would be a pleasant one if all his work had to do with



such wholesome and delightful stories as "Chip of the Flying U." If this book doesn't immediately take rank as one of the best sellers we shall lose faith in the discrimination of the American reading public. Beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Charles M. Russell, the greatest painter of cowboy life in America.

**PRICE, \$1.25**

*Sent postpaid by the Publishers upon receipt of price*

**STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York**

# The Road to Success

## LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



**W. P. PERKINS**  
conducting a highly successful advertising business in New York City, was past forty when he realized the great opportunities in this business and enrolled with us.



**M. ANNIE FOAGE**  
advertising manager for the Daily Independent, Ashland, Ky., was reporter on a newspaper before she prepared for advertisement writing with the Page-Davis Company.



**J. W. IRWIN**  
advertising manager for C. J. Hepp & Son, piano manufacturers of Philadelphia, was filling an ordinary stenographic position when he became our student.

The question with every man whether he owns a business or is employed at a salary is "HOW CAN I INCREASE MY INCOME." If he possesses common-sense and has a common-school education, the question can quickly be solved, providing he will look into the matter intelligently. The excuses men make for themselves constitute their greatest obstacle to success. It doesn't cost anything for you to find out THE VALUE TO YOU OF A PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING COURSE; to find out why hundreds of men and women who were working for as small an amount as \$12.00 a week are to-day, after COMPLETING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE WITH THE "ORIGINAL SCHOOL," MAKING \$2,000 AND \$3,000 A YEAR. If you will stop for a moment's thought, you will see that there must be a reason for such rapid advancement. If you could be in my office for one week, and read the ENTHUSIASTIC LETTERS FROM SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS, you would then wonder how it is possible that other men and women postpone the study of advertising. You could read letters from clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, and men in every known vocation who are stepping OUT OF THEIR NARROW CONFINES INTO \$25.00 TO \$100.00 A WEEK POSITIONS AFTER HAVING LEARNED ADVERTISING. Not in one case alone, not in a hundred cases but in thousands of instances. You would also realize the need for men and women trained to write advertisements, because there is a continual and ever-growing demand for efficient advertisement-writers. ADVERTISEMENT WRITING IS THE MOST FASCINATING BUSINESS IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST PROFITABLE ONE AS WELL. Send in your name and we shall be glad to demonstrate to you how thousands of men and women have increased their incomes from 25 per cent. to 100 per cent., and we will also tell you what we can do for you. It is a straight-forward business proposition where there is nothing to lose and everything to gain. Fill in the coupon, and mail to-day. You will receive by return post, our large, beautiful new prospectus, which lays the whole field before you, so plainly and practically, that you can see opportunities for yourself.

The most successful concerns in the world have put PAGE-DAVIS men in charge of their advertising departments, because they know the character of this institution. The two largest piano manufacturers in America have employed PAGE-DAVIS men to manage their advertising. One of the largest jewelry concerns in the world has placed a PAGE-DAVIS woman at the head of the advertising department.

The greatest publishing house in the country has a PAGE-DAVIS man doing its advertising. Its leading department stores in all the largest cities in America are advertised by PAGE-DAVIS men.

In fact, in every line of business, you will find PAGE-DAVIS men, and usually with the leading concerns in each line. A school that prepares men to do this class of work is surely the school to qualify you. Insure success to yourself by enrolling with the "Original School"—the school with a long record of helping men out of the rut.

**Page-Davis Company,** Address { 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO  
Either Office { 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK

Notice to Employers—Concerns desirous of engaging competent ad. writers are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

Is As Straight As An Arrow

Fill in your name and address, and send this coupon.

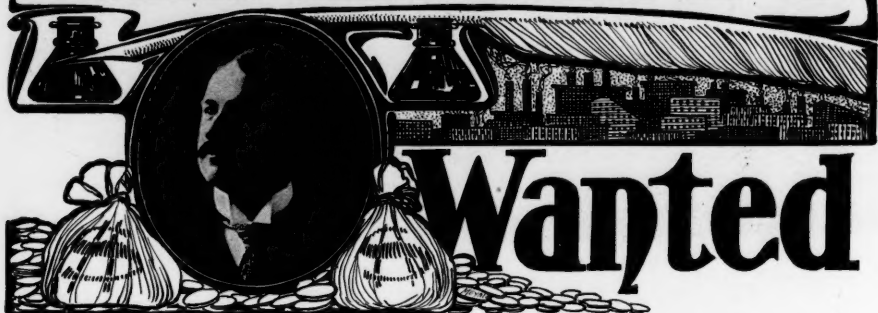
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Send me your prospectus.

# Ad Writers



# Wanted

**Increasing demand for brainy young men and women who have been trained to draw trade by modern advertising. Salaries and incomes \$1,200.00 up.**

Actual, practical ad writing is the only kind of instruction that creates skilled advertising men and women.

Therefore the only real school is the school of experience, and this experience is amply supplied by the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction.

This explains why Powell students are able to double and quadruple their incomes in so short a time.

1906 promises to far surpass any two previous years combined as regards the demand for advertising writers and managers—and particularly for Powell graduates in preference to others trained on the mere theory plan.

This increasing demand is due to the marvelous prosperity of commercial America, and to the constant conversion of old style advertisers to modern methods.

The other day a Georgia company was willing to pay one of my students a good salary and a commission on every dollar of increased business. Another advertiser made an offer that should similarly pay a former student \$10,000.00 a year, or possibly more.

While salaries ordinarily range from \$1,200.00 to \$6,000.00 a year, yet it may be of interest to state that the skilled advertising expert can look far beyond this. Several give their services on the percentage basis and earn as high as \$20,000.00 a year and over.

The field is absolutely limitless, and the rewards for trained advertising brains were never before so princely.

Not only is the ad writer wanted in the preparation of up-to-date publication ads, but millions of dollars' worth of miscellaneous matter in shape of booklets and other business literature await his attention.

Mr. L. H. Potter who became advertising manager of the Union, the largest clothiers of Columbus, O., on completing the Powell System, made such a remarkable showing that his father saw the advisability of purchasing the great business, a deal

just consummated. Another large Columbus house asked Mr. Potter to have me send him a Powell graduate with similar skill.

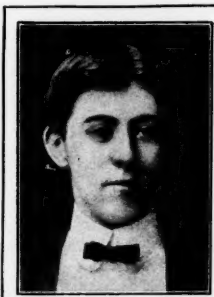
One Powell success helps others, and it is now a well-known fact that my own advertising, plus my students' efforts, are doing wonders in awakening advertisers all over the country to the importance of better service. Leading publishers, too, cordially praise me in this respect.

If more ambitious clerks, salesmen, and subordinate workers would become skilled ad writers their dissatisfaction with life would disappear. Lack of preparation for greater things is the fatal check on thousands of careers. A large company recently advertised in several cities for a skilled ad writer, and out of nearly a hundred replies received, only two had ever prepared a single ad—and not ten per cent. knew how to write a suitable letter. No wonder that the demand for trained brains multiplies.

I seek the enrollment of brainy young men and women only, and shall be glad to mail them for study my two free books—my elegant new Prospectus and "Net Results," laying bare the situation. Simply address me,

**GEORGE H. POWELL, 56 Metropolitan Annex, New York**

**FROM \$10 CLERKSHIP TO MANAGEMENT OF \$100,000.00  
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.**



to do for old Powell graduates as well as the steadfast student *never flags*.

Mr. C. C. Green enrolled as a Powell student less than three years ago from Dayton, Ohio, and after graduation joined the H-G-Art Company of that city. In the Fall of 1904 he was called to Washington, D. C., to become advertising manager of the famous Orin Co., manufacturers of the leading cure for the liquor habit.

Mr. Green has in a comparatively brief period jumped into the highest class, where the salary is sufficiently large to demand an advertising experience of four or five years—or even more. He is a very big winner because the Powell System is a marvelously grand one, and beyond anything ever before known in the history of correspondence instruction—and because of his willingness to do his part thoroughly. Recently another large drug company wrote me about a Powell graduate capable of managing both the advertising and factory, and I unhesitatingly recommended Mr. Green. Another example of the good I always try

*When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.*

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME No. 2

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**WARNING.** Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally. Complaints reach us daily from the victims of such swindlers.

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Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.  
Entered as Second-Class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.



# AINSLEE'S

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

## FOR MAY

amply sustains, and will go far toward enhancing, the enviable reputation this publication has already achieved for the brilliant quality of its fiction, and especially its short stories. We append a list of the more important features of its contents.

### W. A. FRASER

begins his series of six racing stories written for us. We doubt if any writer now before the public can tell a better story than can the author of "Blood Lilies" and "Thoroughbreds," especially a racing story. "The Glove Stakes" is the first of this series of stories by Mr. Fraser, which we shall publish in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE.

### KATE JORDAN

will have a story entitled "The Maternal Instinct," the theme of which is based upon a childish trait, just as was "A Committee of Three," by the same author, which appeared in the February number, and which elicited much favorable criticism. She will be remembered as the author of the successful book "Time the Comedian."

**Other noteworthy Short Stories** are "The Casual Honeymoon," by JAMES BRANCH CABELL; "The Price of Victory," by GEORGE HIBBARD; "Lady Pam's Bridge Debts," by Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON; "That Girl of Kilpatrick's," by B. M. BOWER; "The Visitor," by MARGARET HOUSTON; "Underneath," by ANNA YEAMAN CONDUCT; "The Launching of the Helen Troy," by FREDERICK G. FASSETT; "The Informality of a Fairy," by POMONA PENRIN; "At the Golden Sun," by MARY B. MULLETT; "The Salmon Pink Feather," by SARAH GUERNSEY BRADLEY, and "In Rome with the Romans," by JOHNSON MORTON.

### ELIZABETH DUER

is the author of the novelette which is called "The Lord of the Isle." *The Lord* is an old recluse who has quarreled with his daughter at the time of her marriage, and finally makes restitution to *her* daughter, after overcoming obstacles in the shape of chance and an unscrupulous nephew who wishes the lion's share of the great estate for himself. Mrs. Duer's stories are invariably interesting, and this is no exception to the rule.

In addition to the foregoing, there is an essay by ANNE RITTENHOUSE, showing the influence of the motor-car on the growth of the household in America. There is also another of MARY MANNERS' widely-discussed "Society as a Merry-go-Round" essays, this time on "The Veteran Butterflies." CHANNING POLLOCK tells what is good and what is bad in stage-dom at the present time, and there are the usual department devoted to book reviews and a number of excellent poems.

*When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.*

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 3

MAY, 1906

NUMBER 2



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS MAUDE FEALEY

A footlight favorite. This season in vaudeville



Photo by Marceau, Boston

MISS RHEA CLEMENS



Photo by Marceau, N. Y. MISS LUISE MACNAMARA  
A member of "The Rollicking Girl" Company.



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS KATHERINE FLORENCE  
In "Before and After"

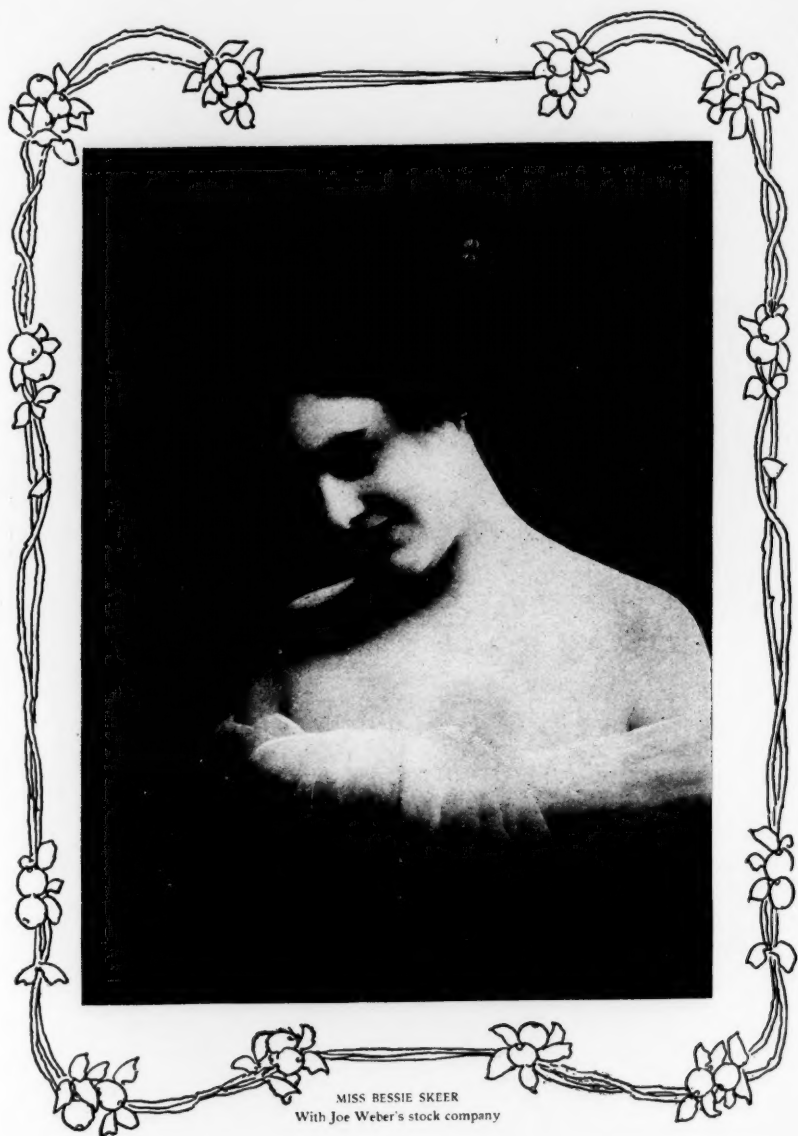




Photo by Marceau, Philadelphia

MISS GRACE GEORGE  
In "The Marriage of William Ashe"





Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS VIOLET CONRAD  
A "Gibson Girl" in "The Catch of the Season"

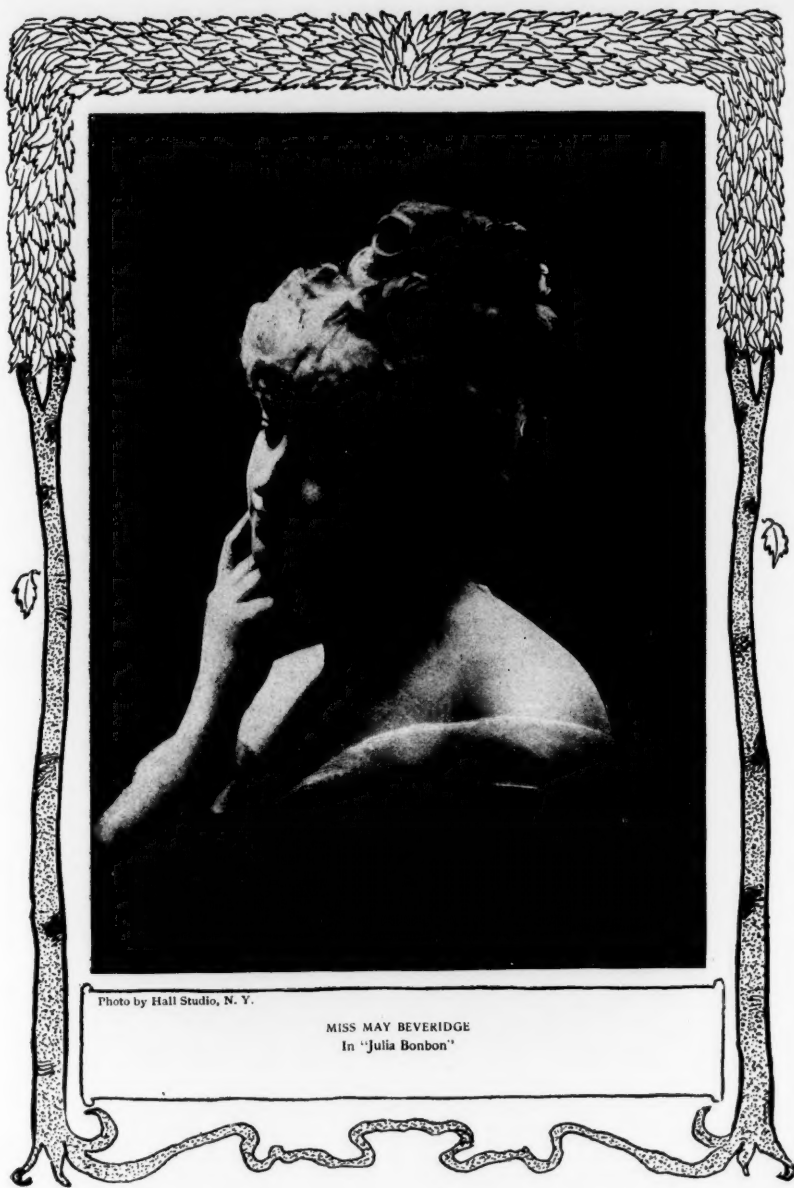


Photo by Hall Studio, N. Y.

MISS MAY BEVERIDGE  
In "Julia Bonbon"



Photo by White, N. Y.

MISS SARA LEWIS  
Leading woman in "Under Southern Skies" Company

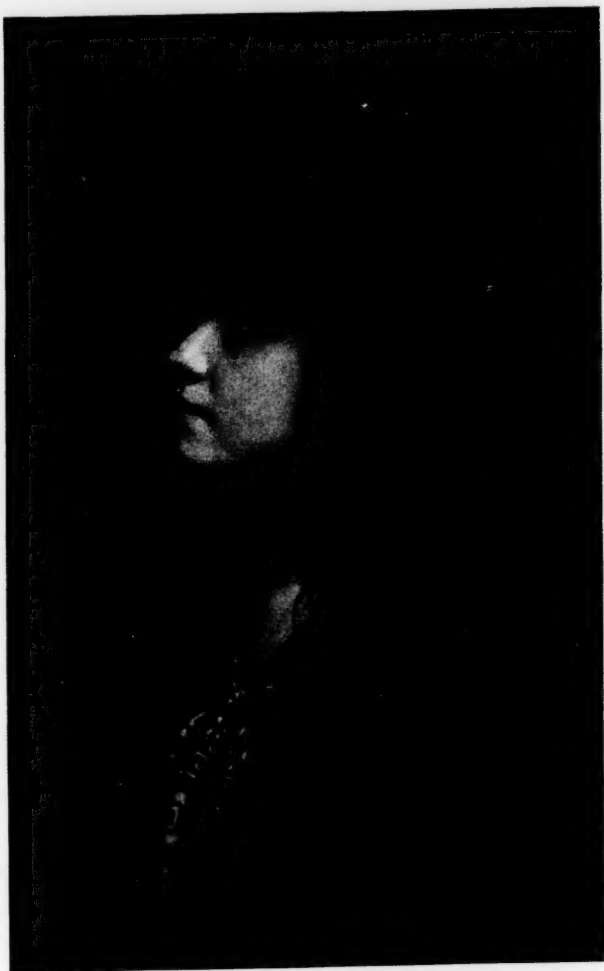


Photo by Sweet, Chicago

MISS MABEL DIXEY  
In "Texas"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS DESIRE LAZARD  
In "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway"



MISS ETHEL DONALDSON  
With Joe Weber's stock company



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS ESTELLE COFFIN  
In "The Earl and the Girl"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS HAZEL COX  
In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway"



MISS DRINA DE WOLFE  
With W. H. Thompson in "The Bishop"



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS LOUISE RUTTER  
In "The Heir to the Hurrah"



MISS ANNE SUTHERLAND  
A member of one of Henry W. Savage's companies



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS BEVERLY SITGREAVES  
Whose powerful acting in "Zira" won much praise

F  
A  
N  
C  
E  
X

## A Word to Fathers

By Charles Battell Loomis

**D**OES your boy stand in awe of you?

I have asked that question before in print, but nobody answered me. Perhaps it was not read; but as you are reading this, I repeat: Does your boy stand in awe of you?

If he does, why does he? Is it because you are a director in half-a-dozen influential business concerns and cannot forget the fact even at home?

If that is his reason for regarding you with awe, it won't be many years before his awe will change to amusement. For a boy after a time becomes a man, and if he has a sense of humor, he can't help being amused at pomposity, even if the inflated one is his father.

Drop that stern face when you are with him, and let him into the secret that you are merely a human being like himself and not even a distant relative of the immortal gods.

Tin gods on wheels—how many there are of them, and how many people bow down before them!

Now, it is a natural thing for some men to enjoy mounting a pedestal—like a cigar-store Indian—and looking down on the multitude; but it is unfair to your boy to force him to join the gaping crowd.

You really are not worth any man's worship. It may sound impertinent for me to say it, when I have never had the privilege of addressing you; but you are not so very superior to the common run of humanity, and if your fellow-men knew you as well as you know yourself you would not dare pose even as a tin god.

So unbend to the boy, and let him feel that he is almost your equal in family at least.

But perhaps he stands in awe of you because you are a stern disciplinarian, and believes that you are his keeper, and he is in prison for a term of years—twenty-one, to be exact.

That's a worse reason than the other. Discipline is as good for him as it is for you, but awe—I hate that word *awe*, except as applied to one's impression of thunder-clouds, or stormy seas, or everlasting mountains. You are not a thunder cloud—at least, I hope not—and you are not a stormy sea, and you are not an everlasting hill; but just an erring human being, with an innate and perhaps untried power of inspiring love.

If your boy is afraid of you, and you have not the excuse of being a drunkard, you are in a parlous state.

If you are a drunkard, ten to one the boy is only afraid of you when you are in your cups—the rest of the time you are companionable.

I don't advocate drunkenness; but drunkards, as a rule, are not pompous men.

Your son ought to be your younger brother. You were a boy before he was, and did all the things you rebuke him for doing; and you ought to take him one side and show him the folly of his course as evinced by your own failure to become a perfect man.

Make a playmate of the boy.

I'd rather have a son warmly affectionate to me than be a director in five ordinary business concerns and one life insurance company.

"Stop! Here comes father!" That's what I heard a boy say to his brother. The two were lying under a tree after a game of tennis, singing a harmless song. I wondered if the father was a poor judge of music, for their voices were tuneful, or whether he was an invalid who had to be coddled—until I saw him.

Five feet two at least, and as straight as a wooden Indian, with a rigid walk and an eye like an imitation Jove, and a stern, set mouth—I understood.

He passed those boys then without a word, although he had not seen them since morning, and went into the house as imposingly as five-feet-two can accomplish such a thing.

I thought of Mr. Peewee, who used to figure in the evening papers, and I wondered if an ordinary pin would "deflate" him.

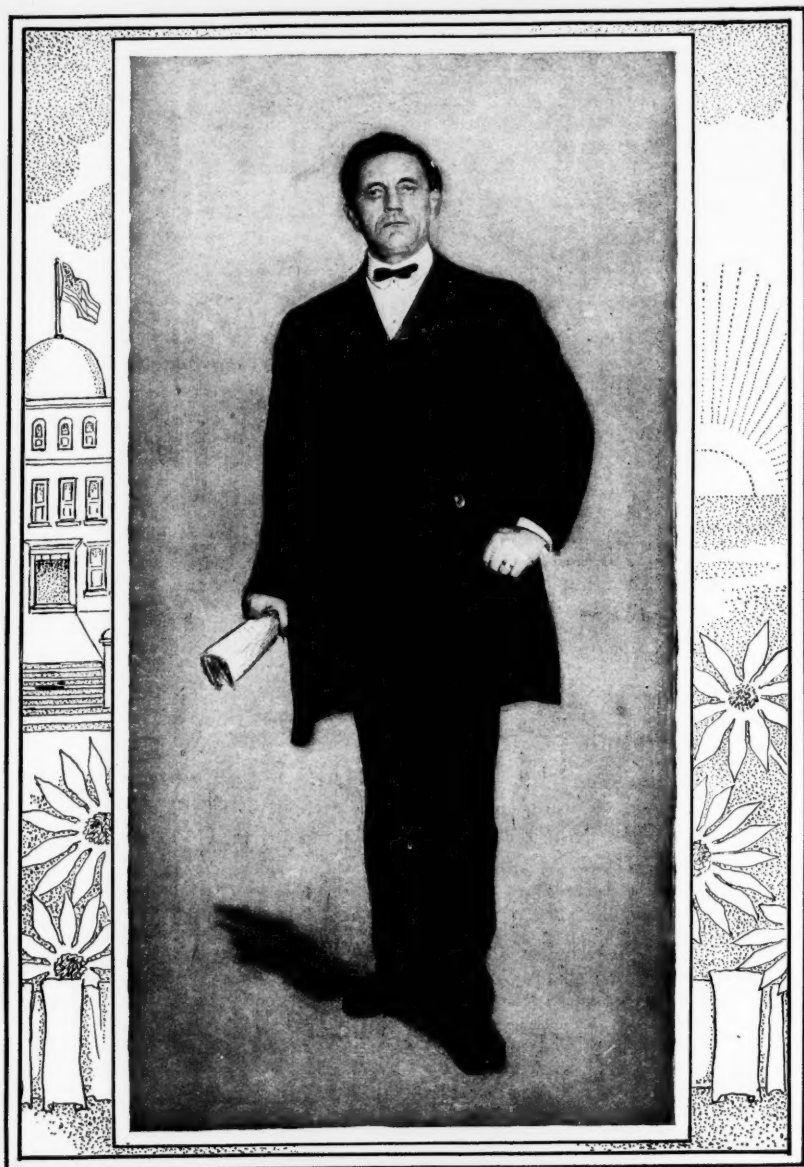
I was spending Sunday at the house next his, and I found out who he was: a martinet; a man whose wife never called him anything but "Mr." Brown; president of an asphalt pavement company and director in three or four other concerns.

Six months later the asphalt company failed, and Mr. Brown's name was mentioned in connection with some bribery at Albany, and the Browns left the suburb they had been living in.

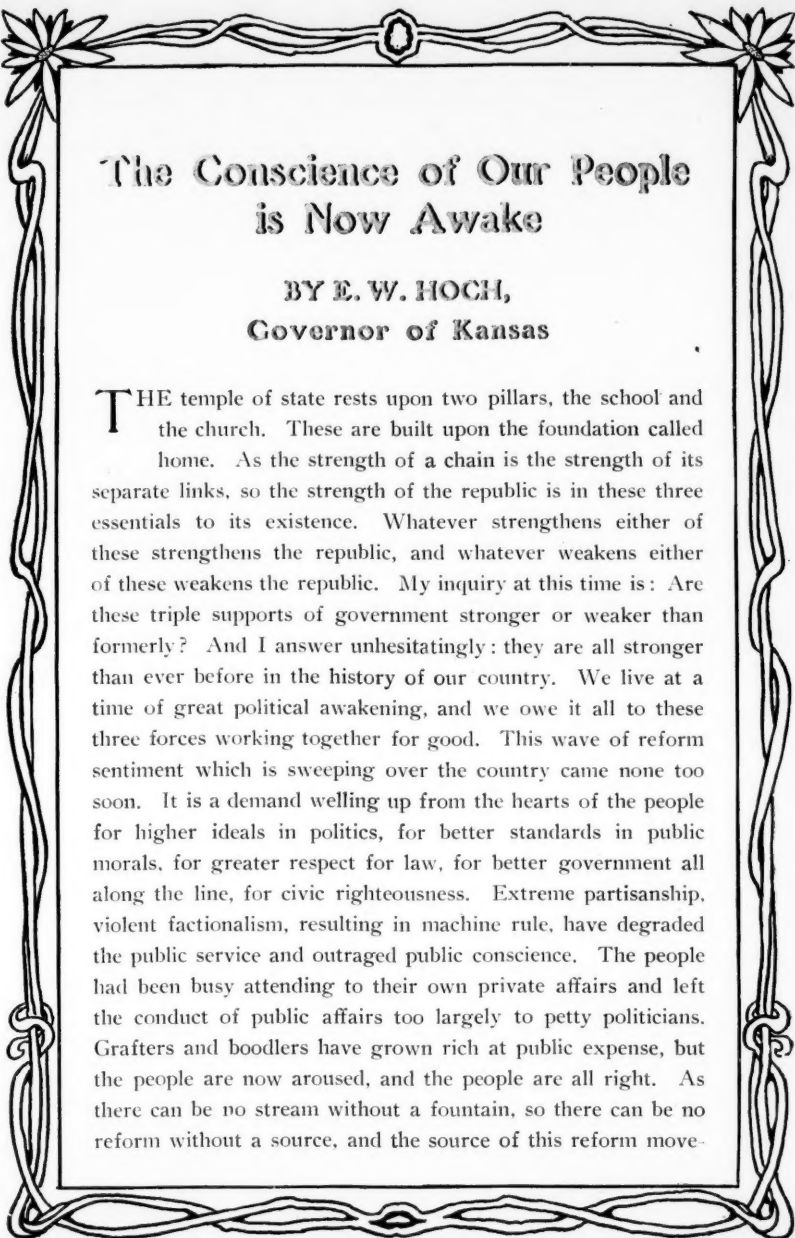
I couldn't help thinking how like a character in a book he was, and I wondered whether he still kept up his awe-inspiring grit and behavior.

I don't go so far as to say that if he had been "hail fellow well met" with his boys he would not have been guilty of bribery, but if he had not assumed such a pose of awesomeness he might have been comforted by his boys when he fell on evil days.

Get acquainted with your son, make a friend of him, renew your youth; and when you die other people will really mourn you, and no one will refer to you as a solemn ass—which is another name for an awesome person.



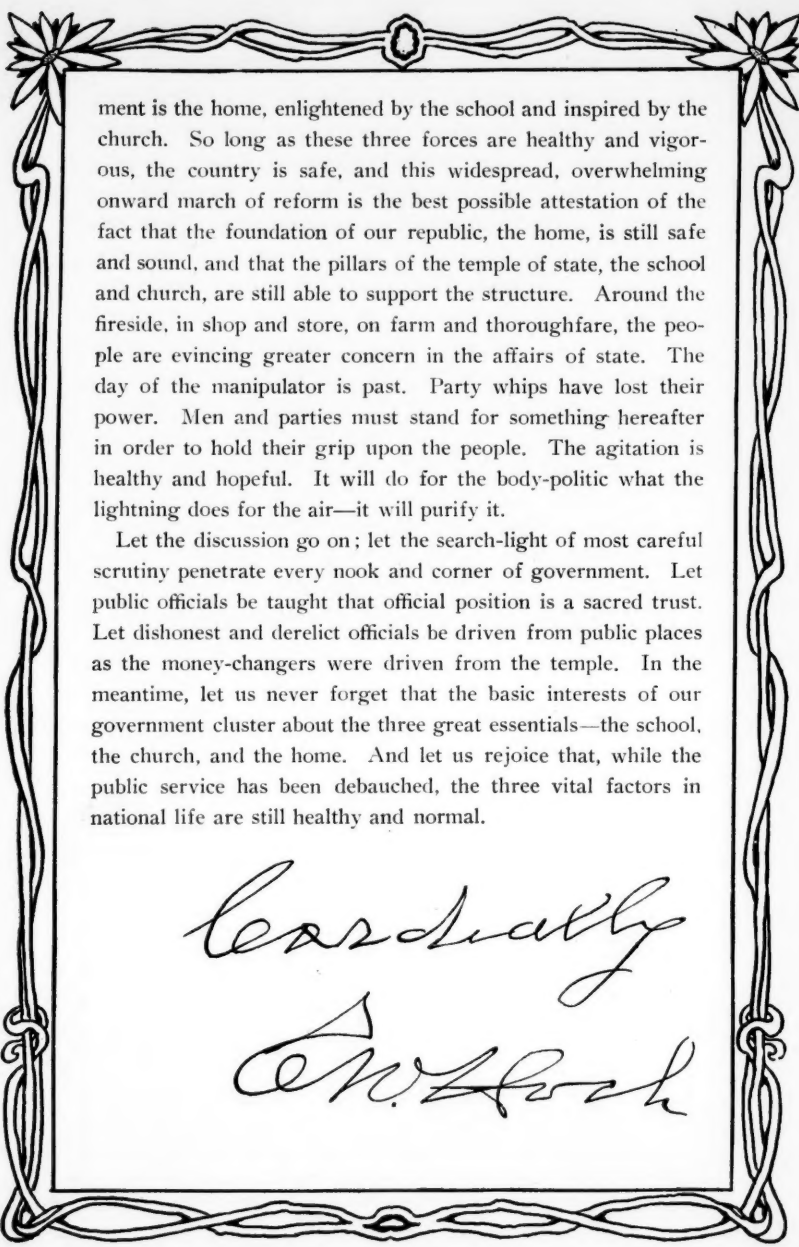
EDWARD W. HOCH  
Governor of Kansas.



## The Conscience of Our People is Now Awake

BY E. W. HOCH,  
Governor of Kansas

THE temple of state rests upon two pillars, the school and the church. These are built upon the foundation called home. As the strength of a chain is the strength of its separate links, so the strength of the republic is in these three essentials to its existence. Whatever strengthens either of these strengthens the republic, and whatever weakens either of these weakens the republic. My inquiry at this time is: Are these triple supports of government stronger or weaker than formerly? And I answer unhesitatingly: they are all stronger than ever before in the history of our country. We live at a time of great political awakening, and we owe it all to these three forces working together for good. This wave of reform sentiment which is sweeping over the country came none too soon. It is a demand welling up from the hearts of the people for higher ideals in politics, for better standards in public morals, for greater respect for law, for better government all along the line, for civic righteousness. Extreme partisanship, violent factionalism, resulting in machine rule, have degraded the public service and outraged public conscience. The people had been busy attending to their own private affairs and left the conduct of public affairs too largely to petty politicians. Grafters and boodlers have grown rich at public expense, but the people are now aroused, and the people are all right. As there can be no stream without a fountain, so there can be no reform without a source, and the source of this reform move-



ment is the home, enlightened by the school and inspired by the church. So long as these three forces are healthy and vigorous, the country is safe, and this widespread, overwhelming onward march of reform is the best possible attestation of the fact that the foundation of our republic, the home, is still safe and sound, and that the pillars of the temple of state, the school and church, are still able to support the structure. Around the fireside, in shop and store, on farm and thoroughfare, the people are evincing greater concern in the affairs of state. The day of the manipulator is past. Party whips have lost their power. Men and parties must stand for something hereafter in order to hold their grip upon the people. The agitation is healthy and hopeful. It will do for the body-politic what the lightning does for the air—it will purify it.

Let the discussion go on; let the search-light of most careful scrutiny penetrate every nook and corner of government. Let public officials be taught that official position is a sacred trust. Let dishonest and derelict officials be driven from public places as the money-changers were driven from the temple. In the meantime, let us never forget that the basic interests of our government cluster about the three great essentials—the school, the church, and the home. And let us rejoice that, while the public service has been debauched, the three vital factors in national life are still healthy and normal.

*Cordially*  
*C. W. Hook*







STATE CAPITOL, TOPEKA

## Reform in the Making

### I.—Hoch and Kansas

By Henry Harrison Lewis

ONE of the curious features of the rising tide of reform which seems to be flooding the dark recesses of political and commercial corruption in this country is that in no particular State or geographical division can be found a reform movement conducted as a complete and perfect campaign. No one section is waging war against all evils; no community of people has taken up all the ills from which we are suffering.

It is only natural, perhaps; but in studying reform in the making it has been necessary for me to piece to-

gether three States and three cities to draw, for my own edification, a picture which is at best only a composite formation.

I found in Missouri, for instance, that the movement runs in a perfectly outlined groove which might be designated "Absolute enforcement of all laws, and fearless punishment of the guilty." The people out there in Missouri have a big contract on their hands. They are not specialists, but, like the country doctor, use the knife or physic on anything coming their way.

It is different up in Wisconsin, where

the bone and sinew of the honest forces have selected as a target for their guns the abuse of the railway-rate laws and the inequalities of taxation.

And it is different in Kansas. I met a man in the hotel lobby in Topeka while I was gathering the material for this article, a cynical sort of a chap, who seemed to get his views of the world through a jaundiced atmosphere born of his own personality. He told me he had made a tour of the State, and, as a sort of diversion, had been studying the political features.

"Do you know," he said, lolling back in his chair, "the conditions in this State remind me of the Biblical story of David and Goliath as it would appear if dramatized in a three-act play? We have seen the first act. It shows the Standard Oil Company as Goliath, and Governor Hoch, representing the independent refineries, as David. At the close of this act we find David helpless and in despair because the stone he fitted into his sling has crumbled into dust. The stone, as you know, is the State Refinery bill, which has been declared unconstitutional. The curtain drops, with Goliath triumphant. Now I would like to venture a prophecy as to what the other acts will show."

He flicked the ash from his cigar and smiled.

"Ultimate success of Standard Oil, I suppose?" I ventured.

"Just as sure as Kansas grows sunflowers. Why, I believe it is that never in the history of the world have the virtues we are pleased to call truth and honesty triumphed over the gilt-edged combination of brains and gold. When this fight is over in Kansas, her scalp will dangle at the belt of John D. Rockefeller, or what Rockefeller represents."

I had arrived in Topeka that morning, coming from the East with the belief that Kansas represented in the great war of reform a most sturdy soldier whose efforts already were crowned with the wreath of victory. It was not at all encouraging to hear such iconoclastic sentiments from the lips of an intelligent man and evidently a keen observer.

In reading this article

I hope you are sympathetic, and quite clearly understand what I am endeavoring to tell. When I went West to study the reform situation I had plainly in mind two objects: first, to show how reform was faring at the front; and, second, to tell you, to the best of my ability, just what manner of men had enlisted in the cause.

Yes, there was still another object; I wanted to discover, if possible, the influences that make for political and commercial honesty in the individual;



H. H. ROGERS

The subtle mind accused of being back of all the evil.



A SMALL INDEPENDENT REFINERY AT HUMBOLDT, KANSAS, THE WEBSTER, FOUGHT BY THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AND KEPT GOING BY PUBLIC SPIRIT

the birth of the germ that enables the Folks and the Hochs and the Jeromes to side with decent manhood and decent living, instead of with the other thing. As you know very well, it is harder for some people to be good than bad. The laws of human nature apparently make the reward from the ordinary, common or garden variety of ill-doing much more attractive than virtue, which, according to the precept, is its own reward.

But I want to tell you, when some men stand supreme and pure after a winning battle with the forces of evil, and begin to analyze their feeling, the reward they find is better and more satisfactory than anything else on this old earth of ours. I am telling you this because when I left that cynic in the hotel lobby and met "David" in the Kansas State capitol building, I knew that the reward from good thoughts and pure acts is well worth any man's efforts.

I knew it because I saw it in "David's" face. And if you ever meet "Ed" Hoch, of Kansas, you will share my belief.

Before I met the governor in his office, I had read a part of his history and

heard more from some old-time friends of his. Yes, and more still from some of his enemies—for he has enemies, like every other man worth his salt. The governor's history is interesting—I will tell you about it later—and I had it in mind when I reached the stately capitol building that day.

The great corridors were almost empty, but standing under the impressive dome I found a colored man, an official messenger, by his uniform. He saluted as he replied to my question.

"You want to see the governor, sah? That's Ed Hoch. Go down that way, and enter the first door to the right. Just go in without knocking."

The door led into a spacious office, which connected with another equally well-furnished spacious room. Both were empty. I waited awhile, then returned to the corridor, where, I noticed for the first time, a little cigar-counter presided over by a gray-bearded veteran. He saw my irresolution, and called out in a most friendly manner:

"Looking for Ed Hoch, stranger? He's in his office. I saw him go in not two minutes ago. Wait, I'll show you the way."

He hustled from behind his counter

and led me through the two rooms to a door at the far end, explaining as he did so that he "guessed" the secretaries were out. Without knocking, he opened the door and shouted:

"Ed, here's a man wants to see you."

A burly individual, in his shirt-sleeves, and with a cigar tilted from the corner of his mouth, rose from a chair

near a roll-top desk and said to another man seated at the desk:

"All right, Ed; I'll leave out that item until you say the word. But I'd like to have it tomorrow before we go to press. The city editor told me to be sure and get the story. S'long!"

Then the man behind the desk rose and came forward. It was Governor Hoch.

As I saw the veteran follow the newspaper man from the room and realized how

democratic had been my introduction to the Governor of Kansas, I recalled a day some two months previous when I found it necessary to seek an appointment with a certain Henry H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, the Goliath in this Kansas drama.

From the moment I entered the Standard Oil Company's home at 26 Broadway, New York, and announced my errand, I was subjected to a most mysterious espionage. I talked with

one secretary, then with another, and again with a third. I was questioned and catechized, and finally told to ask for an appointment in writing. The official with whom I talked last intimated that it would be a miracle if I got within a thousand yards of Mr. Henry H. Rogers. I left, believing that he was right. Strange what a different at-

mosphere is needed in works of darkness to that found satisfactory in honest labor, isn't it?

The afternoon light fell upon Governor Hoch's face when I met him that day. It was one of the most friendly and genial faces I have ever seen. About the corners of the eyes were a number of little lines and wrinkles only seen in the faces of those who laugh a great deal. The forehead was high, the

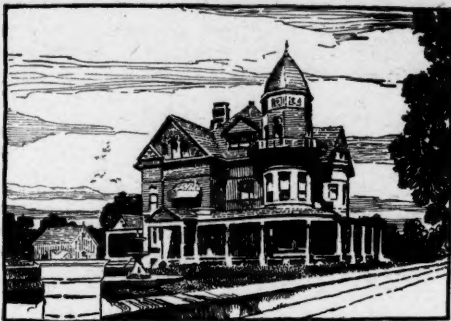
nose large, and the mouth set in a half-humorous line that looked like the beginning of a smile. Tall and raw-boned was the figure, and the hand outstretched to meet mine was not shapely and white, but rather the hand of a man who does things in the sunlight and pretty near to nature.

"I am glad to meet you," said Ed Hoch; "sit down."

We talked a long time, and, as we sat there, men came and went, passing



THE PIPE LINE OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AT CANEY, KANSAS



GOVERNOR HOCH'S RESIDENCE AT TOPEKA

in and out of the office, as if the place was not the seat of authority of a great American State. I wanted to hear how Ed Hoch had progressed with his leadership, what he had done with his ten talents, and how he had won the right to lead in the battle for reform and justice; but I also wanted to learn something of the man's early life from his own lips, for I was still searching for the germ of honesty and uprightness, you know.

There was no boastfulness in the story as I heard it. Ed Hoch swung in his chair and looked from me to the stretch of sward outside as he talked; and I don't doubt that he saw, passing in review under the trees of the State House grounds, the events which marked his boyhood in the early pioneer days.

Born in Danville, Kentucky, in March, 1849, he spent his youthful days at a time when the country was beginning to tremble under the influence of passions which led to the Civil War. His father was a hard-working, God-fearing German, who hated the institution of slavery, although surrounded by slave-holding neighbors. The elder Hoch taught his children that for one human to enslave another was a crime against God

and man, and, to prove his belief, he was one of just three men in the city of Danville who dared to cast their votes for Abraham Lincoln.

The effect of this period on Ed Hoch cannot be doubted. He inherited a love of freedom, justice, and fair play, and he has retained that love until this day. It seems simple enough that a man springing from such a parent and spending his most impressionable age in such environments should lead an army in later years against the forces of oppression and injustice; but it

is a far cry between youth and maturity, and temptations are many.

The future governor had only the educational advantages afforded by the common schools of that part of Kentucky, assisted by a few terms at Center College. It formed a good foundation, however—one that was supplemented by an apprenticeship in a printing-office, where the boy learned everything, from inking the forms to "stick-ing" type.

"I remember my first day in that office," said the governor, with a genial laugh. "The moment I entered the door I sniffed at something in the air. It was a strange odor, and one that I



AN OIL CAMP IN THE OIL DISTRICT. THE NEWNESS OF THE DISCOVERY HAS PREVENTED, THUS FAR, A MORE SUBSTANTIAL FORM OF DWELLING



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES F.  
SCOTT

Author of bill making interstate pipe-lines common carriers and subject to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

tion on the opposite corner, and added:

"Do you see that building? It's our new State printing plant, and I am having it put up where the smell of the ink will come to me once in awhile. Did you ever hear about our State plant? It's one of the results of our reform work. When that building is finished, we'll do all our own printing, and we'll save enough money out of what it has been costing us to pay all the clerical expenses connected with a term of our legislature. I guess that is practical reform."

The Kansas State printing plant is rather closely interwoven with Governor Hoch's political career, as you will see. It's an interesting story, with a coloring of pathos, and some humor, too.

In 1872 young Hoch went to Kansas to "settle" on a claim. He tried farming for a year, and then returned to his first love, becoming the editor and proprietor of the *Marion* (Kansas)

unconsciously liked from that moment. It was the smell of printer's ink, and it has stayed by me to this hour." He pointed through the open window toward a large building under construc-

*Record*, which he still owns. Now we come to his first great trial, in which he felt the harsh rub of adversity and the grinding influences of a fateful crisis, from which men come either broken or exalted by experience.

All the young Kentuckian's money—a pitifully small sum—was invested in the paper, and he also assumed a debt of one thousand dollars, at twenty-four per cent. interest. On the day that he took charge, Kansas was smitten with the great locust plague.

Within twenty-four hours the green fields of the prairies, the thousands of acres of ripening corn, and all that the farmer depends upon for his daily bread, had disappeared, leaving naught save barrenness and desolation.

Ed Hoch's subscribers were made bankrupt, threatened with want, if not real starvation. The situation was enough to daunt the courage of any man having the experience of years, but to the boy who



STATE SENATOR W. J. FITZPATRICK

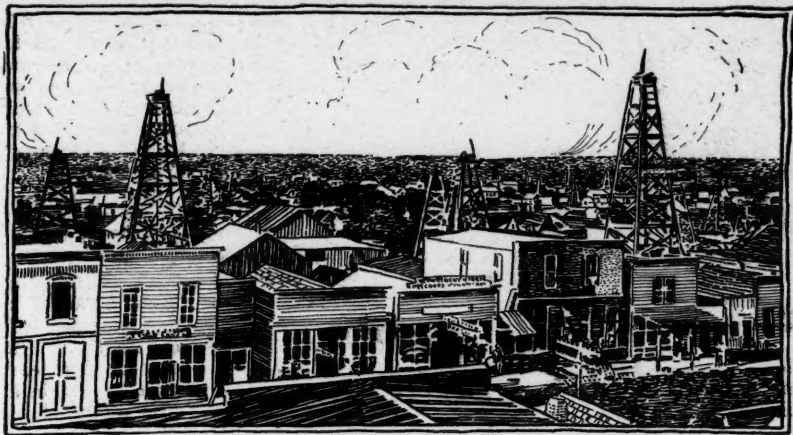
Leader of the oil fight in the state legislature, and author of the maximum freight-rate bill.

had suddenly seen all his ambitions in life swept away it meant a crushing blow. It is not recorded that he gave up, however, but rather that he stripped off his coat, became editorial writer, local edi-



STATE SENATOR F. DUMONT  
SMITH

He introduced anti-discrimination and common-carrier bills into the state legislature.



PERU, KANSAS, IN THE CENTER OF THE OIL DISTRICT, WHERE THE PROPOSED STATE REFINERY OF KANSAS IS TO BE BUILT

tor, advertising solicitor, pressman, and compositor. He even sold the papers, giving credit where it was impossible to get cash, fuel, or food for his subscriptions and advertising.

And he did more than this. Forgetting his own troubles, he went about among his neighbors preaching the doctrine of optimism, and encouraging them to renewed efforts. When harvests and returning prosperity made the great plague a thing of the past, the young publisher's acts of friendship were not forgotten. Those about him realized that he had emerged unscathed from the furnace of adversity, and they came to believe in the youth who had proved that he was no "quitter."

From that time until the present moment, Ed Hoch seemed to drift upward to the goal he has reached. There is no evidence that he was a man of any great ambition, political or otherwise. He became widely known as a good friend, kindly in disposition, and with plenty of natural ability, and one day it developed that he possessed natural eloquence, and could talk convincingly on local and national topics.

Ed Hoch went to the legislature, not so much as a reward for his eloquence, but because he had brains, and his neighbors knew that he would repre-

sent them honestly and well. That was in 1889. He refused a renomination two years later, but was finally forced to accept one in 1893 by his admirers.

The intense excitement in Kansas that year, caused by the attempt of an ill-advised Populist governor to override the will of the people, will be recalled. For several weeks the State seemed to be on the verge of civil war. During this crisis, Hoch, who had been elected speaker pro tem of the House by the Republican majority, acted with such discretion and courage that his standing in the State was settled for all time.

Every honor was offered him, but there was one peculiar obstacle to his advancement. It was Ed Hoch's own disinclination to accept office. He was not at all assured of his own worthiness, and he attempted to remain in the background. He refused two nominations to Congress and a nomination for the governorship. Finally he did consent to run for the position of State printer, which was in his line of work. He had ideas, too, about methods of economy connected with that office—ideas which he has since put in use.

"I guess that campaign for the State printership is about the funniest thing that ever happened to me," said the gov-



CONGRESSMAN PHILIP P.  
CAMPBELL

Author of the bill to investigate the Kansas Oil Troubles, which was carried and put in force.

but of one whose nature, even his religious side, is made up of pure optimism and joy. "It was this way: I didn't want any political position, because such positions are few, and there are lots of good men to fill them, but I thought it might be all right if I became State printer. That's my business, and," he added frankly, "there was money in it. I am not a rich man, you know, and I didn't object to the opportunity of increasing my income. And I thought, also, that I could print better than I could govern.

"Well, they put me down for the job, and I understand a majority of the members of the legislature promised to vote for me. Somehow or other, however, the other man got it by one vote. I was satisfied, and went home, but some of my friends claimed it wasn't right, and they started an agitation. Against my wishes they drafted me as a candidate for governor."

He glanced through the window toward the unfinished building which is to be occupied by the State printer, and

ernor, as we talked in his office. He leaned back in his chair and laughed, not the laugh of the man whose life is made up of ninety-eight parts gloom and two parts of doubtful mirth,

laughed again. There was humor in the situation, and there was food for thought, too. It was another instance of the power of the common people when they really determine to secure justice. It seems good to know that the treatment accorded Hoch, by those who had promised to appoint him at the desire of the people, lifted him to the crest of a wave which swept him into an office above the heads of the traitors.

There are some people in Kansas who believe that Ed Hoch's election was

brought about by the guiding hand of destiny. They see in his early training and in his personality all the marks of a man born to lead them out of the wilderness of corruption and injustice. They watch his every act as believers watch the unfolding of magic. They told me, as they have told others, that Ed Hoch, "up in the big house in Topeka," was working out the salvation of the State.



W. E. WEST

President of the Oil Producers' Association.

That may be true. We know that within his first year as governor of Kansas there has been inaugurated a commercial battle between the people and the most powerful aggregation of



J. W. PARKER

Secretary of the Oil Producers' Association.

capital and brains the world ever saw. There were few indications of the coming struggle with Standard Oil when Hoch took the reins. He himself had some views about the oil question, but hardly more than he had about other subjects of justice and economy. It had been bubbling and simmering for more than a decade, however, and within less than a year after Governor Hoch took office it suddenly became a subject of national importance to even the casual citizen, and a subject of the most intense interest to those of us who see in these economic agitations signs of the coming of justice and right.

I want to tell you briefly how Kansas was selected by the Power that shapes the course of human events to take arms against that symbol of oppression which we call Trusts. The story has been told before, but to understand clearly just what part Kansas and Governor Hoch are playing in the great movement for reform, it is necessary to acquaint you with some of the preliminary facts.

About twelve years ago, oil in vast reservoirs was discovered beneath the soil in southeastern Kansas. Its presence in the State had been known for years; in fact, it is said that as far back as 1860 the pioneers crossing that part of the country were in the habit of using the lubricant found on the surface as wagon grease. Efforts were made, in a primitive manner, to establish the industry, but it was not until the year

1893 that southeastern Kansas had been selected as a future oil field.

In that year two daring speculators made a bold plunge into the State, but success was so slow in coming that they found it necessary to sell their plant, which included seven hundred thousand acres of leased oil lands, and one hundred and fifty wells. If I were writing a drama instead of an article, I would call for slow music here, because it is

at this point that the heavy villain appears. When the two speculators sold out, the purchaser of the property was the Standard Oil Company.

For several years Standard Oil had found it necessary to increase their oil-well holdings, as their property in the East had shown unmistakable signs of decreased production. When it was discovered that Kansas promised great oil development, the Standard Oil Company began laying plans to secure and control the new territory. Its campaign was characteristic.

After purchasing its first holding, the company encouraged development by promising to furnish a market for all the oil produced in the State. And when this fact became known, all Kansas was thrown into a fever. In a few months hundreds of drilling rigs were scattered over the field, and millions of dollars were invested in oil stocks. The output soon exceeded the capacity of existing refineries, but the Standard Oil people played another card in their game by assuring the oil men that an



A TYPICAL WELL BEING "SHOT"

immense refinery would be built at Kansas City, connected with the Kansas fields by a pipe-line large enough to care for the entire production of the State.

Encouraged by these promises, development continued to increase, but when the Kansas City refinery was built and the pipe-line laid, the price of oil decreased instead of increasing. Within half a year the price of crude oil was lowered more than fifty per cent., while the price of its products remained practically stationary. This indicated to shrewd observers, who were familiar with Standard Oil tactics, that the company intended to make the oil producers pay every cent of the cost of the Standard's improvements and extensions. There was even worse in store.

Indignant at the company's duplicity, some of the producers found a market elsewhere for their oil for fuel and other purposes. The next move of the company indicated that it had prepared for this action; in fact, the history of the Kansas oil war proves conclusively

that the Standard Oil Company deliberately planned the entire campaign before it entered the field. Like Von Moltke, it had in its pigeonholes, at 26 Broadway, an offensive and defensive campaign outlined to the last detail. In its tactics there was no thought of sympathy for the small producers who were investing their all in the fields, no compunction of conscience, no mercy—nothing save its implacable purpose to enrich itself at the expense of the people. Its actions in Kansas were based on the same lines as its actions in the Pennsylvania oil fields thirty years ago. As Miss Tarbell says in her admirable article on "Kansas and the Standard Oil Company," published in *McClure's Magazine*:

The Standard has been so long in this business of crushing budding independent efforts that it thinks no more of the process than the gardener who snips off the extra buds from the rose-tree. "The American beauty rose can be produced in its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it," the youthful scion of the house of Rockefeller has declared, and this truth is the essence of Standard Oil greatness. It was necessary to lop off the early buds in Kansas, and it promptly and methodically applied the good old Pennsylvania machine for such work invented over thirty years ago, and constantly improved and adapted since, until, for smoothness and noiselessness and general efficiency, it is unquestionably the most perfect instrument in the world for doing up a would-be competitor.

When some of the producers began to ship their oil independently of the Standard, which they could do by the railroads at a moderate profit, the railroads suddenly increased their rates to a point practically prohibitive. It became known in time that the Standard had used its influence with the roads to bring about this increase. Its methods of exercising influence were simple enough. The Standard was the largest shipper of freight in the State, and therefore a valuable customer to the roads. When the company completed its pipe-line to Kansas City, it made an agreement with the railroads to pay them ten cents for every barrel of oil sent through the pipe, *if the railroads would agree to raise their rates to in-*



W. R. STUBBS

Speaker of the Kansas legislature during 1905 and the strongest opponent of Governor Hoch's refinery bill.

*dependent producers to a prohibitive point!*

The simplicity of this proposition is plain enough. The railways knew that their best customer could take its patronage from them, and they grasped at the opportunity to obtain such a price as ten cents a barrel, which, you will understand, meant two thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars a day, without an item of expense or trouble. The conditions, as described in an article written by Governor Hoch's secretary, were as follows:

The connivance of the railroads placed every producer absolutely at the mercy of the Standard Oil Company. Unable to ship his oil to any other market by reason of exorbitant freight charges, he found the price reduced by the only remaining customer below the cost of production. Seldom, if ever, has there been a more cold-blooded commercial piracy attempted, or carried out with less compunction, and what made it seem especially exasperating was the fact that it was aided and abetted by the railroad companies, which had not only received many millions in the way of aid bonds voted for the people of the various municipalities, but had grown and fattened on the patronage of the Kansas people.

It was about this time that the State began fully to realize the situation. The conviction that Standard was trying to ruin the independent producers and refiners aroused intense excitement and indignation. Mass-meetings were held, and everywhere the sole topic of conversation was oil.

At this psychological moment came a political campaign which resulted in the election of Edward W. Hoch to the executive chair. The new governor was heartily in sympathy with the independent producers. He welcomed a struggle against Standard Oil for right and justice, and, throwing off his coat, he brought all his intelligence and all his influence to bear.

Fortunately for the good of the cause, he had with him a courageous and honest legislature that had been carried into office with him. I would like to tell you of the part played in the battle by the scores of men—officials and private citizens—who devoted their time to the cause, but space forbids. It was a pop-

ular movement, and although the enemy represented the most powerful combination of wealth and brains known to history, there was courage enough, and ability enough, and public sentiment enough, to bring the entire State of Kansas into the firing-line.

Some one in the State had suggested the novel idea of a public refinery. Governor Hoch viewed the plan with enthusiasm, and in a message to the legislature strongly recommended the establishment of a State refinery in the penitentiary. The idea was received with instant favor, because Kansas already had won success with a twine plant established several years previous, to prove that the enormous quantities of twine used by the wheat growers could be manufactured and sold at a profit less than that demanded by the twine trust.

It is interesting to note that the suggestion of a State refinery immediately created a new phase of economic contentions. It is seldom that the consumer—the man who buys a product for his personal or family use—takes part in such struggles, but in the present case the consumer believed that the price of refined oil would only be reduced by the Standard Oil Company when that concern had an effective competitor. Governor Hoch's championship of the measure, therefore, created widespread interest and approval.

The new bill was not to be passed, however, without some objection. In the State was a small coterie of men, headed by W. R. Stubbs, the speaker of the House, that immediately declared such a bill unconstitutional and unwise. Mr. Stubbs contended in an interview:

The bill to establish an oil refinery under the guise of a branch penitentiary is a subterfuge to evade the constitution that I do not believe will deceive the courts. It has a veneer of hypocrisy and is a sham. . . . Kansas has started to hew out a gigantic path for trust reform, but the State refinery bill—that was a step in the wrong direction. It was the outcome of hatred, and was not passed in sober judgment.

I am giving some space to this question because I believe it shows an important phase of reform work—a phase

that should prove not only interesting to other communities exposed to the grave peril of trust oppression, but also instructive. At this time Kansas presented the spectacle of a State so incensed by its wrongs, that it was tempted to adopt any kind of retributive measure. And Governor Hoch, able leader and intelligent man that he is, was led to champion that which has since proved to be an unconstitutional bill.

I do not believe, however, that Governor Hoch was swayed by any desire to impose upon the Standard Oil Company the retaliation of hatred. In his message approving the oil-refinery bill he said:

No one denies the right of the Standard Oil Company to own oil properties or to deal in oils. This company has invested vast sums of money in Kansas, and, certainly no one has objected to these investments; they have been gladly welcomed, as are all legitimate investments, and are entitled to the protection accorded to other investments. It is not the possession and exercise of these property rights, but the abuse of them, to which objection is made. This is not an attempt to drive the Standard Oil Company out of Kansas, to deprive it of legitimate profits, or to do it any injustice of any kind. *It is an attempt to compel it to treat the people of this State fairly, and to give every man a square deal.*

The italics are mine. I have emphasized these words because I think they present the very heart of the cause that led to the Kansas war. The people of Kansas—the ordinary, common people, who ask only that they be permitted to make an honest living for their families—were not treated fairly by the great trust. They were encouraged to investment, and deceived most outrageously. They were led to invest their modest all in an enterprise that promised food and clothing, and a shelter for their wives and their children, and then were coerced and cheated and robbed in the shadow of a law that trembled on the very edge of crime. And all this to the enrichment of a few men!

How true are the ringing words of Governor Hoch in the same message as quoted above:

No greater question confronts the Amer-

ican people than the control of these great aggregations of capital, all of them socialistic in their character, and which are antagonistic to the essential element of all national progress—the competitive system. A timely and significant illustration of the coercive character of these modern combinations of capital, and of their menace to private and public weal, was furnished in the action of the Standard Oil Company petulantly and arbitrarily withdrawing its patronage from the producers in the oil fields (because of the attitude of the Kansans). Were that order maintained, thousands of good people would soon be bankrupt and homeless. An economic condition which makes it possible for one man with a stroke of his pen to bankrupt thousands of his fellow citizens is inherently wrong, and will not be permanently tolerated by a free and patriotic people, and it illustrates more forcibly than any recent event has done the necessity of a wise solution of this whole trust problem.

The Kansas State Penitentiary oil-refinery bill died at its birth, killed by the courts because it was unconstitutional. My cynic in the hotel lobby was right in saying that the stone picked up by David had crumbled to dust in his sling, but the effort was not made in vain. There is not the slightest doubt that the bill and its inception have had great moral effect. It has taught the great trusts that they are not omnipotent, and it has taught the common people that weapons can be found for use in fighting oppression. Either lesson would have been a satisfactory reward for all that has been done by the people of Kansas.

Other things were accomplished by Kansas as a result of the oil agitation. The legislature that went into power with Governor Hoch has, under his leadership, accomplished many reforms of interest to the struggling citizens of other communities.

The platform upon which the governor and the legislature were elected was written by Governor Hoch. It promised to provide protection to the oil and gas industry, to regulate railroad rates, to provide State depositories for the State funds, from which a profitable interest could be earned; it promised the State ownership of the printing plant; it advocated the building of good roads; the reduction of legislative expenses; it planned a much needed

reform in the management of public institutions, and several other reforms of great local interest.

The immediate result of the oil agitation is found in a law now actually effective, fixing a maximum rate for transporting oil by rail, the rate being about one-third the amount that had been previously extorted for the same service. It also caused the passage of a law forbidding discrimination in oil prices, so that if the Standard drops the price in one locality, in order to drive an independent competitor out of business, it must sell oil at the same price, cost of carriage considered, in all other parts of the State.

Another very important result of legislative action on the oil question is found in a law passed to make pipelines common carriers, and fixes maximum rates for transporting oil through these pipes, which law, if upheld by the courts, will compel the Standard Oil Company to receive and transport through its pipe-lines the oil of any producer who offers his oil.

In regard to his platform, and the results achieved during his term, Governor Hoch writes me, under recent date, as follows:

Nine of the eleven promises were redeemed, and much other valuable legislative enactments not thought of at the time the platform was prepared. A fine printing plant is nearing completion, which, with equipment, will cost sixty thousand dollars or more, all of which will be saved on State printing in two years.

Our new depository law is yielding more than one thousand dollars per month to the State.

The maximum freight-rate law on oil shipments is making a market all over the State for crude oil for fuel purposes in manufacturing establishments, etc.

The general railroad law will save the people vast sums of money.

The nine charitable institutions of the State were placed under a board of control, with headquarters at the State-house, and this reform is working wonders.

Our oil legislation has greatly helped the oil business; and the outlook for the future is much more hopeful than for a year past.

The law compelling a railroad company

to furnish freight-cars on demand, or pay for their failure to do so, is very popular among shippers.

The new fish and game law will yield fifty thousand dollars per year, which will enable us to establish a great fishery, or, rather, make a great fishery out of the one we have had for several years.

These are a few of the legislative acts most gratifying, and all of it was accomplished at a legislative expense of fifty thousand dollars less than was expended by the previous legislature.

In view of the foregoing, it cannot be said that the cause of reform is suffering in Kansas. Rather must we acknowledge with gratitude that the people of that State are doing yeoman service for us on the firing-line. There is much in the conditions out there of strong personal interest to all who believe in justice, honesty, and truth. The battle is not entirely won. That which has been accomplished is only the triumph of our outposts. But the fighting shows the irresistible purpose of an aroused people, who feel that the time is come to combat a most powerful enemy—an enemy striving to steal our rights and to stifle our belief that purity in commercial life and in our home is of more value than riches.

I have tried to show you in the person of Governor Hoch, of Kansas, the manner of man needed in the successful movement for reform. I have endeavored to tell you how that type of leader is not made, but rather born from the soil; how with an innate honesty of purpose, the advantages of early teaching and environments, and the courage of pure convictions, one can be raised to the point of efficient leadership.

Every State and city and village in America should have its Ed Hoch. It should have the bravery and the sincere purpose of the people of Kansas. It should have these because there will come a time when each State and each community will be summoned to the front in the defense of its rights.

If we would safeguard our homes we must be prepared.



*Possessed herself of the small tassled and ribboned package there.*

# MAY EVE

What You Must

BY  
INEZ  
HAYNES  
GILLMORE



## A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

(From the Boston Courier, Sunday, April 18.)

The tableaux on the evening of the thirtieth at the house of Mrs. J. Forsyth Morgenson promise to be of exceptional beauty. No expense has been spared to make them historically correct and artistically pleasing. Mrs. Morgenson herself has arranged the closing series, "The Seven Ages of Woman." Miss Sylvia Wrexmere has consented to appear as the bride.

(From the Boston Courier, Sunday, April 18.)

The theatricals of the Hasty Pudding Club, which come the thirtieth of the month, are to be of exceptional interest this year. The most successful song is said to come early in the first act, and is to be sung by Mr. Henry Eveleth. Mr. Eveleth is the son of the late Hamlin Eveleth, the owner of the deserted Eveleth mansion in Brookline.

(From the Boston Courier, April 28.)

Henry Pryor, alias William Bryant, alias Henry Myers, known to the police as "Boston Harry," or "Snappy Harry," escaped from Sing Sing this morning. He has not yet been recaptured. A reward of five hundred dollars, offered by the prison authorities, has been raised to one thousand dollars

by the board of directors of the Wheeling Bank. Pryor has served three years of a seventeen-year sentence, the result of his complicity in the Wheeling bank robbery. It will be recalled that Snappy Harry was mixed up, fifteen years ago, when he was a boy, in the Fenton burglary in Brookline. He was finally found and captured, after a desperate struggle, at a tramps' roost in the old Eveleth house in Brookline. Pryor escaped sentence at the time by turning State's evidence. His accomplice, John Farrell, was sent to prison for twenty-five years. Pryor's subsequent career put him among the most skilful bank robbers in the country. Five years ago he planned the Wheeling affair, and was captured with the goods a few days after the robbery. His record at Sing Sing has been exemplary. The escape is one of the most carefully planned in the history of the institution. An injury to his right arm, which the Sing Sing officials think now he inflicted on himself, was made an excuse for three days in the infirmary. He was not missed until nine this morning. At that time some splashes of blood near an unused entrance to one of the wards were first observed. An investigation revealed, etc., etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

MRS. ROBERT HENRY ILLINGTON—and she was born Doris Ianthe Wrexmere, if that interests you—was talking with her sister. Mrs. Illington's face was delicately oval in shape; it was delicately olive

in color. Its only salience of tint was the red-lipped mouth that framed curvingly her delicious smile; its only brilliance of expression the friendly sparkle that played in her agate eyes. She was clever—she had written some exceptionally good verse; there had actually been one volume published. But what

in her expression had threatened, before marriage, to hint unbecomingly of intellectuality, had toned itself down in her single year of wedlock; had disappeared entirely with her swift maternity. Her figure, which had been almost breakably slender, was beginning to round; there was a suggestion that it might be, in time, a little sumptuous. She lay on a broad couch that was covered with a white rug. Her slender shape would have been smothered in her negligee and the coquettish wrappings that softly supplemented it, if they had not all been filmy. Instead, the lines of her limbs outlined themselves with a delicate precision, as if under a fine fall of snow. Her baby snuggled at her breast. Every other instant she stroked its tiny head, drawing her taper fingers from brow to nape, ruffling the invisible down that softened with a golden shadow its egg-like nudity.

It was a big room, with some of its wide windows opening onto the Charles. They framed, in heavy mahogany, squares and rectangles of light that were part the golden river and part, separated dimly by a film of horizon, the orange-tawny sky. A slip of a moon—a thin scroll of silver—was limned against, was cut into, and inset in the rich sky. It was not moored—it drifted—drifted. A few black clouds floated in this suffusing sea, and from the end of one of them, like a gem at a slipper-tip, hung the brilliant evening star.

The light came in the window in long, slanting lines, arousing kindred and rival lights everywhere—purple lights in the big, old-fashioned things; the hulking mahoganies that sulked in dusky corners; green lights in the gilt frames of pool-like mirrors; golden lights in tall brass candlesticks; rainbow lights in the silver on the dressing-case, and the baby's blue bassinet.

"When are you going to marry, Silver-Rose?" Mrs. Illington was saying in her friendly, sweet tones.

Silver-Rose laughed. "Oh, I don't know—never, perhaps," she was answering, as girls invariably have an-

swered that question since the beginning of girls.

It was not necessary for her to pretend that she might not marry, at that very moment, if she cared. Everybody knew that she could. Everybody knew—and by everybody I mean the newspaper-reading public of the United States—about her memorable coming-out dance at seventeen, her immediate belle-ship, the steady progress of her triumphs abroad, the curious cachet given to her by the infatuation of an incipient royal personage.

When she steered clear of the complications of that pertinent international episode, society had smiled complacently, had called her discreet; but when, soon after her return to Boston, she had been entered regularly at Radcliffe College, it drew a long breath of consternation, and began to call her eccentric. But she had gone calmly on, acquiring her A. B. with one hand, while she drove the social four-in-hand with the other. Lately, the appearance on the scene of the Earl of Montfort, and his assiduous wooings, had dragged her again under the calcium-light. The Wrexmeres had been originally English; there were, in the family, many English affiliations; it was looked upon as a desirable alliance. All the newspapers told her so.

She did not look like her sister. She was tall and slight, a little willowy, if you like; a girlish combination of angles, that promised exquisite curves; and of curves that had emerged, wonderfully, from virginal angles. She carried herself proudly. She was a blonde—but such a blonde—delicate, diaphanous, ethereal. Snowflakes and rose-leaves, moonshine and honey, silver and gold, fire and dew—they had all been called upon for her coloring. And across her face there seemed to flit an endless variety of expressions—every expression, at least, that was elusive, evasive, evanescent. The line of her features was as pure as a silver profile cut from the crescent moon. And her face emerged, magically, from under hair that was always threatening to flood it—hair that was sheer, primi-

tive, glittering gold; there was not in it anywhere a ghost of flaxen, not a suggestion of yellow, not a hint of red—hair that crisped into wires of spun light in the sunshine, and was like honey dropping from the comb in the shadow. Her eyes were a blue that was, I think, a little unusual—the limpid, dazzling blue of the depths of an iceberg; and yet, somehow, they were never cold; they were brilliant when she talked, and dreamy, perhaps a little heavy-lidded, when she meditated. For the rest—and I hope you are not bored—there were purple shadows hovering on her delicate eyelids; her cheeks were faintly pink, mayflowers growing under snow; her mouth was a dewy nest of rose-petals, curling from a wide center to tiny scooped corners. And the turn of her chin was nicked by a faint cleft.

It is interesting to me to conjecture what Silver-Rose might have been if she had lived at different periods of history. In medieval times, for instance, I picture her as a blonde—slender Marguerite of Valois, holding courts of love, queening them haply, delicately critical of poems that purled of love in the prim, restricted forms of old-time rhymes. In Elizabethan England I think she would have figured a shadowy prototype behind one of those enigmatic sonnet-sequences that were like twilight mists, trailing golden dramatic days. Later, in tea-drinking times, she must have appeared powdered and patched and poodled, an ombre-playing, China-hunting target for the gentle *Spectator's* quiet wit. And, last of all, early in the nineteenth century, I see her an album beauty, full of sensibility, with sloping shoulders and a pursed, prunes-and-prisms mouth, another L. E. L. adored of minor poets, and daintily, quaintly minor herself.

Her name was Sylvia Rosamund Wrexmere. When she was little, she bloomed on the family-tree simply as Rose. But a little later, when two English cousins, who were Rosalie and Rosabel, came to stay at their house, there was a confusion—almost, indeed,

a war of the roses. Rosalie was the oldest daughter of the oldest Wrexmere sister; it was decided that she should remain Rose. Rosabel was the youngest child of the youngest Wrexmere sister—there was no other possible name for her but Rosebud, and Sylvia Rosamund, it was decided, should be Sylvia, and only Sylvia. But in the end this did not do. They were a family hotly Lancastrian in their sympathies. There had not been for generations a branch, however obscure, that did not wear and flaunt its rose. Finally it was agreed that she should be Sylvia-Rose. But the children soon shortened this to Silver-Rose; and Silver-Rose it continued to be until the end of the chapter.

"Doesn't this, for instance, tempt you, Silver-Rose?" Doris asked. She made no gesture, but her fingers still caressed her baby's downy head.

Silver-Rose sighed. She looked fixedly at the little spot on the thin, pink skull where the skin throbbed up and down. "I don't think it does, Dor," she said languidly; "although Bobs is a love—and I'm his slave."

"You know, dear"—Doris smiled her affectionate smile—"it won't be like this—it can't be like this—always. I mean the supremacy, the newspaper talk, and the way people run after you. And, besides, there are loads of pretty girls growing up as fast as they can grow. We're bound to hear from them sooner or later, you know. Anyway, we'll see them." She stared at her sister questioningly, but Silver-Rose, indifferent, made no response.

"I don't want you to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses," Doris continued to coax; "but you will, my dear, if you're not careful. A woman is not Tennyson's brook, you must remember. Men will come and men will go; and after awhile they won't come back. Mama and papa don't seem at all to realize. You simply hypnotize them, lovey; that's what it is. That's the danger of being a belle. You wait too long, and then, very often, in the end you don't do half so well for yourself. Now, isn't it so, dearest chuck?"

Her sister roused herself a little. "None of these arguments seem to appeal to me, Dor," she said lightly.

Now how am I to describe her voice? I am tempted to use that quaint old word "dulcet." I am tempted to say that it was honey-sweet and dew-clear. I am tempted to compare it to the ringing of lily-bells. Whatever it was, it went with her face, and just as inevitably as you longed, after once seeing her, to see her again, just so inevitably, after you had heard her speak, you listened avidly for the sound of her voice again.

Doris reflected for a moment. "Silver-Rose"—she pounced suddenly upon her sister—"have you any intention, up your sleeve, of going on the stage?"

Silver-Rose's surprised amusement burst out in a sudden spurt of laughter.

Oh, you should have heard her laugh! It was the rippling of a brook, gurgling over stones and pulling at long, purpling grasses. It was witchery. It was magic. It was music!

"You see," her sister went on, half-apologetically, "I sowed my wild oats in 'The Wind on the Harp,' and I've always wondered what form yours would take. When you studied with Coquelin, that winter, that's when I had my first suspicion—I confess I was worried. I was relieved, you may fancy, when you decided to go to Radcliffe, although I thought it was a funny stunt. Indeed, I congratulated myself then that you were safe. But you've been acting there so much, and you act constantly more and more. My dear Silver-Rose, you're acting-mad. And last year, when there was so much talk—I mean when you were the young wife in 'The Land of Heart's Desire'—" she broke off, and bent on her sister a look that was inquiry and apology in equal parts.

"Oh, no, my dear"—Silver-Rose hastened, laughingly, to lay her sister's fears at rest—"I love acting, but I haven't, as it happens, the ability, and I have as little the desire to be an actress. There's nothing—unlike most people—that I yearn to elevate—not even the masses, and certainly not the stage."

"I pinned a great deal of my suspicion of you to your upper lip," Doris volunteered.

"My upper lip?" her sister repeated, in a mystified way.

"Yes, your upper lip. It's the upper lip of the actor—haven't you ever noticed that? On each side of the center, it lifts, just naturally, into the little pink peaks that actresses either create or intensify in their make-ups."

## CHAPTER II.

Silver-Rose was now biting viciously with her little white teeth at this same upper lip, pulling it out of shape, and pressing the color out of it. "What nonsense!" she commented.

"Will you tell me, then, if it isn't the acting, for what you went to college?" Doris demanded.

"Oh, did you think I went there for the chance to act?" Silver-Rose laughed a little. "No, that was not it. Incidentally, I enjoyed the acting very much, but I went there for a change."

"A change?" Doris iterated, puzzled.

"Of course, a change. Did it ever occur to you, Doris, what a frightful bore our life has always been?"

"No. No, I confess I've never looked at it in that light," Doris said slowly.

"Then look at it now in that light for a moment, Dor; from the point of view of its continuity in sameness, its inevitability in atmosphere. What has it always been ever since we can remember? Winters in Boston, alternating with winters in Egypt or on the Riviera; and summers in Newport. And the people, always the same people, or the same kind of people, no matter in what country we happened to be. People of the same birth, the same breeding, the same unoriginal social instincts; people always playing a game, and always playing the same game. People never who really live, who think, who work. When I went to college, for the first time in my life I met somebody different. I went into a different atmosphere, with different ideas and ideals. There prevailed a kind of

socialism—a socialism in which only mind or character could dominate. There were girls there who were working their way through college—girls from little back-country towns, who, from our point of view, had never even lived. And they beat me fairly at the things I had been studying all my life. I had to work hard to be of the elect. Oh, it was a stunning experience. Ever since my babyhood, I have been playing with the same box of blocks—but I got a new set at Radcliffe. I don't think there's much romance in life, Doris—anyway, not in our life. Radcliffe's been my romance."

"Oh, my grief!" Doris said distressedly, a plexus of wrinkles coming to the surface on her smooth brow. "People who live, who think, who work," she quoted her sister. "Oh, I hope you're not going to be high-minded, and mess round with the worthy poor. Oh, please don't take your Settlement work too seriously. I'd rather you'd go on the stage," she ended magnanimously.

"You need not worry," her sister reassured her. "I'm all kinds of a failure at Settlement work. I'm opposed to its very tenets. I think the bargain too one-sided. I've too profound a respect for the 'worthy poor' to suggest the exchange. I'll take all their half gives me with great pleasure, but I maintain that we haven't anything really worth while to bring to the exchange. And they're so indisputably happy. I wouldn't, for the world, inoculate them with the virus of our discontent. But I shan't go on the stage, either; don't let that alarm you."

Doris sighed relievedly. "That's nice," she said contentedly; "now I don't mind—after this the deluge. How did the tableaux come off this afternoon?" She was content; her change of subject indicated that.

"Oh, well enough," Silver-Rose said indifferently. "There was a frightful mob, and it was unbearably hot."

"And was the bridal-veil becoming?"

"People said so, of course. I was not so especially pleased myself. One thing

I am determined, I shall not wear white if I'm ever married. I dislike myself in white—perhaps because it is always expected of me, and I'm unspeakably tired of it."

"Then you do intend marriage?"

"I have been trained to intend it."

"Oh, by the way," Doris exclaimed suddenly, ignoring her sister's cynicism, "in the top drawer of my dresser there's a little bundle. The Hamptons brought it back; it's a gift from Elizabeth."

"From Elizabeth?" her sister repeated electrically. She rushed to the dresser, tore open the drawer, and possessed herself of the small tissue and ribboned package there. Then she walked over to the window, sitting down there to its revelations.

"Oh, how lovely!" she said, after a pause.

It was a tiny copy of the Mona Lisa, painted in color on some thin metal, framed again in metal; a square of dulled green-golds, elaborately chaste in design. Over her crossed beautiful hands the delicate head poised itself lightly, and under her soft hair the alluring eyes gazed insolently and indifferently into those of Silver-Rose. All the passion of the south, all the calculation of the north, blended subtly in her look. The triumphant lips trembled on the verge of an inscrutable smile.

"Heavens, how beautiful!" Silver-Rose said, half to herself. "What a woman! What a woman!" She walked slowly over to one of the long mirrors, her eyes fixed on it. She watched her lilylike reflection grow proudly out from among its shadows. Then she looked at the picture again.

"And they call me beautiful," she mused, in a kind of dispassionate disillusionment.

Doris laughed.

"But you must confess that I'm fearfully, outrageously, on the surface, Doris," Silver-Rose said hotly—she, somehow, tacitly accepted her sister's laugh as a defense; "a pink and white obnoxiousity."

"You do very well," Doris asserted

patronizingly; "and, thank fortune! your eyelashes aren't white."

"They might just as well be white," Silver-Rose claimed morosely; "everybody thinks I darken them."

"You're a rose in ice, dear," Doris said tenderly; "but you'll melt—you'll melt. That's rather a pretty idea," she reflected musingly; "the rose in ice. Get me paper and pencil, will you, dear?"

"I shall get you no such foolish thing. Of course you know the doctor said you were not to write for awhile."

"So he did; dear old duck!" Doris resumed her dainty stroking of the baby's head.

"That summer before they were married," Silver-Rose said dreamily, "I used to go with Elizabeth twice a week to the Louvre. We always met Lewis at the Mona Lisa. Then they would leave me with my book and the pictures, and they would go for an hour's walk."

"I am so glad that Lewis has made good; but, just the same, Elizabeth ran a fearful risk when she married him. Everybody distrusted him; and you can't wonder at the awful forms the hostility took. He always produced a curious effect on me—a kind of cold paralysis—that sneer in his eye, and that ironic twist to his voice. You can't tell me, moreover, there's no fire where there's so much smoke."

"I was always on Lewis' side," Silver-Rose asserted dreamily.

"Yes, Mrs. Whitfield has never forgiven you your part in it—although she's inconsistent enough to forgive Elizabeth. I must say that your faith was colossal. Didn't Elizabeth's ever waver?"

"Waver?" Silver-Rose laughed a short, quick laugh. "Waver? No—she loved him."

"But suppose he had turned out—"

"She would still have loved him. And with Elizabeth love means service, and service happiness."

"Oh, Silver-Rose, you don't know; you don't know—"

"Perhaps not, but I think I do. Oh, I *know* I do. Doris, the happy people are the people who love, not the ones

who are loved. And Elizabeth loves Lewis. *Loves* him? She worships him. He might beat her, cast her down, trample on her—she would serve him on her bruised knees."

"And does he love her that way?" Doris asked curiously. She had the look of one listening to some fabulous tale.

"Oh, he's only a man, Doris dear. And then he has his art. And men of genius—painters, sculptors, musicians, poets—they are all alike—they all love in the same way; short intervals of loving snatched from between longer intervals of working. But Lewis loves Elizabeth as much as he could love anybody; and that's better than most men's best. Oh, they are such a pair! He's a man—and she's a woman. They're glorious together. How I live, Doris, when I'm with them!"

"It must have been awfully hard for them at first;" Doris sighed compassionately.

"Hard! Oh, you don't know. And they simply wouldn't accept the kind of help one could offer. Elizabeth's hair is white, but she's magnificent—magnificent with her color, those gray eyes, her dark lashes, and her tragic brow. Her figure is glorious, and she carries herself—Doris, she would overtop any queen you've ever seen."

"Take care," Doris said. "I flatter myself that my collection of queens is an unusual one."

"Wait until you see Elizabeth."

"Things are going very smoothly now, aren't they?"

"Oh, beautifully! At first Elizabeth did some translating—that helped to tide things over. But now Lewis can't begin to fill the orders he gets—and even if he had the time, he wouldn't paint everybody. He's always been infernally fastidious, and now he can afford to be anything he wants. He keeps a studio in London. His portrait of the Duchess of Ux made his English reputation, and he'll undoubtedly have to come to New York next winter. He'll simply pluck fortunes there."

"Did he ever finish the portrait he began of you?" Doris asked.

"No, he says he'll finish it this summer, if I'll go over."

"And shall you go?"

"I haven't decided yet whether I shall sail on the *Sappho* or not."

"When does the *Sappho* sail?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow," Doris laughed. "Oh, Silver-Rose, oh, Silver-Rose!" she murmured indulgently. "But then, anyway," she continued contentedly, "you couldn't get a stateroom."

"Oh, yes, the Somersets are going over. They'll take care of me. I can decide to go at the very last moment—they've been good enough to say—and share with Muriel."

"What did you wear in the picture?"

Doris reverted.

"White. White crape; an old thing I'd had a long time. That reminds me, I shall have to take it with me, I suppose. Lewis wouldn't let me wear anything else. There were some pearls, I think—oh, yes, a little cap that Elizabeth had. Lewis says if I wish to look well, I must always wear white—and crape, preferably."

There was a little pause. "Then you do believe in love?" Doris flung at her sister what evidently was the core of her meditation.

Silver-Rose moved restlessly. "Oh, yes, I believe in love," she affirmed; "who doesn't?"

"How much?" Doris continued relentlessly; "and what are you waiting for. Silver-Rose?"

Silver-Rose started to speak. Her eyes sparkled with sudden brilliance behind the softening sweep of her long lashes. Then she hesitated, and the blue flames died out of them. They grew dreamy, and the lids, heavy with purple stains, drooped. It was a long moment before she spoke again, and then she clasped her hands behind her head and gazed, unseeing, at the silver curl of the moon, floating out of the afterglow.

"I'll tell you about it, Doris dear," she said simply; and her voice began to seem less girlishly tinkling, to grow bell-like, as she proceeded; "because I think you'll understand—you're the

only one, except Elizabeth, who will; and I have never, strangely enough—never told Elizabeth. But all my life I have been expecting something to happen to me—a something glorious and indescribable. I have had a feeling, ever since I can remember, that there would, some day, come into my experience a single big moment—a huge climax of some kind, a sudden chance at great happiness; a door, as it were, opening into a golden future. I don't know what it will be. I don't know when it will come. And it is possible, of course, that I utterly deceive myself, that it will never come at all. But I don't believe that. I never pay any attention to such doubts when they occur to me. I always put them quickly out of my mind. My belief in the past has been dim, vague, shadowy; but of late years it has grown into a conviction, a certainty, a surety that it would be impossible for anybody to shake or break. I feel that fate has a definite something in reserve for me—a something deeper and sweeter and richer than comes, ordinarily, into the lives of women. That I am sure of, but all I can do is wait for it, and wait in patience, to be forever keenly on the lookout. Three things I know. It will come, my chance of happiness; it will come. I shall know it when it does come, and I shall be ready for it—ready for it at any cost." Her voice was very sweet when she stopped, but her words were almost inaudible.

### CHAPTER III.

"But—but"—Doris panted fiercely for words—"suppose—suppose he's ineligible," she ended lamely.

"I don't care if he's a chimney-sweep," Silver-Rose said softly.

"Oh, I understand now," Doris accused her ardently; "you little dreamer of dreams! Chimney-sweeps are picturesque enough. They come into poetry and fairy-tales. 'Hans Andersen' is full of them. But suppose he's a motorman?"

But if her ridicule hit, it left invisible wounds. "It makes no difference who

he is," Silver-Rose pronounced inflexibly. But the dreams began to float out of her eyes.

"Couldn't he possibly, sisterkin, be an earl?" Doris insinuated softly.

Silver-Rose looked directly at her. "I am afraid not," she said, sighing. "I had to tell one so this afternoon."

"Well, let's hope he'll be a prince," Doris suggested fondly; "a Prince Hal in the flesh," she added, smiling. "Come here and kiss me, Silver-Rose."

Silver-Rose went and kissed her.

"I suppose I ought to be going," she said vaguely, after awhile; "there's that errand in Allston. I must do that. I wouldn't disappoint Pepi for the world; and I want to talk with her about it. It's a good chance, and she's the brightest girl I've ever met at the Settlement."

"You can't go alone. Is Beau coming?"

"No, he's not even going to be at the dance to-night; mother's in despair."

"Wait for Rob, won't you, dear? He'll be delighted."

"I can't."

"I'll send Delia with you."

"Heavens, no! My dear, I can take care of myself. If college has done anything for me—and for it I'm devoutly grateful—it's emancipated me from ridiculous forms and ceremonies. I've decided that a woman ought to be able to take care of herself. And, besides, it's only the fringes of night."

"But, Silver-Rose, don't you think—"

"You might as well understand now as ever," Silver-Rose maintained with languid obstinacy, "that I won't have Delia."

"Let me telephone for the brougham."

"No, dear."

"Or the runabout. You can chauffeur yourself, and you will."

"No, I'm going in an electric."

"And when she was bad she was horrid," Doris quoted mechanically.

"But when she was good, you remember, she was very good indeed," Silver-Rose excused herself; "there are compensations, Dor, for everything."

Silver-Rose was putting on before the glass a broad, green hat wreathed with tiny rose-buds. She was adjusting the trim jacket of her green walking-suit. Her hands fluttered for a second with a globe of chiffon, that bunched fluffily under her chin. She pulled into place a long, foreign-looking chain—cut-gold, with tiny gods of green jade strung on it at irregular intervals. She drew on, last of all, her heavy walking-gloves.

"Come over and kiss me, Silver-Rose," Doris commanded imperiously, "again, dear," she added; "there's no prophesying about you, you know. You may sail to-morrow. If it were a week before the *Sappho* went I'd have no fears of losing you, but as there are only a few hours, you're as likely as not to run away—with a good-by over the telephone."

Silver-Rose kissed her sister, not twice but many times. She kissed the tiny segment of the baby's head that his position permitted her lips to touch. "Good-by, dear," she said again. And her slender figure flitted through the open doorway into the dark beyond.

Doris lay quiet for a moment, her eyelids down. Suddenly something flickered silver under the fringes of her lashes. A delicate diamond of a tear trailed over her olive cheek. It moved slowly there, cutting a shining swath through its smooth down. Several followed its wake. One splashed on the baby's head. Another came, and another, and another. The baby waked and cried. Doris sat up.

Out in the street, the air was suffused with the amethystine rain of the stars. The little new moon was rocking toward the horizon. The streets were quiet, twinkling with lights, hollow tunnels packed with sweetness, distilled by the young trees. Silver-Rose strolled up Beacon Street to Massachusetts Avenue. There she waited for a car. Many open cars, crowded with people, she permitted to go by. Finally a closed one came. She looked a little disappointed, but she signaled to the conductor.

Her entrance made the sensation that.

she had come to expect, that she had trained herself calmly to face, and, perhaps, as she had undoubtedly made herself believe, to scorn. The listlessness of the half-dozen women sitting there in the various positions of pre-occupation, passed off as if they had had an electric shock. They all eyed her more or less furtively. The effect of her exquisite blondness was to make them look ten years older. A slender, middle-aged woman in the corner watched with fluttering, weak eyes her every movement. A stout, jaded woman, who had been leaning back with closed eyes, sat upright and smoothed her hair, in instinctive answer to the challenge of so much beauty. But the sallow woman opposite, with the stringy black hair and prominent teeth, scrutinized her openly for a moment, and then turning to her companion, a waxy little creature with a gentle expression, whispered hissing: "Paint!"

The beautiful, cleanly lengths of the boulevard spun by. The car stopped and a man entered. If the attention of any in the car was, by chance, still furtively spent on Silver-Rose, it was immediately deflected in the direction of the newcomer. Apparently, they recognized him universally to be the governor of the Commonwealth. His glance fell on Silver-Rose, and as he bowed his face lighted up with his wonderful smile. Then he found a seat in the corner, on the same side with her.

He was an extraordinarily handsome man, then in his vigorous prime. His six feet of height, his perfect proportions, his noble shoulders, would have distinguished him anywhere. But, in addition, his head was really beautiful. His hair and mustache had silvered prematurely, deepening the tone of his complexion, which halted, in consequence, just short of floridity; and they were, in turn, italicized by his piercing dark eyes and his darker brows and lashes. His features were patrician, even a little ascetic, his expression gracious. That night, perhaps because of the excessive, untimely heat, perhaps because of arduous gubernatorial la-

bors, he looked tired and worn. After awhile he leaned back wearily and closed his eyes. Silver-Rose had always admired him, his distinction of look and manner, his air of physical and moral cleanliness. He stood, moreover, for the higher order of citizenship, and she would have adored him, if only for that. She was as much tempted as any of her car-associates to examine him slyly, as he leaned back with his tired lids closed. And occasionally she yielded to the temptation.

The car stopped again and another man, a younger man, entered. He stood in the doorway a second, glancing perfunctorily up the length of the car before he sat down in the farther corner of the opposite seat. Silver-Rose looked at him indifferently and then away. The car stopped, and other people got in and others got out. Then, idly, she looked at him again and again. And suddenly her pulses stirred a little. She had discovered that he was wearing a false mustache and imperial. She examined him furtively with more and more interest.

He was a tall man and rather slender, but muscular in a graceful way. He wore a slouch hat and a long coat. He looked like an Italian. This fact was hinted by his hair that, while close-cropped, was yet like ebon velvet. It was iterated in his brown eyes—eyes, curiously enough, full of light but sleepy looking. It was reiterated in his brown skin, where glowed almost imperceptibly a furtive Southern copper. And it was repeated again and again in the look of his features, their soft emergence the one from the other.

Silver-Rose had played men's parts many times at Radcliffe. She had had occasion to apply to her rose-leaf skin most of the combinations of hirsute falsity. She had several times worn a smudge of mustache and a peak of imperial exactly like the ones the young man in the corner was wearing. She knew just how jauntily, if turgidly, they went on, and just how irksomely they came off. For a second she could almost smell the sickly odor of spirit-gum and, in imagination, her upper lip be-

gan to smart. She wondered why so personable a youth should have to go disguised. She wondered if it were merely a freak, or if there were some grim necessity and, if so, what it was.

in the corner, diagonally opposite to him. He had undoubtedly recognized him to be the governor of the State. Then it had alighted carelessly on Silver-Rose, and he had started imper-



*The bandaged hand was slowly raising itself, and very deliberately it pointed in the direction of the sleeping governor.*

But her vague conjectures were suddenly swept away, and as completely as a bubble by a cloudburst.

In the meantime the roving glance of the newcomer had fallen on the man

ceptibly. Immediately it began to play feverishly up and down the car, embracing each of its occupants in turn. Finally he slouched back in his corner, pulled his hat over his eyes, and

appeared to meditate. After a pause his right arm, which had been hanging by his side, came to rest on his crossed knees. The hand slipped out of the sleeve; it was bandaged—and curiously bandaged—in an awkward, muffling roll of cloth that made it twice the size of the other. It shot through Silver-Rose's mind that she had seen somewhere such an arm before, and with kinetoscopic quickness there flashed before her mental vision a picture of the deranged degenerate whose fanatical act had stripped the country the year before of its great and gracious head. Suddenly, in spite of herself, she trembled a little. She turned her head away for a minute until her mind regained control of her body. Then she looked again. And this time her hair began electrically to lift away from her prickling scalp, her heart melted to water, and her blood froze to ice.

The bandaged hand was slowly raising itself, and very deliberately it pointed in the direction of the sleeping governor.

#### CHAPTER IV.

For a moment, convinced in the conclusion to which she had jumped, and caught full in the swirl of her terrors, Silver-Rose tried to scream. But as in bad dreams, in which sometimes she had been tied and throttled by similar malign conditions, she could no more have commanded her paralyzed limbs or her atrophied voice than she could have compelled time itself to roll away into eternity. A sudden hope, like a liberating knife, cut cleanly through her strangling thoughts; perhaps this, too, was a bad dream.

A heroic impulse arose to the surface out of the torrent of her terrors; and still mute, her eyes fixed on the arm in the corner, she leaned forward until she was sure that her slender body protected the heart of the sleeping governor.

And then—adding thereby a hundredfold to her numb sense of expectancy, a thousandfold to her blind consciousness of tragedy lurking hideous-

ly close—the man in the corner arose and came steadily down the car.

Surely now he would—

In hopeless, muscle-bound stupor she watched his approach. He stopped just in front of her cowering self. He bent over her. He spoke.

"Miss Wrexmere?" he interrogated. His voice was a trained one, a little deep; a little, at the moment, imperious, a little, strangely enough, whimsical. And his use of it, his hold on accent was perfect, although there was the silken impediment of something foreign, almost, not quite, submerged in it. Miss Wrexmere bowed automatically.

He dropped very unconstrainedly into the vacant seat beside her. His voice fell a little.

"Miss Wrexmere," he began again quietly and evenly, "I don't know exactly how I am to tell you what I have to tell you, how to appeal to you in the way I must. But I am at this moment in great peril, and it looks very much as if I should be in dire distress before long unless you will be good enough to aid me. Those men who entered the car a few minutes ago—the ones who were sitting just opposite me—will arrest me when I leave it, unless you will be good enough to put them off the scent, to talk with me as if you knew me well, or, if you prefer, to let me talk to you as if I knew you well. They know who you are, but they are not quite sure of me. The fact of your recognition will turn their suspicions away. You will think that I am taking a fearful risk with you. I can only beg you to forgive that, and to believe, if you can, that I would be the last man in the world to do so, if I were not fairly desperate; and I am that. I ask you, I implore you, to save me." He stopped for an instant and gazed entreatingly at her.

Silver-Rose could not have spoken at that moment if her very life had depended on it. But she could listen, and she heard his words coming to her, as if from a great distance. And as she listened, her runaway mind eased itself of its gallop; it slowed up gradually; at length it stood still. And her hair

no longer stirred like some unnatural separate member, the machinery of her body started again, her blood thawed and warmed, her heart burst the shackles that bound it. But she was as weak as a rag.

"I will be honest with you," the young man went on, as she was still silent; "I will acknowledge that there is reason for this surveillance, but it is not a criminal matter, and, moreover, it is all a mistake. I am absolutely innocent. I can only, of course, give you my word of honor in regard to that. But I can't tell you how much I hope that you will accept it, how much depends on your accepting it." Again he stopped, and looked entreatingly at her.

Still Silver-Rose did not speak. But she was beginning to examine the evidence that her companion submitted to her, was preparing to sit in judgment upon him. Her eyes fell keenly on the bandaged arm. Ah, thank God she was mistaken! There was, there could be, no weapon there. And he was very handsome, very interesting. Moreover, his look, his carriage, his manner, his voice were those of the gentleman. And the feeling that was finding torrentlike expression now, whatever its origin, was undoubtedly sincere. She recalled the recent visit to the United States of a prince of a reigning European house. She wondered vaguely if he had been in any way connected with that.

"It won't be a fair struggle," he went on again, and still very quietly. "I am handicapped, you see." He moved slightly his bandaged arm. "And it's two to one, in addition. But it will be a struggle; I shan't be taken alive if strength of arm or speed of foot counts in the matter. But I'm afraid that they won't count. It's not for myself that I am so willing to seem a coward—" He stopped abruptly, and, for a second, his eyes again begged of her what no man's eyes had ever before begged—protection.

Silver-Rose met his glance squarely. She was a girl, it happened, who lived by her impulses, who had much faith in that old-fashioned feminine dower

of intuition, whose decisions were swift and inflexible. Moreover—and perhaps this counted for more with her than she would have acknowledged—she was beginning to feel that the situation was a romantic one. She began to make up her mind that she trusted this interesting young man and his interesting situation. From the realization of that to the decision to help him was a single leap. "You may talk to me, if you wish," she permitted quietly.

He breathed a long sigh of relief. "I can tell you this much," he said, "and in all honor. My business in America is in connection with affairs of state. I am at present in a sort of diplomatic tangle. It is most necessary for me to be at liberty for the time being. After a few days"—he shrugged his shoulders.

"But how do you know—how can you tell that those men are after you?" Silver-Rose asked shrewdly.

"Oh, the suspect always knows; but they are beginning not to want me, thanks to you."

Silver-Rose did not look in their direction. "What is your country—is that permitted?" she asked.

"I was born in Italy," he apprised her briefly.

"How do you happen to know who I am?" she continued.

"Oh, I have seen you many times," he informed her; "to be exact," he corrected himself scrupulously, "four times, if that interests you."

"Do you call four many?"

"Not actually many, perhaps; but when you make a gallery of your mind in order to carry in it the four definite pictures—when you oust everything else from it to dedicate it to that purpose—and when in order to study them you betake yourself there at every opportunity, four becomes an indefinite many."

Silver-Rose's face was impassive. "Where did you see me?" she went on examiningly.

"Once in the Louvre, once in a room in the Latin Quarter, once at a dance in Washington, once—but I prefer not to

tell you about that—if you'll indulge me."

"How am I to know that you are telling me the truth?" she turned inquiring eyes directly into his.

He did not reply for a second. "Four years ago, one day in August," he said quietly, "you were standing near the

Mona Lisa. You wore a summer affair of white linen—the skirt swept on the ground. Where you stood, at the psychological instant of my first sight of you, it was coiled about your feet in front. You wore with it a long coat, also of white. And your hat was—frankly, enormous. It, too, was white, and it was trimmed with white, a fluffy kind of stuff. By the way, you should always wear white. Afterward I followed you for an hour or more about the Louvre. Occasionally you would open the book you carried and read for a moment." He stopped abruptly.

"What was I reading?" Silver-Rose pursued him relentlessly.

"It took all my ingenuity to find that out without attracting your attention. At one time I nearly gave it up. I particularly wanted you not to notice me, of course. I'm very glad now that I didn't do that. It was 'The Land of

Heart's Desire.' Afterward I bought it and read it, and I should thank you, I think, for that pleasure," he ended perfunctorily.

"When did you see me next?" she asked, coolly ignoring his gratitudes and platitudes.

"Oh, the next time you were posing

for Mr. Lang-wall. Previously, I had had you followed there from your hotel, somewhere near the Arc. You went to the Lang-walls', I found out, a great deal. I had what seems to me a very reasonable desire to see what your hair was like—to see you without your hat or veil on. One day I bribed the concierge to let me bring some bundles up to the studio while you were there posing. You wore white that time, too—a long thing that clung. After all, I did not see your head bared—

there was a heart-shaped net of pearls on your hair. I don't blame you," he interpolated excusingly; "I fancy it isn't safe to go even among friends with so much gold frankly in sight. Yes, you should always wear white," he concluded meditatively.

Silver-Rose grew softly pink. For an instant she had the look of one casting about for subjects meet for con-



"You wore it with a long coat, also of white."

versation. "Apropos of the Louvre," she interrupted her own gropings at length, and in the hurried manner of one a little at odds with herself, "I have here a picture of the Mona Lisa." She opened the package, and held it out to him.

He examined it curiously. "I have never seen the Mona Lisa—really," he said absently.

"Ah," she laughed triumphantly, "now I've caught you. I thought it would be only a question of time. However, you were lucky in your guesses. You said—I can't forbear rubbing it in—when you first saw me I was in the room with the Mona Lisa. And now you say that you have never seen it."

He did not seem at all cast down. He looked at her reflectively. "I said also, did I not," he asseverated quietly, "that you stood near it?"

They were both silent for a moment, but if there be degrees of silence, Silver-Rose was the more silent.

"Ah," he said at length, "mine enemies have left the car. You have saved me. I suppose now that I should leave you. Do you expect me to do so? I am at your mercy?" He made a motion as if to rise, but his eyes, fixed on hers, were centers of whimsical storm and stress, so ardently did they implore and command.

"You need not go," she accorded him briefly; "at least not at present," she qualified.

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly.

Silver-Rose stared at him a little. Then she smiled deliciously. "Almost to the end of the world," she admitted. "I have, in other words, an engagement in Allston."

"Is it——" he examined her costume carefully. "No—of course—no—there would be even more splendor. Surely it isn't a formal affair."

"Oh, no," she laughed lightly; "that comes later. I want to see one of my Settlement girls. I return to Brookline immediately."

"Oh, I see. And will there be somebody later to take care of you?"

"No," Silver-Rose admitted com-

posedly, "not through plan of mine. I emancipated myself for the first time to-night."

"Then," he asserted comfortably, "you simply must let me take care of you until you reach your own door."

"I thought I was taking care of you," she reminded him.

"Put it that way, if you wish. Take care of me, then, until you reach your own door."

"But what," she queried in amused inflexibility, brushing aside his sophistries—"what becomes of my emancipation? And what, moreover, excuses your protection? What could possibly happen to a woman in Boston?"

"I pray everything," he vowed fervently, "cloudburst, earthquake, attack by Indians, sluggers, footpads, Mafia—anything to insure your need of my company. And then, let me point out to you, the circus is in town. What's to prevent a stray lion or tiger from pouncing out upon you from some sheltered bit of road? I now recall that beasts invariably escape from circuses. It has been settled, indisputably, that they prefer, to all other victims, blond young women, especially if they be reasonably comely—and I have no scruples in telling you that I think the 'reasonably' lets you in."

Silver-Rose pondered this with an appearance of seriousness. "You speak wonderfully idiomatic English for an Italian," she commented.

"Oh," he said, "I am in no sense an Italian. My father was an American, and I have lived much of my life in England. My mother only was an Italian. Come," he wheedled, "repeal the emancipation-act."

"I will put it off," Silver-Rose decided; "but remember you raise my hopes very high. Indeed, I shall think meanly of you if you don't satisfy them. Let's bargain about it. I demand an adventure from you; and, in return, I give you the pleasure of my company."

"We'll see what can be done," he promised gravely. His dark eyes studied her face a second. "I feel that I have known you for a hundred years now," he said abruptly.

She laughed. "I can never quite make up my mind, when people say that—and people often do, you know—whether it is a compliment or the reverse. Now, do tell me," she begged in her turn; "please tell me why you say it."

"It will embarrass me no end to tell you," he rejoined, "because I don't myself quite know why I say that. But, you see, the truth is exactly this: Although I've seen you very seldom, I've thought of you a great deal. I've had ideas about you. I've had theories about you. And, wonderfully enough, you don't disappoint me. You're not the faintest atom in the world what I expected. At least, it's my impression you're not. I've forgotten all about what I expected. You're so much better; you're the—you're a—oh, you're you. You must pardon this incoherence," he suddenly pulled himself up. "I don't know what you'll think of me. I have a very effervescent appearance to myself."

"When was the third time you saw me?" she asked composedly.

"Oh, the third time—at a dance in Washington." A far-away look came into his eyes. It was evident he was describing one of the pictures stowed away in his mind. "There was afterward a lot of talk about the gown you wore. It was white; shiny—satin,

should one say? I'm a little helpless here. And there was about the corsage, and running over your bare arms, a broad band of dark fur—bear, the papers said. It made your hair very dazzling; I saw it this time. There were no pearls in it or anywhere. But there were diamonds—like fireflies—sprinkled at intervals in the fur; and you carried a fan. A big fan, a wonder of a fan, a perfect epic of a fan, of scarlet feathers and carved ivory sticks. Oh, yes, the papers had enough to say, and one of them a picture; I wanted to call the editor out."

"Yes, I remember"—her eyes glinted with fun; "mama scolded me about that gown. Doris, my sister, wrote a rhyme about me. She said I was a cross between Maggie Cline and Yvette Guilbert. I haven't forgiven her that yet; and anonymous people kept sending me the picture for weeks after. And the fourth time?" she inquired with elaborate casualness.

"You mustn't ask me about that."

"I hope you didn't catch me in the act of powdering my nose, or—oh, heavens! much worse, of darkening my brows."

He looked at her quickly. "You had done both when I saw you."

"Here we are," Silver-Rose interrupted him brusquely. "We must get out now."

TO BE CONTINUED.



### The Revelation

AN idle poet, here and there,  
Looks round him; but for all the rest,  
The world, unfathomly fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest.  
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;  
They lift their heavy lids, and look;  
And lo! what one sweet page can teach  
They read with joy, then shut the book.  
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,  
And most forget; but, either way,  
That and the Child's unheeded dream  
Is all the light of all their day.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

# A Transcontinental Trolley Line

By A. H. Ford

AMERICA has spent, up to date, some three and a half billion dollars in the construction of over thirty-seven thousand miles of electric railways. In other words, the trolley line that extends almost without a break from Bangor, Maine, to St. Louis, Missouri, might be continued on to San Francisco a dozen times back and forth without using up all the trolley mileage at our disposal.

Ninety-five per cent. of the trolley lines to be constructed in 1905 lie west of Cleveland, Ohio. Spokane, Washington, and towns of northern Idaho are already connected by an electric tramway, with every probability that the line will be carried into Montana. The cities of Minnesota and Iowa are sending electric feelers east and west, and Illinois is reaching out to connect the great trolley systems already in operation on both sides of the Mississippi River. When we recall that the first interurban trolley line was built scarcely more than a decade ago, it is not chimerical to pre-

dict that before another decade passes over our heads it will be possible to go by trolley from Maine to California; in fact, long before the decade draws to a close we may see the locomotive relegated to the scrap pile for the medita-

tion of the vanishing horse, for already the New York Central has begun to experiment with electric traction, the Great Northern Railway, from St. Paul to Seattle, proposes to substitute electricity for steam, and the railways between Buffalo and St. Louis are selling combination railway and trolley car tickets across a thousand



MAP OF THE TROLLEY LINES OF THE MIDDLE WEST, SHOWING HOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO GO FROM BUFFALO, N. Y., TO KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN. BLACK LINES SHOW COMPLETED ROADS. DOTTED LINES, THOSE UNDER WAY

miles of territory.

The mileage of electric railways in New England falls little short of five thousand miles, or about the same as that of the State of Ohio. From Boston, the leisurely sightseer may travel by trolley to New York in twenty hours at a cost of \$2.85, or little more than half the regular railway fare. From New York to Philadelphia there is an hourly electric car, with one change, at

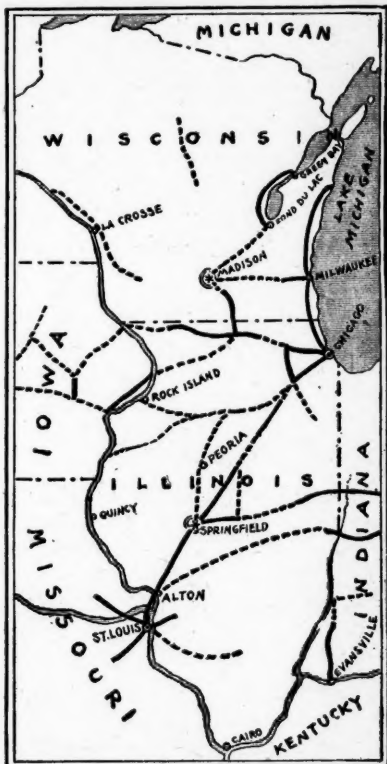


DETAIL OF TROLLEY ROUTE  
FROM BOSTON TO WIL-  
MINGTON, DELAWARE

Trenton; the through time is eight hours, and the fare \$1.10, as compared with \$2.50 by steam car. Soon the trolley to Baltimore and Washington may be completed, and others are stretching across Pennsylvania to Pittsburg and the West. So far the Western trolleys set the pace, for in the East there is no baggage allowance, and sleepers are practically unknown on the interurban trolley systems. West of Pittsburg and Buffalo, however, the trolley not only competes with the railway, but actually makes better time and connection for a thousand miles at a stretch. The six or seven thousand miles of interurban trolley in Ohio and Indiana now sell interchangeable mileage books at the very low rate of a cent and a quarter a mile, or less than one-half the rate charged by the Western steam railways. Sleepers, baggage and dining cars are provided on the through trolley expresses, and every inducement offered the traveling man to turn from the steam to the electric railways. It is in the West that the great future of the interurban trolley seems to lie.

From the northwestern corner of New York State to Kalamazoo, Michigan, more than five hundred miles, there is a regular electric flyer. You may eat, sleep and write aboard the trolley, or, if you care to jump off to view the scenery or sell a bill of goods at a small

wayside town, there is no "long wait" before the "next train" comes bowling along. Recently one of these special flyers over the Ohio and Indiana lines completed a trip of 781 miles in 27 hours and 15 minutes, including stops. This was at the rate of 28 miles an hour; and over some of the steam railroads that have recently been trolleyized, the speed was even more rapid. Not only are the narrow-gauge railways discarding the locomotive for the overhead trolley, but in Ohio trolley lines are built parallel to the canals, and the trolley car takes the place of the mule, hauling great tows of barges at a speed that the original builders of the canal



PROGRESS OF TROLLEY DEVELOPMENT IN ILLINOIS, IOWA  
AND WISCONSIN. BLACK LINES SHOW COMPLETED  
ROADS. DOTTED LINES, THOSE UNDER WAY

never dreamed would be possible. During the St. Louis Exposition the Electric Railway Managers' Association made an arrangement with the steam railways, by virtue of which holders of trolley mileage books might board the most convenient steam or electric car and continue their journey to the exposition by one or the other as they saw fit. The cost of trolley travel being but one-half as much as behind the locomotive, many used the railways only between stations not served by electric railways. Soon, however, there will be an unbroken line between Buffalo and St. Louis, and before long the various systems in New York State, between Albany and Buffalo, will be connected, and every important city of New England brought in touch by trolley with the larger towns of the Mississippi Valley. California is building freight cars to place on her interurban trolley lines, and it seems only a question of time when we shall have a transcontinental electric railway fitted with all the conveniences of modern travel.

That the trolley is not dependent upon large cities and populous districts for

success is evidenced by the fact that the line across the State of Texas is making rapid progress, and the farmers everywhere patronize the frequent service most liberally. Already the trolley begins to compete with the railway in bidding for farm produce destined for the city market. In fact, the thirty-seven thousand miles of electric railway in the United States promise to quickly catch up with the two hundred thousand mileage of the steam railway, and it is predicted that, before long, passenger traffic on the interurban trolley lines will become but secondary in importance to their freight-carrying possibilities. In New England the steam railroads find it necessary to purchase the trolley lines to prevent ruinous competition; in the West the trolleys often act as feeders to the steam trunk lines, but there is war between the two, and there are optimists who predict that automobile freight and passenger coaches will yet bankrupt both steam and electric railways and give our country a magnificent system of perfect roadways from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.



#### IN ANTICIPATION.

"I PITY folks who have never been married," murmured Mrs. Turtledove.  
"So do I!" growled Turtledove. "Just think of what they've got coming!"



#### TWO SOULS IN SWEET ACCORD.

MRS. HOTTHEN—I wish Carrie Nation would come here and go to your favorite saloon and smash everything in it!  
COL. HOTTHEN—So do I! Especially the slate!



#### A MODERATE DARLING.

MRS. JONES—So your husband gives you everything you ask for?  
MRS. SMITH—Er-yes; but then, I ask for so little! I simply ask him for his salary every Saturday night, and after that I don't trouble him.



#### A PITIFUL CASE.

"AND how is your mother's rheumatism, my child?  
"Worse'n worse, ma'am. It's got so bad now she can't even throw th' coffeepot at pa no more!"



"DID you read that interview of mine?" asked Fryhuysen. "Colonel Stackman is in Boston, but I knocked a column out of his views, just the same. Not bad, was it?"

The rest of us in the newspaper office said: "Tut! tut!"

If you are sent to interview a man, and find that he is in Boston, why, of course, write up the interview, anyway; but take no credit to yourself, for that sort of thing is of common occurrence. Fryhuysen was a good-natured young fellow, but this boastfulness was his fault.

It was pay night. Each of us put his envelope in his pocket without opening it. Life is earnest; life is real; and old age was only about forty years in our future. We were going to start bank accounts and be provident young men, like the artist of the staff, Harry Barker.

Then the envelopes were, of course, opened, but poker was not played in the office that night, and Saturday morning three of us went to the bank to start accounts and provide for old age. Maybe you fancy we went back to the bank as soon as it opened Monday morning. Oh, don't for a moment think we were so bad as that! Two of us did not go until Monday afternoon; the third actually held out till Tuesday, and was very uppish all Monday

night, taking the improvident two aside to tell them the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. The ability to save is a gift; but perhaps it could be acquired, so we asked Harry Barker how he succeeded. We wanted to be strong, like him, and resist temptation and draw interest. Harry said:

"Well, you see, my folks up State aren't very well fixed. My father is getting pretty well on in years now and can't do indoor work any longer. He feels that he must do something, and in the spring wants to take out a traveling merry-go-round. If I can save three hundred and fifty dollars, he can have it."

We were charmed with such frankness. How many friends of yours, who come from out of town, will admit that their folks are not very "well fixed"? Everyone, except Harry, who ever came to this city, came from "one of the leading families." And we said:

"That's fine, isn't it? So filial of him! Great will be Harry's reward some day!"

We felt better and stronger, with such a good example before us, and we were determined to make honored names for ourselves. Then Jackson appeared in the office in a new fall suit, and we had to live up to him, and went to see old Zeke, who would let you have thirty dollars if you would pay

him forty or sixty or maybe one hundred and fifty for the loan.

"Did I ever tell you how I got my job here?" asked Fryhuysen. "I got it on the strength of the most realistic and beautifully repulsive little story you ever read. It was a fight, for five hundred a side, between a bulldog and a negro, who fought the brute on hands and knees. Of course there was no truth in it, but anybody could write a true story."

We said: "You ought to go to some nice, quiet, psychopathic ward and have your mind scraped for imagining such things." This boastfulness of his was always irritating; it seemed so amateurish.

Anyway, we were very sad because we could not be promising young men, except when we signed promises to pay, but one can't be both good and beautiful, and our fall suits were faultless. Then we seemed to settle upon Harry Barker, as if to have him express for us. When he would not drink anything but ginger ale and held away

from poker, it seemed to us as if, through him, we were vicariously very virtuous, inasmuch as he was one of us.

"No, Harry," we said, very firmly, "you mustn't join in this game. We've got to get that merry-go-round, you know."

Harry would go home and go to bed early, and you don't know how that would encourage us, and how much better and nobler we would feel after every temptation he resisted. Bad habits are not at all hard to overcome, when they are some one else's; and just try and see how easily you can resist some one else's temptations. And we'd say:

"Now, Harry, you know cigars are too expensive and are bad for you. There are nice pipes for seventeen cents in the corner window."

Harry meekly got a seventeen-cent pipe, with a package of tobacco and a coupon thrown in, and we were well pleased with our abstemiousness. Our aged parent—we had come to look upon all the saving as ours and the aged parent as our aged parent—would surely have his merry-go-round; and happy little children would twirl around on horses or lions and tigers, and try to work off a fake brass ring on said aged parent.

All of which—upon which Matthews, the copy reader, would surely scrawl "X's" with his hated blue pencil, because he scratched out every introduction, without reading it—takes us to the morning when Fryhuysen went wrong again.

Old Buttons, the city editor, came in to his tiny room, inclosed in a corner of the general office. He was so stiff and straight that we were sure it was no fiction that he had once swallowed a sword, which had stuck and was too much for even his digestion. Cold, severe old fellow! And, still, there were occasions when he could be positively delightful. These occasions were when he contemplated doing something unusually mean; then his geniality would charm you.

There was a death somewhere, and some space writer, probably Jackson,



Fryhuysen posed as the one-legged sailor.

who by deaths made his living, was sent out for the obituary.

To some one else was given a pile of clippings; he was told to rehash these stories from the morning papers, of course writing as if he had witnessed the occurrences.

Then Fryhuysen was called for his assignment.

"Mr. Fryhuysen," said Old Buttons, in his cold, stiff way, "I don't see anything for you this morning, but we are short on special matter for Sunday. Go somewhere and get us a good Sunday story; down to the docks or to the jail or——"

"Yes, sir!" very promptly, for it would never do to have the old fellow caught floundering in poverty of suggestions. And Fryhuysen went out on a roving commission.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned. The old-timers on the staff were busy writing; perhaps they were covering their departments, or perhaps they were writing letters; the old-timers always pretended to be busy whenever in the office, so that Old Buttons should not feel they were not earning their salaries. But you know how young fellows are! We'd not pretend! We'd scorn to make believe work when we had nothing to do. It seemed to be our impression that you must not let your boss think you're at all afraid of him, and that even to show him too much respect is contemptible. Lose a few jobs and learn something of the ways of a pawnshop, and you gradually moderate in this feeling.

We were matching nickels on Fryhuysen's desk. Fryhuysen was matching with his left hand and with the other hand he was scribbling whatever story he had come across in his travels. Then he took the story to Old Buttons, who, himself, read all the special matter.

He returned to us and began to boast, as usual:

"Wait till you see what I have for Sunday! There are three columns, and it's about a squatters' colony down by the bay somewheres. I've got in descriptions of odd houses pieced together with old doors and roof tin.

There's a cave dweller in it, and the other characters are great. There's the old woman with the seventeen goats, and the one-legged sailor. And not a word of it is true. Why, I never wrote a story more than a fifth true in all my life! Anybody could just sit down and describe what he sees. Where's the art in that? Instead of going to any bays, or docks, or jails, I just went to Jennings' and shot pool and came back to write the first thing I could think of."

"Oh, be calm!" we said. "There's nothing remarkable about that. Do you want Old Buttons to overhear you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Fryhuysen; "I'd be fired, but the next day I'd be on the *Times* at a dollar more a column." Of course we each thought that we were in similar demand, but this boastfulness was very irritating. Then there was a call from the tiny office.

"Mr. Fryhuysen," said Old Buttons, "I have read this story of yours. Go upstairs to the artist and take him with you and show him these things you have described. This story will carry three or four one-column cuts."

Fryhuysen, laughing and winking at us, seemed to think it very funny to have the artist called upon to illustrate something only in his imagination, and he went to the art department, which was a little office almost filled with old cartoons, Harry Barker sitting, with scarcely room to move, among piles of them. But the rest of us were alarmed. Let Fryhuysen fake and boast all he wanted to, but here he had involved Harry. Both of them would be "fired," if detected. Then, with Harry out of a job, all our saving and self-denial and general good conduct would be in vain.

"Harry," said Fryhuysen, "just look this over. You're to draw pictures for it."

Harry glanced over the story and asked:

"Where is this colony?"

"Where is it?" Fryhuysen pointed to his forehead. "It's right here before you, inasmuch as it's only in my own mind."

Then Harry hesitated. Which was only wasting time, for, of course, he

would have to draw the pictures or expose Fryhuysen by refusing.

"If you think you can't do it—but I always thought an artist could draw a thing, whether he sees it or not."

That was enough. Harry traced rapidly with a pencil, and then went over the sketch with a fine drawing pen. Fryhuysen posed as the one-legged sailor, and they saw goats on the ceiling and cave dwellers on the walls, and, altogether, in order to see things, it is not at all necessary to have things to see.

They went out to stroll aimlessly around during the hour that they were supposed to take to go to the colony and return.

"Have a game of pool?" asked Harry.

But Fryhuysen was horrified. Finally he did agree to go to Jennings' and shoot a game with Billy Throbs, but Harry would have to promise only to

sit and look on. So Fryhuysen resisted Harry's temptation, and was just so much the stronger for the resistance, felt better and nobler, and added forty cents to his week's bill for the hour in which he played pool.

It was Sunday morning. Old Buttons, who would go home a little after noon, read Fryhuysen's story in print and was suspicious. The characters were too unique. The queer houses were too queer. The story was too interesting to be true. Truth is stranger than fiction? Maybe; but you don't run across such truths; besides, you can take the strangest truth you ever heard of and, with that for a foundation, pile up more strangeness.

And Old Buttons became so genial that we were apprehensive. Such geniality could signify only that he meant to be mean.

"My! my! a beautiful day! A glorious day! Too fine a day to be cooped up here, Mr. Fryhuysen!" Fryhuysen agreed that the day was very fine, but his manner was uneasy.

"A very good story of yours, Mr. Fryhuysen! Very clever sketches, Mr. Barker! Fryhuysen, I am so interested in this colony you have so ably described that I must see it. You must take me there; Mr. Barker will go with us."

And to be invited to take a trolley ride with Old Buttons was an honor that nobody could think of refusing. So all three went out, the condemned ones without enthusiasm, leaving us so gloomy that we wrote humorous stories.

Truly Old Buttons was a delightful companion! He joked with the conductor and shook hands with a baby on a woman's shoulder, and insisted upon paying the fares, though his readiness was not equal to his insistence, for Fryhuysen was the first to find three nickels. And then Old Buttons cried:

"So here's the street? Hop out. Why, you don't seem very lively!"

Harry walked along jauntily. There would be a vacancy in the art department, but his was the sportsman-like feeling of a small boy taking the first



*There was the one-legged sailor.*

swim in the springtime. "Fine! Just as warm!" But Fryhuysen looked guilty and showed his depression.

"I don't know what to say," he whispered, as they walked down a long block to the river front. "I might as well confess."

"What!" cried jolly, delightful Old Buttons. "Whispering in company! Shocking manners, Fryhuysen! Ah, here we are! Then it's just around this corner? This is the corner you mentioned?"

"It is," said Fryhuysen, faintly. All three wheeled around the corner of a tall fence.

There was the one-legged sailor. He

sat in front of a house queerly made of old junk and old woodwork. The goats were there; the queer old woman and the cave dweller. Just as described was everything.

Humiliated Fryhuysen hung his head. He had boasted of his imagination, but this time, perhaps for the novelty of it, had written up things that only existed. Pitiably was his chagrin.

"Very interesting!" snapped Old Buttons, no longer genial and no longer a delightful companion. "It looks like rain, and we must get back."

But our aged parent got his merry-go-round. Wasn't that good and kind and dutiful of us?



## Youth

O STRANGE inconsequence of youth,

When days were lived from hand to mouth,  
And thought ran round an empty ring  
In foolish, sweet imagining.

We handled love in childish fashion,  
The name alone and not the passion;  
The world and life were things so small,  
Our little wit encompassed all.

We took our being as our faith  
For granted, drew our easy breath,  
And rarely stayed to wonder why  
We were set here to live and die.

Vague dreams we had, a grander Fate  
Our lives would mold and nominate,  
Till we should stand some far-off day  
More godlike than of mortal clay.

Strong Fate! we meet thee but to find  
A soul and all that lies behind;  
We lose Youth's Paradise and gain  
A world of Duty and of Pain.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



THE "ICE FLOWER" PHENOMENA

## Crystals Formed by Bacilli

By H. J. W. Dam

**N**O scientific discovery of recent years has been more wonderful in itself, or more fruitful in the new and strange conclusions to which it points, than that of the crystals secreted by bacilli. Microbes, those strange microscopic breeders of disease, are divided into two general classes, the bacilli and the cocci.

Minute as they are, these become, under a microscope magnifying between four and five thousand times, so plainly visible, and so easy to photograph, that all the states of their growth and development can plainly be presented to the eye. Beauty and symmetry, as is ever the case with the work of nature in its minutest aspects, are everywhere apparent in their crystal work. The same perfection and completeness of form characterize the infinitely little as well as the infinitely great.

And that the bacillus of tuberculosis, commonly known as pulmonary consumption, should produce these crystals is only one of the many important facts leading to new lines of study which the discovery has brought about.

All crystals, as well as crystallization

itself, have ever been an unsolved mystery of science. If you should take a handful of pebbles and throw them on the ground, and see them arrange themselves of their own accord in the form of a perfect square, you would be surprised. If they always took this form at every separation of the experiment, you would soon begin to wonder; to believe that there must be some strange kind of intelligence leading to a concert of action among them, which forced or led them into this peculiar action. And the longer you thought about it, the more you would be puzzled as to whether the pebbles were really conscious or alive, or aware of what they were doing, or whether some invisible intelligence or life or consciousness was amusing itself or fulfilling its destiny by making them act in this way.

This, generally speaking, is the mystery of crystallization. Our most familiar crystals are rock candy, quartz, sugar, salt, the diamond and ice. Ice is merely solidified water, which, whenever it solidifies, takes the same crystalline form. The beautiful ice trees and ice flowers in windows on frosty morn-

ings exemplify the singular symmetry and beauty which crystallization invariably presents. All mineral water is crystalline. The globe on which we live is almost entirely composed of crystals.

So that if some form of conscious-

magnetism. It held that some magnetic peculiarity, a North and South Pole in each atomic crystal as well as in each larger crystal, as they were progressively formed, caused this regular and invariable grouping. While increasing observation and study have tended to confirm this theory, the discovery of bacillus crystals has thrown a new and strange light on the matter.

The crystals formed by bacilli, unlike pure mineral crystals, consist, when first formed, partly of living and partly of dead or mineral matter. They are composed largely of albumen and other organic material, and although crystals and perfectly crystalline in shape, they

are alive. They move about; they have a definite circulation visible among their atoms and molecules; they chop off their corners; they reproduce themselves in ways which appear entirely like



TUBERCULOSIS CRYSTALS  
First form

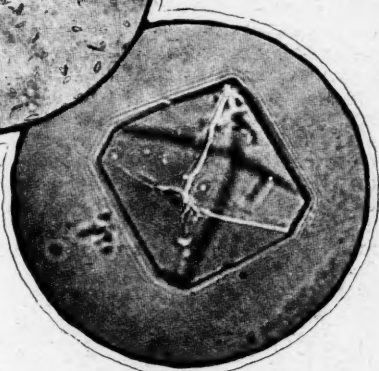
ness, leading to action among the atoms, to beauty and to symmetry, lies in the very rocks themselves, it is evident that the strange laws which govern matter are not yet remotely understood, and that there are a mystery and a poetry in it yet entirely unrevealed.

It is known that whenever any crystalline substance, like sugar, is dissolved in water, the minute particles into which it separates, which have become invisible in the water, still retain their special crystalline form. When the water is evaporated they slowly group themselves, come together again; but, like disciplined soldiers on parole, always fall into exactly the proper position to form larger crystals of the same form. The form never changes; the atoms adapt themselves to it.

The general scientific theory as to the cause of this has been based upon



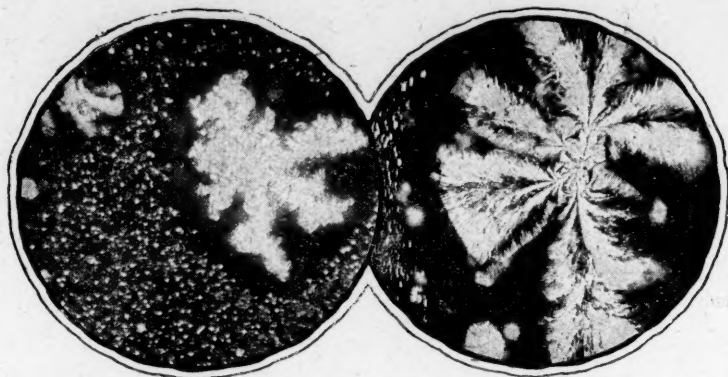
TUBERCULOSIS CRYSTALS  
Permanent form



BACILLUS NEGATHERIUM

life processes, and yet they are undeniably crystals, and take a distinctly different form with all of the sixteen different bacilli thus far studied.

They constitute, in short, a strange uniting bridge between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which we have



CHOLERA CRYSTAL IN FORMATION

CHOLERA CRYSTAL FULLY FORMED

hitherto called "living," and the mineral kingdom, which we have looked upon as "dead." They have furnished the first key to the mystery of the "consciousness" which lies in the rocks; in the mighty planets which they compose.

In the bacteriological laboratory of Dr. Von Schrön, the head of the Department of Anatomy in the University of Naples, all of the best known bacilli, cozily living in polished glass test tubes, live, move and have their being. They are as carefully fed and tended, their home comforts are as vigilantly looked after, and their condition as thoroughly observed, as if they were visible to the naked eye and valued members of society, instead of being the active principles of the worst diseases known to man. The laboratory is on the fourth floor of an old palace on the Corso, high on the hill back of the beautiful bay, with Vesuvius in full view, a residence so desirable that these microscopic pets are to be envied.

Each one of them in the course of its rapid growth, its reproduction of itself at the rate of a million per hour, so to speak, expands into a capsule or globular sac filled with colorless liquid. In this sac quickly form irregular, albuminous masses, which the doctor regards as the true toxine, or specially injurious element, and crystals, while the liquid in the capsule is the breeding

ground of countless millions of bacilli like the original.

It is with the crystals that we have here especially to do. When first formed, they are invariably cubic in shape. The close observation of hundreds of them from different bacilli reveals their general life history as follows:

Action begins within the crystal as soon as formed, the first change being one from "atoms" to "molecules"; the atoms seem to group together into double or larger atoms. A second change of this kind follows, easily discernible under the microscope; the material seeming to divide up irregularly in the process called "granulation."

Active wave motion of two kinds then follows, one line of waves beginning along the longitudinal center, or axis, of the crystal, and flowing toward the sides. This appears to be separating the albumen or living matter from the mineral or dead matter in the crystal and carrying it to the outside, where it forms a temporary envelope, which seems white under the microscope and in the photograph. The second kind of wave motion is spiral, and, beginning at one end, it gradually sets all the matter of the crystal into motion in a spiral direction.

The effect of this is quickly to change the shape of the crystal. It cuts off the

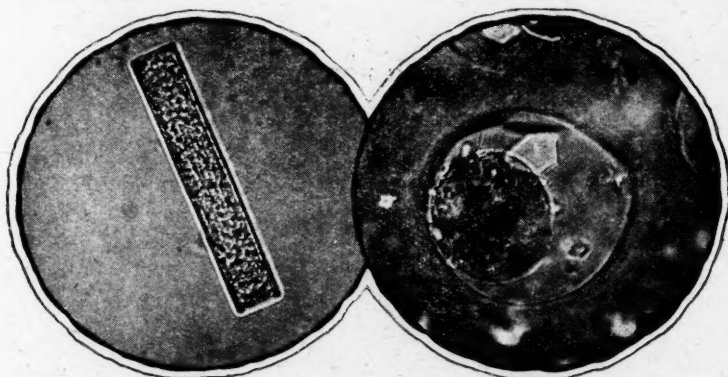
corners, composes the material and finally transforms it into a pyramid or rhomb or hexagon, as the case may be. The bacillus of tuberculosis thus forms crystals of square rhombs; the *temaformis*, six-sided prisms; the *subtilis*, bayonet rhombs; that of Asiatic cholera, double pyramids; that of *anthrax*, elongated rhombs; and so on throughout the list, no two different bacilli producing crystals of the same form.

Now begins the extraordinary process known as "the struggle for existence." It has been repeatedly observed, but there is no vestige as yet of an explanation. All crystals from the same capsule are friends. All crystals from different capsules are enemies. The friendly ones touch each other and lie side by side without change or injury. The unfriendly ones never meet or touch without one slowly absorbing the other. The larger is usually the victor, absorbing the smaller slowly into his bulk and becoming proportionately fatter, but still preserving his symmetrical, crystalline shape. A curious variation of this is found when two capsules, in expanding, touch before either of them has reached the breaking or bursting point. The crystals from these two capsules are "friends," and have no action of any kind on each other. The period of life of the "living" crystal—that is, the time which elapses before the organic matter has entirely dissociated

itself from the inorganic—is about twenty-one days. It may be shortened, however, by raising the temperature, or indefinitely prolonged by various means. When it has finally taken place we have a pure mineral crystal, which undergoes no further change such as we are familiar with in chemistry. Both in its living period and its dead period the bacillus crystal obeys the laws of all other crystals, and is identical with them in all respects.

With regard to the great question of "consciousness" in matter, the question whether there is any relation between crystalline force and life force, and whether or not the rocks may properly be said to be alive, the doctor says:

"It is impossible to answer that question before we agree as to the meaning of the word 'life.' This whole series of facts may, perhaps, induce us to change our definition of that word and extend or broaden its scope. We have here, in the once organic but now mineral crystal, something which has been visibly formed of living matter by living matter. So has the plant, the tooth, the bone, the man. Now, the man, the bone, the tooth and the plant may all be alive, yet manifest their life in different ways. Although the vital processes of the plant are much complicated, some persons might deny that the plant is alive, in their sense of the meaning of the word. We can only present facts



CRYSTALS FORMED BY ALL BACILLI

CRYSTALS IN CAPSULES

and let others form their own conclusions.

"So, too, with regard to the question as to whether crystalline matter is 'conscious.' It is again a question of the definition of the word. If we say that consciousness is the reflex result of all the forces acting upon the individual and *en rapport* with the individual, we see something much like it in the action of the inorganic crystal, and particularly so in its solution. Suppose that we dissolve two crystalline substances, A and B, in the same liquid. By inserting a crystal of A in the solution, all the A in the solution will crystallize about A, all the B will crystallize about a crystal of B. It is only reasonable to believe that the molecules of each crystal have, while in solution, preserved their physical identity and the

individual force which animates them. Perhaps I had better say that until we have a definition of the word 'consciousness' as exhibited by man we had better not use the word in this connection, but merely observe and compare phenomena. Nothing, however, could better illustrate the many problems, the immense amount of work which these organic crystals open out to future observers."

So the philosophical question appears to stand at present. A modern poet has described a spiritual maiden who felt that the mountains were her kinsmen and the flowers her sisters. But if we have family relations among the paving stones and the bricks we shall naturally not admit the fact until advancing science has enabled them to undeniably establish their family claim.



#### HIS LAST CHANCE.

CASEY—Cassidy swore loike a pirate just before he died.  
COSTIGAN—He did?

CASEY—He did! He said ut was th' lasht chance he'd hov before he got to hivin, where he'd be ashamed to!



#### RANK ROBBERY.

RIFFLES—Wot did yer find in de grocer's safe?

RUFFLES—Nothin' but a peck of onions and a box of stale eggs.

RIFFLES—Say, dat was rank robbery!



#### HE KNEW MOTHER-IN-LAW.

MRS. JONES—I shall go home to my mother, and get a divorce.

MR. JONES—Stay here and get it. If you go home, she'll talk you out of it.



#### LOOKING FORWARD.

BLEEKER—Why don't Baxter ever take his pretty typewriter out to lunch?

PINE—Oh, he intends to marry her—and don't want her to think he ever takes his pretty typewriters out to lunch.



#### THE BADGE OF POPULARITY.

EDITH—Is he very popular?

ETHEL—Oh, very. Why, 'most everybody is "knocking" him!



#### MAKING ENDS MEET.

BLEACHER—I don't see how you can offer such "bum" ball players such large salaries.

MANAGER—Well, you see, they are such "bum" players I can fine them eighty per cent. of their salaries.



#### SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

The Goldies are country folks, whom fate has treated hardly. There is a mortgage on the old farm, and Annie Goldie, the elder of the two daughters, determines upon a bold stroke to keep the wolf from the door. She has been very successful in a little play called "A Day at the Farm" which she has produced for the benefit of the church at Evansville, Ohio, and she decides to take the play to New York. Her father and her brother and sister accompany her to the metropolis. Ned Dowd, theatrical manager, welcomes the amateur players effusively, and looks forward to keeping New York convulsed with laughter and his own pockets filled with dollars by this new sensation. He gets his press agent, Orrin Slocum, to write up several "spicy" paragraphs for the papers, poking fun at the country players, and then arranges for a rehearsal. Slocum secures rooms for the Goldies at his boarding-house, and there gets to know something of the family affairs. He feels a great pity for these simple country folks, and is ashamed of the flippant "stories" he has inserted in the papers, ridiculing their act. "A Day at the Farm" is produced and sets all New York laughing. The theater, thanks to Slocum's press notices, is packed with a jeering, ribald throng. The spectacle jars upon Slocum's feelings, and he has a quarrel with Dowd, and severs his connection with the theatrical manager.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

ON leaving the theater, Orrin Slocum had walked rapidly up the long corridor to the street. Then he had turned toward Sixth Avenue. He felt only a dull comprehension of what had happened; he had lost his job, and against his misery he tried to project the thought that he was lucky to be out of it. But this philosophy failed to console him, and he was rapidly growing more wretched when he met a distraction.

"Hello, Orrin!"

Slocum stopped. "Oh, Mayberry," he said, as if speaking from a distance.

"Great show," said Mayberry, nodding in the direction of the theater. He was wearing evening clothes under a yellow Newmarket coat, and he looked well. As Slocum said nothing, he went

on: "I nearly laughed my head off at those country people. That was a great idea, you getting them."

Slocum suddenly brightened. "Yes, they made a hit all right," he said, fixing his eyes on the journalist. "Say, come over and have a drink."

Mayberry appeared surprised, but he agreed readily enough. When they had entered the nearest barroom, and had taken their places at one of the tables, the journalist remarked: "You'll have some bully good notices in the papers to-morrow. Those Goldies have given the critics a chance for a great story. Little Maynard of the *Item* will do something funny with it. I wish I was on a daily. I'd like to tackle it myself. Still," he added reminiscently, "I guess I could use it in my out-of-town letter. It's something unusual, and they're always trying to get me to put more hu-

mor in my stuff. But it isn't once in an age that anything really funny happens in this town."

"Mayberry," said Slocum in a solemn voice.

"Well?"

"I wish you'd do me a favor."

"What is that?" said Mayberry, with surprise.

"Don't write about the Goldies."

"What!" Mayberry cried.

Slocum looked vaguely around the table, in search of the bell. "What'll you have to drink?"

Mayberry controlled his astonishment till the order had been given. "What d'you mean?" he asked at length.

Then Slocum told him the whole story of the Goldies, laying stress on Annie Goldie's admiration for him. When he had finished, Mayberry exclaimed: "Well, I'll be jiggered!" Then he laughed nervously, and poured out his drink from "the bottle of Scotch that had been placed on the table. As he held his glass in one hand, he proceeded to draw in the edge of his mustache between his lips. "Well, if that isn't weird!" he went on, flushing.

"Oh, she thinks you're a great man, Billy," said Slocum, growing more friendly under the emotion of the moment, "and if you were to guy her in the *Evansville Gazette*, 'pon my word, I believe it would nearly kill her."

"*Evansville Gazette*!" Mayberry repeated. "I never heard of it." He leaned forward, resting both elbows on the table. "Say, it's funny, isn't it? Here I've been writing that out-of-town letter for nearly ten years, and this is the first time I ever realized that any one read it—that is, any one but Sandy Dwyer, down at the syndicate office. Sandy has always told me that my letters were so rotten he couldn't understand why he never made up his mind to stop 'em. I give you my word, it wouldn't have surprised me any day if I'd got a letter telling me to cut 'em out. But, of course," he added with a laugh, "that's got nothing to do with this case. I suppose that girl liked them because they *were* so rotten."

"Well, I don't know about that,"

Slocum remarked with a smile; and he watched the journalist. He was beginning to like Mayberry.

"Say, I tell you what I've a good mind to do. Suppose I make my paragraph about those people personal—tell how the girl wrote the play herself, and about her pluck in coming to New York, and all that? I can gloss the thing over a bit, you know. That is, I won't let 'em know out in Evans—Evansville, is that it?—I won't let 'em know what a bum show it is, and how it was guyed here."

"Billy," Slocum cried, his eyes shining, "if you'll do that, there's nothing in the world I won't do for you."

Mayberry leaned back in his chair. He liked his present feeling of importance. "Well, you don't seem to be in a position to do much for any one just now," he said, letting his long coat sweep the floor.

Slocum became alive to his own troubles again. "I guess you're right," he acknowledged.

"What are you going to do?"

Slocum sighed. "Oh, go back to the newspaper grind, I guess—if I can get in."

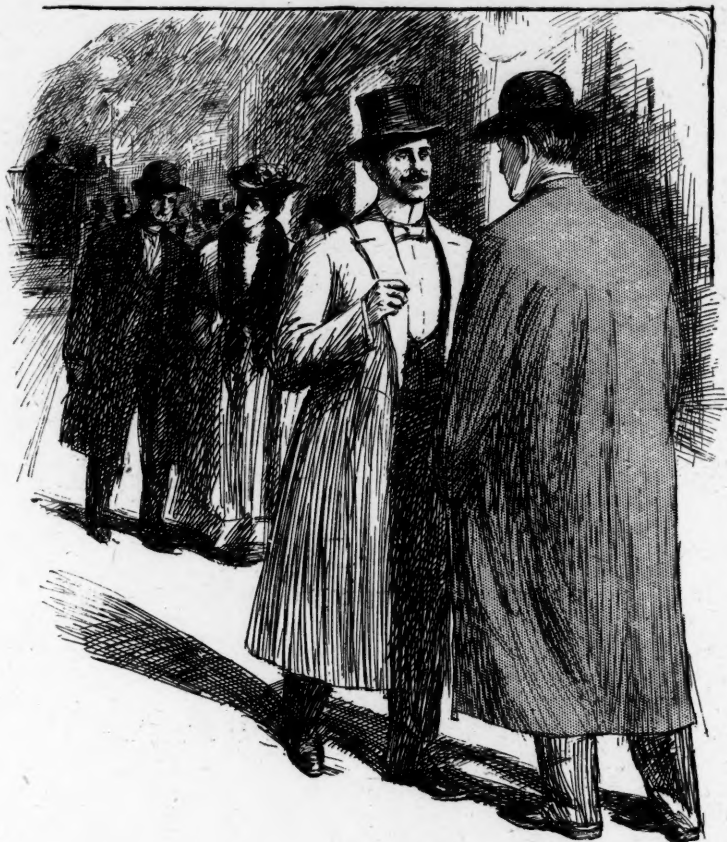
Mayberry became thoughtful. "Here," he said, rousing himself, "let's have another drink." He rapped on the table for a waiter. "Look here, you're a fool to go and tie yourself down to a desk, reading copy all night. You're not a desk man, you're a writer. Now, I tell—What'll you have? All right. No, I want another Scotch." He leaned forward again, his face glowing with an enthusiasm which Slocum thought could be traced back to Annie Goldie. "Do you know those fellows on the *Evening Argus*, Warner and Rexford? They're just gone over there from the *Morning Globe*. Well, I don't know whether they'll make a go of it—they're so blamed literary. But they've got money, and they'll last for a couple of years, anyway. Now, they're watching out for men like you, men with a literary touch. They're engaging their staff now. Warner has the city desk."

"Reporting?" Slocum said, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yes, but it's high-class reporting. They'd probably put you on special stories. Show 'em those stories you wrote about the Goldies," Mayberry added, with a smile. "They'll fetch 'em."

made him ashamed: "Chase that job up to-morrow. Don't lose any time."

The next morning Slocum rose early. At his door he found the morning papers. As he had expected, nearly all of



*"I nearly laughed my head off at those country people."*

"Oh!" said Slocum, flushing around the eyes.

"Well, I must be going," Mayberry exclaimed impulsively; and in his misery it occurred to Slocum that the journalist would not have been in such a hurry if he himself were not out of a job. Then Mayberry's next words

them devoted a good deal of satirical comment to the Four Goldies.

"Dowd will offer them an engagement for the whole season," he thought. "There's a fortune in them."

He wondered how Annie Goldie would feel. He did not expect to meet her when he went down to breakfast;

but as he entered the room he saw the whole family just finishing their meal. The other people in the room kept glancing at them and smiling covertly. Slocum felt that he ought to go over and speak to them, but he had not the courage. They were eating in silence, their eyes cast down, and they appeared not to notice him. When they had finished, however, he felt sure that they had observed his entrance. As they passed his table, Annie Goldie said: "Good morning, Mr. Slocum," and added in a low voice: "Can I see you for a minute after breakfast?"

He checked an impulse to rise, and he whispered in reply: "Certainly—in the parlor. I'll be there in a few minutes."

He quickly finished his chop and his coffee, leaving the table without giving the other people there a chance to joke about the Goldies, as he knew they were eager to do. When he reached the parlor Annie Goldie was sitting there alone, her face pale, her fingers nervously clasped, her dark eyes betraying that she had not slept.

"I'm sorry you've lost your position," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

He quickly asserted that he was glad to have lost it; he wasn't fitted for it, and he was tired of it, anyway; it was only a question of a very short time when he should have left of his own accord.

"It was a mistake," she went on, ignoring his protestations, "our coming here. It was the worst thing I could have done. It was cruel to father. I shall never forgive myself. I made him go out before all those people, and they laughed at him. Oh, I didn't care about myself," she broke out, the tears running down her cheeks; "and I didn't mind so much for the others, though it was hard for sister—she's so sensitive and so timid. It must have nearly killed her, though she wouldn't say so to me. It was father I cared the most about," she declared helplessly.

He could not think of anything to say to console her. He sat looking at her while she dried her eyes. At last he asked:

"Was he—was he upset by it?"

"He didn't know what to make of it at first. He thought it must be the way a New York audience always behaved with strangers," she explained, with a simplicity that made Slocum smile. "He couldn't understand how they would come there just to make fun of us."

"Oh, no," Slocum protested.

"It was those articles that made them come. I understand that now."

He knew that the moment had arrived when he ought to make his confession to her. If he did not speak now he would be a contemptible coward. He never could look her in the face again. For a moment he hesitated, too miserable and ashamed even to think. He was surprised when he heard himself saying, as if controlled by some one else:

"Miss Goldie, I wrote those articles."

She glanced at him, bewildered, apparently thinking she had not heard correctly. "What did you say?" she asked.

He roused himself. "I wrote those articles," he repeated, with the sense of having regained self-control.

"You wrote them?" she asked, in a shocked voice.

His face grew hot; his eyes, turned toward her, became fixed.

"Yes."

"Oh, how could you? How could you?" she said in a low voice—the voice, he noted, not of reproach, but of pleading.

"I ought not to have done it. I knew that at the time. I tried to do it differently. But—" He stopped, realizing that he could not explain without hurting her, or without seeming like a coward in putting the blame on Dowd.

She continued to look at him, and he could not take his eyes away. "I think I understand," she said at last. "We were engaged just to be laughed at; weren't we?"

He could feel the blood rush back to his face; his neck bulged against his collar. When he did not answer, she broke out:

"Oh, I know we were, I know we

were. It was wicked to do that to us—just because we come from the country and because——” She tried to control herself, covering her face with her handkerchief. “I thought that Mr. Dowd was a gentleman,” she added, after a few moments.

He misunderstood the remark, and he said: “I know I behaved very badly. I ask your pardon. I ask pardon of all of you.”

“Oh, I don’t blame you,” she went on quickly. “I know it’s your business to get things into the papers about the actors, and that was the best way to make people interested in us. They couldn’t have been interested any other way. Our play is too foolish, and we

a foolish effort to console her; “and it’s even harder to write a play. A lot of authors who’ve been working for years try to do it, without succeeding.”

“And I thought I had succeeded,” she said, with a smile of self-derision. Then she went on, holding up her head and trying to keep back her tears: “But I don’t care anything about the play. It’s father.”

“Do you mean that you think it will do him harm—going through all this?”

“I thought last night it might make him sick. I thought he’d be all worn out this morning. But he wasn’t. Father’s been through so much, I guess he’s used to being disappointed. I guess he cares more about me than he



*She tried to control herself, covering her face with her handkerchief.*

couldn’t act good enough. But I didn’t suppose,” she lamented—“I didn’t suppose we were as bad as *that*.”

“It’s hard to act so as to please people in New York,” he remarked, making

does about himself. He thought that the play was splendid.”

“What are you going to do?” Slocum asked, putting into his voice all the gentleness that he dared. “Will you go on?”

She looked at him helplessly. "We need the money," she said.

"Oh!" he said.

"I've talked it over with brother, and he wants to go on. It means such a lot—two hundred dollars a week. Think of it! In two weeks and a half we could pay off the mortgage."

"But your expenses here?" he said.

"I forgot those. But they aren't so very much. If father wasn't with us, I wouldn't be afraid. But I can't bear——" She turned her head away. "I guess you think I'm pretty silly."

"Perhaps you could put some one in your father's place," Slocum suggested, eager to be of any help he could. "You could get some actor to play the part for thirty dollars a week or so."

Her face darkened slightly at the mention of the money, and he felt a slight shock. Then he accused himself of being unjust to her. Her life, doubtless, had been a steady battle with poverty. No wonder she was ready to make sacrifices for money.

"It would be better to pay that than to make father a laughing-stock, wouldn't it?" she said.

He nodded. "That is, if Dowd doesn't object."

"I'll go and see him this morning," she said with decision.

Something in her manner made him think that the interview was over. He rose awkwardly. "I'd like to tell you one thing," he said, looking down at her. "I did try to dodge writing those two articles. I tried to treat you better—not to make you ridiculous. And I honestly felt friendly to you from the first. I did wrong—and it was mean and weak of me—but when I—when I tried to show that I—that I liked you, I meant it. There was no fake about that. I hope you believe me."

"I do, Mr. Slocum," she said, rising and extending her hand. "And it's all right about the articles. I won't think of them any more. They don't seem so very bad now," she went on, smiling and looking at him with her moist eyes. "Only I hope you'll make up with Mr. Dowd. I'm going to speak to him when

I see him. He's real kind at heart, I believe, and I——"

"No, don't say anything about me," he broke in. "I suppose he'd take me back if I asked him to. But I don't want to go back. I'm sick of the vaudeville business. I'm going on a newspaper again. I guess that's where I belong."

She looked disappointed; but she bowed her head. "You won't leave here, will you?" she said, glancing around the boarding-house parlor.

"No. I'll stay here for the present, anyway, Miss Annie."

He waited to let her pass into the hall. "I'll see you at luncheon," he said. "I'd like to know what Dowd says about your father."

She looked down from the stairs. "I sha'n't say anything to father till I come back."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

At half-past ten o'clock Annie Goldie found Dowd in his office. He received her with a cordiality in which she thought she detected confusion; he seemed somewhat different from what he had been before; at any rate, she felt less afraid of him.

"Well, you caught 'em last night," he said, with a nervous laugh. He stepped aside and pointed to his chair. "Sit down, won't you?"

She sank into the seat, keeping her eyes fixed on him, her breath growing more rapid. He was wondering if she had seen the papers.

"I wanted to ask you something," she said.

His face became serious. "What is it?" he asked politely.

"You remember you said if we made a hit——" She hesitated.

"Oh, you've made your hit all right," he broke out, "and I'm ready to stand by my word. I'm ready to sign a contract with you for four weeks right here at this theater."

Her face flushed, then quickly paled. "Thank you," she said. "But I—I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if—if father didn't act with us any more."

"Mind!" Dowd exclaimed, with a hint of anger in his tone. "Well, I guess I do mind. I want all four of you."

"Father is so old," she went on pleadingly, "and he——"

"But he don't have much to do. He ain't on the stage for more than ten minutes altogether."

"But the excitement," she insisted, looking at him with tear-swollen eyes.

"Pshaw! The excitement'll do him good. It's about the only excitement he's ever had, I guess. Why, it's the experience of his life. My dear girl, don't you know that actors are mighty long-lived people? The excitement keeps 'em going, keeps 'em interested in living. After your father's been acting a week in New York, and after he feels good money in his pocket, he'll be a different man. You see if he won't. And he'll go back to Evansville tickled to death with himself, and he'll spend the rest of his life telling the farmers at the grocery-store what a bully spree he had. Say," Dowd exclaimed, as if a happy thought had occurred to him, "don't you want some money in advance? I'll give you your first week's salary now, if you like."

"Oh!" she said, her eyes brightening, but with alarm in her face.

"Just as well as not!" Dowd exclaimed, glancing at his desk, as if eager to draw the money from one of the drawers.

"I know they laughed at us last night," she said firmly, with the air of steeling herself against temptation.

"They'll laugh at any one in this town. You're getting good money, and you can afford to give *them* the laugh."

"But it don't seem right to let father——" she went on feebly; and seeing that she was going back to her former argument, Dowd rose quickly.

"You take this chair, please, and let me get at that desk. I'll make out a check for you. No; I guess you'd rather have the money, wouldn't you? Well, I have some here that I was going to deposit—last night's receipts. Best house we've had this season. Wait a minute. I'll make out a contract. This ain't my usual method of pro-

cedure; but, you see, I've made the Goldies special pets of mine." He began to write rapidly, continuing his talk. "Eight hundred dollars—for four weeks. That's not bad, is it? Lots of good people who've been in the business for years don't make half that. Let's see—the second of November—till—let's have a look at the calendar. Two hundred. Now, just wait a minute."

She sat and watched him as he wrote. When he had finished, he held up the sheet and read aloud the agreement.

"I don't suppose this would quite hold water in law; but I guess we ain't going into court yet awhile, and all we need is to have an understanding put down in black and white, so there'll be no mistake. This is a great business for misunderstandings. Now, I'll sign this, and I'll have a duplicate made, and I'll sign that, too. No, I'll have two copies run off on the typewriter, and I'll sign those. Then I'll send them over to your house. I guess you'd better get your father to sign for the family, or," he concluded, with a smile, "you can all sign."

"Wouldn't—wouldn't it do if I signed?" she faltered. "I hate to bother father."

He looked at her sympathetically. "Well, I guess that would be all right. Only it ain't good business. However, as I said, we can trust each other." He rang the bell on his desk, and a girl appeared from the inner office. "Make two copies of this as quick as you can. Oh, wait a minute. I came near forgetting one of the most important clauses in the contract." He smiled at the sound of importance in the words, and he glanced benevolently at Annie. "Now, if you clinch your success here, I want to have the first call on you for the road. Of course, I can't be absolutely sure that the New York public will care as much for you as that audience did last night. Personally, I believe it will. But you have to go slow in this business. Now, I'll write in a few lines here, stipulating that I'm to have the privilege of taking you out on the road at the expiration of your four weeks."

He bent down and wrote rapidly. "Here," he said, covering the writing with a blotter and pounding it with his fist and glowering at the typist.

When the girl disappeared Dowd turned and smiled in a friendly way at Annie Goldie. "Well," he said, to indicate his satisfaction that their business had progressed so rapidly. Something in her appearance recalled Orrin Slocum to him.

"You mustn't go getting sweet on any one," he blurted out, "while you're acting here in New York;" and he laughed to hide the sudden embarrassment that the sound of the remark caused him, and to let her see that he was joking.

She flushed violently, her face showing astonishment. "Some of those press-agents are too fresh," he went on, his face darkening. "Slocum was no good to me, anyway. He's too soft for this business." He scowled heavily. "I'm glad to get rid of him," he concluded in a tone that invited contradiction.

Annie Goldie said nothing, however; and the silence that followed made Dowd uneasy. He began to talk about his troubles with the actors and actresses he had in the bill, and he seemed relieved when the typewriter-girl brought the two copies of the contract. He glanced at one copy and then he signed them both quickly. As he rose from his seat, he said gruffly: "Here, you sign." And Annie Goldie, with trembling fingers, wrote her name twice.

"That's first-rate," said Dowd, in a low voice. "Now for the money." He unlocked one of the drawers at the side of his desk and drew out a large tin box. When he opened the box Annie Goldie saw several piles of bills, neatly held together with brown paper bands and labeled. He counted twenty ten-dollar bills, which he passed to her with a smile. "There you are, my child," he said, plainly enjoying his munificence. "Now, I'll fill out this receipt-blank, and you can sign it."

On leaving Dowd's office Annie Goldie walked with nervous energy back to the boarding-house. The thought of

the two hundred dollars in her pocket made her feverish. Two hundred dollars! It seemed too good. For the moment she forgot her experience of the night before. She would take part of that money and buy some new clothes for Bessie, and new suits for her father and brother.

As she approached the boarding-house, she met Orrin Slocum walking to the elevated station. She stopped and told him of her talk with Dowd. When she mentioned the money the manager had given her, Slocum understood why she looked so happy. She said she wished she knew where her father and brother could get some nice clothes.

He glanced at her, wondering whether she meant ready-made clothes. He himself always went to an expensive tailor, though he blamed himself for his extravagance. "I know of a place on Broadway," he said, "where you can buy clothes that are good and don't cost so very much. If you like, I'll take your father and brother up there this afternoon."

She flushed with pleasure and gratitude. "Oh, thank you," she said. "If you go with them," she went on hesitatingly, "I know they won't get the wrong things."

## CHAPTER XV.

Slocum left the girl, as he often did, feeling that he had been extremely foolish. Why should he have taken upon himself the responsibility of getting clothes for the men of her family? It was ridiculous. He'd cut a fine figure in that shop with those two country—He checked himself. After all, it was only doing the poor girl a little service, and she would be grateful for it out of all proportion to the trouble it would give him.

As he walked up the steps of the elevated station he softened toward her. He realized now that he had been blaming her for sacrificing her father in order to get that money. He had actually suspected her of being venal, and the first thing she was doing was spending

money on the others, without a thought of herself. He wished now that he could do more for her; most of all, he wished that he could get her away from the theater.

He had planned to reach the *Gazette* office at half-past twelve, when the rush of bringing out the first edition was over; Warner could probably give him a few minutes then. He found the city editor in the corridor hastily putting on a heavy overcoat. "Oh, how are you?" Warner said, with a vague air of having seen Slocum before. "Want to see me?"

"I'm looking for a job," Slocum said bluntly.

Warner glanced at him sharply, apparently noting his age. "Where've you been?"

Slocum briefly outlined his experience, ending with his work as press-agent. At the mention of the vaudeville theater, Warner's serious face broke into a smile.

"Did you write that *Star* story about the Goldies?" he cried.

Slocum nodded.

Warner seized him by the arm. "Come to lunch with me. I guess you're the very man I'm looking for."

At the restaurant Warner outlined the plans for his department. "I'm going to make the *Gazette* the best evening paper in New York," he said. "And I'm trying to get the best men. I don't want the old-fashioned newspaper men. I want college men, if I can get them; and the very best men from the best colleges. I want them to appreciate the human element of the news. See what I mean? I want them to get all the human

interest out of the stories they are sent to chase up. I'm going to make the *Gazette* more interesting than a novel. We'll have all the news, and we'll have it presented in such a way that it will be as vivid as if the reader was seeing it happen. Now, you have that faculty. I've got a couple of fellows on the staff now that have it. They're Harvard men, swells, both of them, and they want to be writers, story-writers. They've come with me because they know I can appreciate their work and because I'm not going to shut 'em up in a groove as so many city editors do and make 'em write like machines. Now, those fellows are going to see all kinds of life here in New York, and they're going to describe it, and in this way they're going to get the best apprenticeship in novel-writing that they could possibly get anywhere. Some day they'll be known as big men. They'll



She sat and watched him as he wrote.

probably be making fortunes off their books when I'm still grubbing away at my desk. You see, I'm no writer myself; but I know a writer when I see one, and I know what to do with him. Now, *you're* a writer." Slocum mentioned something about a press-agent's work not being very high class, but Warner went on brusquely:

"You had no business to be a press-agent. That would ruin you in two years. You'd get into the conventional press-agent style and become a regular old theatrical hack. Now, with me you'll get through your work at three in the afternoon, except on Saturday, when you can go home at twelve. That'll give you plenty of time for outside writing, and I want my men to do outside writing. The more they do the better I'll be pleased. There isn't going to be any counting-room jealousy in our paper. But I tell you," Warner concluded, "we can't pay much at first. Every man starts in at twenty-five dollars a week."

Slocum drew a long breath. "Well, I guess that's all right. I got fifty from Dowd, but——"

"In a year you'll be getting fifty from us," Warner interrupted, "if we do as well as I believe we're going to do. When d'you want to start in?"

"As soon as I can. I don't enjoy loafing."

"All right. Come down to-morrow—eight-thirty sharp. We're rather short-handed just now."

On returning up-town Orrin Slocum was not nearly as happy as he thought he ought to be. He tried to explain his state of mind by his doubts of Warner; it seemed impossible that so nervous and so unconventional a man could conduct successfully the news department of a daily paper. However, the position signified a living salary and work under pleasant conditions.

At the boarding-house he found a typewritten note from the theater. When he looked at the signature he realized that it was the expectation of this letter lying deep in his mind that had depressed him since accepting Warner's offer.

MY DEAR SLOCUM: Come round to the office as soon as you receive this. I guess we were both a little hot under the collar last night. Suppose we forget it.

Sincerely yours, EDWARD DOWD.

Slocum sighed, and then he smiled. He left the house again and walked slowly over to the theater. In the little office up-stairs he found the manager.

Dowd kicked out both legs, leaned forward suddenly, and offered his hand. "Say, we both made big fools of ourselves last night."

Slocum sank into a seat.

"Have a cigar?" said Dowd, embarrassed by Slocum's silence.

"Thank you."

Dowd looked at his visitor, gripping his cigar between his teeth and half-closing his eyes.

"Sloke, I can't get along without you. Besides, I miss having you around."

"Thank you," said Slocum, lighting his cigar.

"You're a good fellow—even if you are kind of soft. Now, I want you to get to work on some more stories about the Four Goldies. I've engaged 'em for a month. We've got to make 'em into a big feature. If you do as well on the new stories as you did on the others I'll add ten dollars to your salary. Just keep 'em going, you know. Work up some sensation about 'em. Write a story about the way the Astors and Vanderbilts are taking 'em up. Any old thing. Only make it spicy."

Slocum shook his head. "I can't," he said, drawing the cigar from between his lips and looking at it intently.

"Why not?"

"Oh, because it goes against the grain." He lifted his head and met Dowd's look. "Besides, I've got another job."

"You have?" Dowd exclaimed incredulously.

Slocum nodded and explained briefly. "I ought never to have gone into this business," he said at the end. "I'm no good at it."

Dowd leaned back in his chair and swore. Then he looked appealingly at his former press-agent. "Say, I'm up

against it. I've got to keep this thing going. If I don't, the business may flop any day. You know how easily these New Yorkers get sick of things."

"Oh, you can get plenty of men."

"Not the men I want," Dowd exclaimed angrily. "I don't want any of the big stuffs that go around booming shows—fellers that can't write grammar, half of 'em. You suited me because you knew how to write, because you dished up the stuff in an attractive way. It's you that made the Four Goldies a hit," he exclaimed, with a magnanimity designed as an appeal.

Slocum drew a long breath. "I can't," he said.

"Say, look here," said Dowd, assuming his confidential manner. "Hanged if I don't think you're in love with that girl. Now, let me tell you one thing. If you are, you're making a big fool of yourself. Do you know what she's out for? As I told you that first day, she's out for the stuff, just like the rest of us. You ought to have seen her when I paid her two hundred dollars this morning. She grabbed it like a miser. If you don't look out she'll play you for a sucker."

Slocum rose, trying not to show anger. His face was flushed. "I've got to keep an engagement," he said.

"All right," said Dowd, turning to his desk and pretending to work.

While walking up the street, Orrin Slocum noticed a man in a fur-lined coat and was at once reminded of Mayberry. Why not let Mayberry know of the vacancy on the theater staff? It was just the kind of job the correspondent wanted. Besides, it would be a satisfaction to do him a good turn in return for the one he had just done. Then Slocum felt uncomfortable at the thought of giving that flippant writer a chance to hold the Goldies up to ridicule. Besides, to his ridicule Annie Goldie would be peculiarly sensitive. Of course, if he took the job he would be obliged to treat the Four Goldies satirically.

In thinking over the matter, Slocum became miserable. He hated, even to himself, to seem ungrateful; and yet

he could not endure the thought of dealing Annie Goldie another blow.

He tortured himself till early in the evening, when he came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as Dowd would engage some one who would exploit the Goldies, it was a pity that Mayberry should miss the chance. So he sat down and wrote:

DEAR MAYBERRY: I guess you can have my job if you want it. Dowd needs a man. But perhaps you would not enjoy, any more than I did, roasting those poor people from the country. That would be your chief work for the next month. However, that's a matter you must decide for yourself.

Very truly yours, ORRIN SLOCUM.

He went out and dropped the letter in the post-box, feeling like a coward. Then, accusing himself of continuing to play a double part with Annie Goldie, he walked slowly to the theater. It was almost time for "A Day at the Farm" to begin. He nodded to the man at the door, in whose smile he detected a knowledge of his quarrel with Dowd, and passed in.

The theater was filled; but, as he quickly noted, not with so ribald a crowd as the audience of the night before. When the Goldies were about to appear, he again felt the hush of expectation. They were all plainly nervous, and they sang with a pitiful lack of enthusiasm; the audience laughed frequently, but not boisterously, and on some of the faces near him Slocum saw looks of pity. He stood through the whole of the act, and waited until the family had been called out three times. Then, to his surprise, the audience subsided, and the next turn was announced by the usual signs on either side of the stage.

He left the theater, wondering why he should have been disappointed that the audience did not laugh more. Had he wanted them to laugh? He was always studying the state of his own mind, and his present state he found deeply interesting. He explained to himself that he had gone to the theater dreading to see those people ridiculed again. Then why— Oh, now he understood, and he faced the realization with a sensation closely allied to alarm.

Yes, there was no doubt about it; the interest had dropped. The Goldies had amused that sophisticated first-night audience; but on their second appearance they were like a stale joke, even to the audience seeing them for the first time. No, that did not fully explain the puzzle. The Goldies themselves had changed; they had grown more pathetic; by seeming to shrink away from the audience, they had won sympathy. Slocum relished the psychological aspect of the situation and looked forward to watching it develop. He also felt a practical apprehension. If the Goldies did not continue to create hilarious merriment, what would be Dowd's attitude toward them?

Though he wished to see Annie Goldie, he could not persuade himself to go to the stage-entrance, and he denied himself the comfort of waiting for her in the boarding-house parlor. At breakfast, however, he saw her sitting alone, and he made his way out as she was leaving.

"The others were so tired they stayed in bed," she explained. "I hope father won't get up till late." Slocum noticed that she seemed more cheerful than she had been the day before. "It was ever so much better last night," she said, in a low voice. "Oh, we were so frightened; but I don't think we shall be tonight—or after a night or two more."

## CHAPTER XVI.

The next day Slocum found his new work easy and pleasant. His long experience on the copy-desk of the *Chronicle* had developed in him qualities that were now found serviceable. When he was sent on an assignment and was told to write two hundred words, he felt no temptation to write five hundred, knowing that his article would be cut and probably mangled, and that he would receive discredit for his energy and ambition. The staff was so small that even for a new man there must almost inevitably be one good assignment out of the three or four given him in the day. He had to move fast and he had to work the telephone in-

dustriously; but he liked the excitement. He wondered if he hadn't made a mistake when he gave up reporting on the *Chronicle* for desk work.

He liked the other men in the office, though some of them he thought too formal and suspicious-looking. Most of them were college men, and they dressed far better than he did. He warmed to the man who worked so assiduously in shirt-sleeves, with cuffs attached, at the long, hardwood, deeply ribbed table, where the roaches frequently crawled. He felt a little uncomfortable on observing that nearly all of the reporters were younger than himself. And yet two of them, as he gathered from a conversation he overheard, had already had things in the magazines. One had just received an order from an editor to write on "New Opportunities in Business."

His daily work, he knew, would prove to be a great comfort. He thought with horror of what his state of mind would have been if he had not been able to find a job so quickly after leaving Dowd. Those pleasant college fellows at the office would stimulate his ambition and make him wish again to follow the literary career he had once planned.

One afternoon when Slocum arrived home he found a note from Mayberry.

Thanks awfully, old chap, for putting me onto that job. I'm sorry you aren't here to observe how really and truly grateful I am. I went down to see Dowd this morning; but he'd engaged some one else. Just as well, perhaps. I should have hated to roast those country people, and I hadn't intended to do it. I had a beautiful scheme of cracking 'em up in the papers as a serious attraction, pretending they represented realistic dramatic art and all that. You know the game. I believe the New York public can be fooled into believing anything. And oh, I say, I've given the Goldies a great send-off in my weekly letter. I was afraid if I took 'em too seriously the big chump down at the syndicate office wouldn't let it go through. He's a great theater-crank, and he sees everything. So parts of my notice may be read with a double meaning. See? But don't worry. The little girl, I mean the big girl, will like it all right. Good luck to you in your new job. By the way, if there's anything down there I can do, I'll be awfully obliged. How about society notes? I'm great

on that kind of work. You know what little—big—Goldie thought. Comedy, tragedy, serio-comedy—Excuse my Shakespeare. Don't think I'm drunk; I'm only foolish.

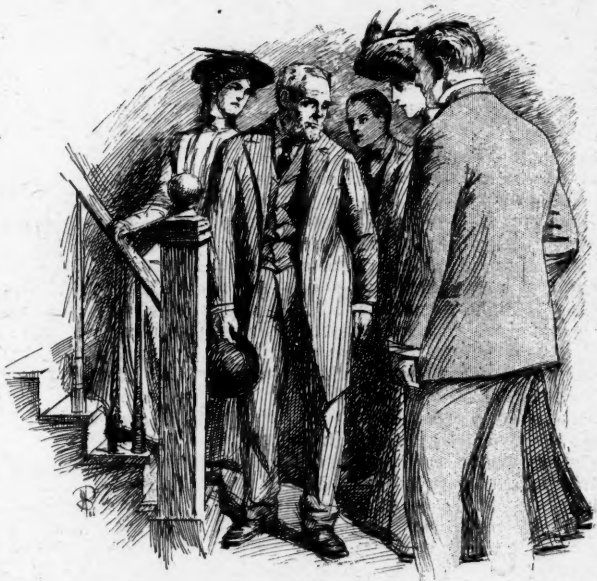
Slocum smiled, tearing up the note and dropping it into his waste-paper basket. He doubted if under the new management the paper would continue to run society notes; besides, Mayberry would hardly fit in with those chaps down there. However, if the chance came—Slocum's thought changed at the sound of a voice on the stairs—Annie Goldie's voice. They were all filing up slowly, the four Goldies. Slocum felt his heart beating quickly; his face grew hot. "What a crazy idea!" he said to himself, still listening intently. But he did not hear her speak again. On the upper landing the steps hesitated, a door opened, and silence followed.

Slocum sank heavily into a chair. Was it possible, he thought, to be in love at his age? At thirty-one? Since passing twenty-eight he had decided that he'd probably never fall in love—that is, he'd never fall in love seriously. Of course a good many girls and pretty women that he saw would interest him; they always did. But to be in love like this, to be in this fever! To be thrilled, to feel exalted, stimulated, almost beside himself, at the sound of a girl's voice—a country girl's voice—a girl who didn't—but even in his own mind he could not arraign her.

He dropped his head on his hands and sat for a long time without stirring, without even thinking; helpless, miserable, and yet

with a strange happiness more intense than he had ever imagined. Finally he rose, feeling that he had been nearer tears than he had ever been since he was a boy. He called himself a fool, a silly, sentimental ass; but as he looked about the familiar boarding-house room his face was luminous.

That night Slocum had no chance to speak to the Goldies at the boarding-house without attracting attention, and he felt too self-conscious to approach their table. He smoked in his room till nine o'clock, when he walked over to the theater. He caught sight of Dowd in the box-office; but he kept out of the way. As he stood waiting for the Goldies to appear he wondered who the fellow was who had been made press-agent, and if he had already begun to send stuff out to the papers. It was, of course, important for Dowd to keep the public interested in the Goldies, and a few days of silence with regard to them on the part of the press might cause a sudden drop in the business.



"You needn't wait, jather dear," Annie Goldie said quietly.

Indeed, as Slocum viewed the audience, he thought he saw in many of the sophisticated faces and in the frequency of yellow-haired women suggestions that the house had been papered. Anyway, he observed grimly to himself, those people could be relied upon to laugh. Perhaps Dowd had sent them here for that purpose. It would be like him.

As the Goldies went through their act, however, Slocum decided that he had misjudged the manager. Those sophisticated-looking people seemed either mildly amused or bored. Few in the audience laughed aloud; on the other hand, there were two or three minutes at a time when the audience sat in silence. During the act, Dowd passed through the standees at the back, down the aisle toward the stage, scowling heavily. Slocum observed him, and grew more depressed. At the close of the act he quickly left the theater, angry at his own disappointment.

"I wonder what the devil is the matter with me," he thought. "Do I want those poor people to be gayed?"

He made a careful examination of his feelings, and he acquitted himself of meanness of spirit; his greatest wish was that the Goldies might play out their engagement and earn the money that had been promised Annie Goldie. If they failed they would be far worse off than they had been on coming to New York. He took great comfort in the thought that his attitude toward them was really disinterested and noble, and he hoped that some day Annie Goldie might know about it. He felt so concerned that he decided to linger in the boarding-house parlor till the Goldies returned home. That would be soon now. Annie Goldie might have something to say to him.

He turned up the gas in the parlor and proceeded to glance over the illustrated paper that lay on the table. In half-an-hour he heard voices which he instantly recognized. He rose, fearing that they might pass the room without seeing him. As he entered the hall he met Annie Goldie, and she started back, her face beaming. "Oh!" she said.

He smiled, glancing from one member of the family to another till he had greeted the whole group. He felt extremely foolish. They all looked at him as if his presence required an explanation. "I wanted to speak to you a moment," he said, and then he wondered how he ever was going to explain that statement. What did he have to say? Nothing, of course. He addressed a civil remark about the weather to the old man, who replied with his usual remoteness. It gave an excuse for the younger girl to say with more sprightliness than she had shown before: "New York must be lovely in the spring-time."

"But not so lovely as the country," Slocum remarked, trying not to appear patronizing. He thought he detected on the girl's face a shadow of impatience.

The old man looked vaguely at the stairs and then fixed his eyes on Slocum. "You needn't wait, father dear," Annie Goldie said gently, and her words sent the three slowly up to their rooms.

"Good night," said Slocum, and they all turned again with embarrassment to reply.

Annie Goldie drew a deep breath and walked into the parlor. Slocum placed a chair for her and she sank into it.

"I didn't really have anything important to say," he began. "I only thought you might have some use for me—that was all."

She smiled and looked at him with what he always thought of as her "country shyness," her head held at one side and conveying the suggestion of thinking.

"It's funny you should speak about that to-night," she said, "because I'm worried."

"About what?"

"About our act. Mr. Dowd came around while we were on the stage and he spoke to us from the wings. It—it nearly made father forget everything, and, of course, it made me nervous."

"What did he say?" Slocum asked, thinking of Dowd's fluent profanity. "But if it's something you can't repeat," he added hastily, "why——"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. His language wasn't bad. Only—well, he said: 'Shake it up, there!' Just like that. Put more ginger into it. Don't act as if you were going to drop dead the next minute."

Slocum had an hysterical impulse to laugh. He could see Dowd doing that; the manager had probably snapped his fingers.

"And he snapped his fingers," Annie Goldie went on, as if she were reading her companion's thoughts. She sat up straight and opened her eyes with a suggestion that she was forcing herself to be frank. "It hasn't been going well," she acknowledged. "Of course, the first night it was hard for us—the way they laughed. But we could tell—we could *feel* that they were interested. It's a comfort that they don't laugh now so much; but it's awful to think that perhaps they're not paying attention. I've read about actors feeling like that—great actors, I mean. But I didn't think—I didn't think *we'd* notice. I guess that's one of the things that make an actor's life so hard."

"Yes, one of the many," Slocum said absently. Then he roused himself. "Is that all he said?" he asked, unconscious that his manner had suddenly become stern.

"Mr. Dowd?" she asked. Then, in response to his nod, she nodded, too. "He didn't come near us. At first he was real pleasant." She hesitated. "I don't see how we can put more life into



"Sister couldn't come down," she said awkwardly. "She isn't feeling very well."

it," she went on appealingly, as if hoping he might make some suggestion.

"I wouldn't worry about that," he said. He felt sure that it would be useless to try to make the Goldies act differently. It would be impossible to teach them to be more ridiculous than— At the half-formulated thought his face flushed.

"Do you like your new work?" she said timidly, and he at once proceeded to tell her what he had been doing that day and what a relief it was to get back to reporting. She listened with a pleasure that showed itself in the animation that appeared in her face.

"Oh, it must be splendid to be able to do work like that. I wish I could."

He rose, realizing that he could not make a suitable comment on that remark, and accusing himself of being stupid. He blamed himself for not being able to tell her, as so many men

would have done, that he was sure she could write for the papers as well as act and write a play. But such flattery was beyond his power.

"I wouldn't worry about the act," he said. "It's all right as it is. And as long as you fulfil your part of the contract—why, that's the best any one can do."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

During the next few days Slocum called for Annie Goldie each afternoon. Once he took her to see some pictures by Claude Monet, which at first bewildered and then gradually pleased her.

Then it occurred to him that she might like to see Columbia College and Grant's Tomb, and they had a long walk the next day on Riverside Drive. He pointed out the house in the drive where Nellie Wilton, the leading woman at Fischer's Theater, lived, and as she looked at it she drew a deep breath. He observed that she seemed to dislike speaking of the theater now, and on hearing it mentioned, she often looked distressed.

One afternoon on reaching the boarding-house Slocum went to his room to change his clothes; since meeting Annie Goldie he had become more careful in his dress. When he went downstairs again, he asked one of the maids to tell Miss Goldie that he was in the parlor. A few moments later he heard light steps on the stairs, and he rose quickly, with the mingled sensation of pleasure and of pain that her coming always caused him. Then Elizabeth Goldie entered the room. At sight of her Slocum's face gloomed, but for a moment only. The girl must have noticed the change; the enthusiasm suddenly disappeared from her manner.

"Sister couldn't come down," she said awkwardly. "She—she isn't feeling very well."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Slocum replied.

They stared at each other. Then the girl flushed and laughed nervously. "Let's sit down," she said, sinking abruptly into the nearest seat.

Slocum looked about in search of a chair, finally choosing one directly in front of the girl.

"I hope it's nothing serious," he remarked, simply because he could think of nothing else to say.

Elizabeth shook her head. "I think she's just homesick," she said, in a manner that blended wisdom and wistfulness.

"Homesick?" Slocum looked astonished. "I thought she liked it here?"

"She does," said Elizabeth, with the air of giving a deep confidence and with a glance at the big gilt mirror in the corner. Her prettiness this afternoon seemed to Slocum unusually pathetic, it was so plainly on the surface; he thought he could see just what she would become after a dozen years of disappointed expectations of life; thin, sour, exacting, and peevish. He compared her with her sister, whose nature, he foresaw, would with experience gain in depth and grace and sweetness. "But there are some things here that nearly kill her."

"Nearly kill her!" Slocum heard himself repeating. He felt as if the girl were far away; yet her sharp scrutiny was on him.

"Yes. The way people laughed at us at first. I know she didn't sleep at all the first night, and even now she cries every night. And the way the audiences have treated us lately makes her feel worse than she did at first. Oh, I understand her. She's just as proud. And then father being in it—that's the terrible thing. She's *talked* to me about that," Elizabeth Goldie concluded importantly. "She says it don't seem right even if we do get all that money—it don't seem right to expose father so. That's the way she says it. You must have noticed what refined words she uses. She knows a lot of words that I don't understand—that is, I wouldn't understand them if somebody else used them."

In spite of the distress Elizabeth's revelations caused him, Slocum could scarcely keep from smiling. He suspected that the girl was at last finding a confidant for feelings that ached for

expression. With this suspicion in mind, he came near laughing outright when Elizabeth added: "And Elmer Harding thinks just as I do about it."

"Who is Elmer Harding?" he asked innocently.

In this question Elizabeth apparently detected patronage; she not only looked embarrassed, her eyes gave a little flash.

"Mr. Harding is the gentleman I'm engaged to," she said, with impressive simplicity.

"Oh!" said Slocum. He was asking himself why she supposed he had known.

"I thought perhaps Annie had told you. She and you've been so chummy."

This remark gave him a shock. It accused her in his mind of being vulgar, common, impertinent. For a moment it accused the whole family, including Annie. Then he repented his harsh judgment. After all, she was only a poor, foolish little country girl. The thought flashed through his mind that for a nature like Elizabeth Goldie's success in the theater would be a lamentable misfortune. Her next remark startled him; it seemed as if she had followed his reasoning.

"Well, I guess this experience has made me sick of the stage."

"It's a hard life," Slocum remarked conservatively.

"Hard?" Elizabeth repeated, in a tone that indicated he could know very little about it. "The way the people behind the scenes treat Annie! They laugh at her right before her face. They even stand in the wings and make fun of her. They make fun of us all. She don't pretend to see them," Elizabeth hesitated, trying to keep back her tears. Her voice softened. "She don't know that I can hear her crying at night. I just lie still and pretend that I'm asleep. I don't dare to speak to her when she feels like that. It would make her perfectly miserable to know that I knew about it."

"But, after all, she is succeeding in what she undertook," said Slocum gently. "She's going to take that load of debt off your father."

Elizabeth nodded. "But it don't

seem to satisfy her. And then she worries about Mr. Dowd," the girl went on, with a shrewd look in her eyes. "She's awful sharp, Annie is."

Slocum leaned forward in his chair. He felt now that he was nearing the real cause of Elizabeth's confidences. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, it's just this way," said Elizabeth, dropping both hands in her lap and growing more familiar. "The first few days Mr. Dowd was just as nice as he could be to all of us. He used to come round nearly every evening to talk to Annie. I thought he was real pleasant; but I could see that Annie didn't like him one bit. Oh, it's wonderful, the way she can read people. She seems to me sometimes almost like a witch. She don't say much about the folks she don't like; but I can always tell in a minute. Well, last night Mr. Dowd came round just after we finished our act, and he talked to Annie as we were going to our dressing-rooms. Father and John went into their room and I waited for Annie. That is, I stood behind some scenery that had been shoved up against the wall and he couldn't see me. Well"—the girl hesitated, flushing violently—"I couldn't hear everything he said. He talked real low, though you know what a loud voice he usually has. But Annie didn't like it, and I could see by the way she spoke to him that she was frightened. And then he said: 'Well, your act's rotten, anyway, and you ain't brought a cent into the house since the first three nights. You'd better go back to Jayville, where you belong.' Oh, it was so mean I wanted to rush out and hit him."

Elizabeth had been watching Slocum, feeling more important and growing more dramatic as his face hardened and paled. She sat in silence, keeping her eyes on him and waiting for him to say something. His face was turned toward her, but the expression in his eyes showed that he did not see her. After a few moments the girl, unable to endure the silence, went on:

"I just hurried into the dressing-room and I pretended to be busy when

Annie came in. I didn't dare to look at her."

"Didn't she say anything?" Slocum asked, his face relaxing.

Elizabeth shook her head. "This morning when I said something about Mr. Dowd she just said she didn't think he was a gentleman."

Slocum sank back into his chair. "I wouldn't worry," he remarked gently. "Your sister can take care of herself, I guess."

"She can take care of herself, all right," Elizabeth echoed, with a return of her pertness, which at this moment seemed to Slocum particularly offensive. "I know what's worrying her. She's afraid Mr. Dowd will discharge us."

"Oh!" said Slocum, with disgust for his own dulness. He had been so absorbed in taking a sentimental view of the situation that he had not thought of its practical bearings.

"You see, we're only in our second week now. It would be awful if we were to be discharged after two weeks. I don't believe Annie would dare to look for an engagement in some other theater. And, of course, it would be hard to get one after we'd failed here."

"Your sister has a contract with Dowd," Slocum exclaimed, but as he spoke he realized the absurdity of even mentioning the contract. Dowd could easily break it; the Goldies were helpless against him. His respect for Elizabeth increased when she voiced this thought.

"I guess Mr. Dowd is smart enough to get out of that. I guess he knows we couldn't do anything to him."

For several moments they sat without speaking. Now that she had made an impression, Elizabeth seemed to feel that she need not keep talking. She was saying to herself that for such a smart man, a man who could write things and get them printed, Mr. Slocum wasn't very interesting.

"I don't think Annie would care two cents if we could only save up five hundred dollars," the girl went on. "She's just set her heart on that. And we'd have to act four weeks to do it; that is,

to pay all the money we've spent since we left Evansville."

"You'd like to go back, I suppose?"

"Like it!" Elizabeth exclaimed, with a deep sigh, in which Slocum interpreted an expression of her importance as an engaged girl. "I'd give anything to be back. Just the thought of going out on that stage every night makes me sick. I shall never, never take part in any theatricals again, even at the church at home. And John feels the same way. Only," she added, as an afterthought, "he doesn't want to go back to Evansville at all. He wants to stay here and be an architect."

"He does?" Slocum exclaimed in astonishment.

"He has lots of talent," Elizabeth went on proudly. "He can draw all kinds of things. He could when he was a little boy. At the theater he often makes sketches of the actors, funny ones, you know. I guess they wouldn't like it if they knew it."

"I don't know why he shouldn't get a position here," said Slocum. "Perhaps I could help him."

"If you only could!" Elizabeth cried, with a rapture somewhat exaggerated. Then she went on with a frankness plainly designed to be impressive: "I spoke about that to Annie, about asking you to do something for John. But she didn't like to ask you; she said you'd done so much already for us. She's just like that. She hates to bother people. And, oh, I guess you'd be surprised if you knew how grateful she is for all you've done. She talks about you all the time. She thinks you're the best man she ever knew."

Slocum decided it was about time to rise. He held out his hand, saying to himself that he hoped this foolish girl would not repeat to her sister all she had said. "Please tell Miss Annie I am very sorry she isn't well. I hope she'll feel much better before she goes to the theater."

"It makes me feel like a real actress to hear you say that," exclaimed Elizabeth Goldie, wringing his hand and smiling up into his face.

Slocum left the house, not because he

wished to go out, but because it was the easiest way to withdraw from the presence of Elizabeth Goldie.

As he walked up Fifth Avenue, he congratulated himself that Dowd was not within sight; if he were to meet the manager now, he could not be sure of keeping control of himself. And yet,

ninth Street he looked toward the park, and at the entrance he came face to face with Mayberry.

"Ah, hello, old man!" said the correspondent. "How are you? How are things going?"

When Slocum had replied, Mayberry tapped him on the shoulder. "I say, old



*"Just look at that house, will you?" Dowd exclaimed, with a wave of his hand.*

of course, he had no right to interfere. This realization depressed him and made him think deeply for a long time. If he could have talked with Annie Goldie at that moment he would have abandoned the prudence which usually guided him and asked her to give him the right to interfere. He sighed heavily, saying that he was a fool himself and feeling strangely tired. At Fifty-

chap, it was awfully nice of you to try to get me that job. People don't often go out of their way to do me favors, and I felt immensely pleased—really immensely. By the way, how are those funny people you took such an interest in?"

"The Goldies, do you mean? Oh, they're all right," Slocum replied, from force of habit. Then he added: "No,

they're not really. I'm worried about 'em. I think they're up against it, or will be soon. It's too bad. I say, Mayberry, do you happen to know any architects?"

Mayberry looked surprised. "Why, yes; I know three or four. Tommy Kingman, of Kingman & Hall, I know pretty well. It's his father's firm, you know, one of the best in the city, for a comparatively small firm. Of course, the big jobs go to Ingalls & Howard."

"But they probably want young swells for those places, fellows that have studied in Paris. This boy's got to begin at the bottom."

"Let me see"—Mayberry grew thoughtful—"suppose I speak to Kingsbury. I'll tell him all about the boy. Kingsbury's sort of nutty over the theater. You know the kind—amateur actor, member of the Strollers, thinks actors are the finest people in the world, has his walls covered with pictures of 'em. I'll get him to go down and see the Goldies do their act."

"All right," said Slocum dubiously, as if he could not understand how this suggestion could be profitable.

Mayberry threw back his shoulders. "Well, by-by, old chap; I'll drop you a line as soon as I can about that matter. We ought to be able to get something for the kid."

Mayberry walked away in what Slocum divined to be a glow of importance. After all, in spite of his habits, he was a good fellow, Slocum thought, and accused himself, as he often did, of being a prig not to have appreciated the correspondent before. He was in a mood that threw a sentimental glamour over all life.

Slocum reached the boarding-house just as people were beginning to enter the dining-room, and he met the Goldies on the stairs. In the dim light he saw that Annie Goldie was pale, and that her eyes were swollen. It flashed upon him that she might have refused to come down to see him in the afternoon because she had been crying. When he offered his hand and asked if she felt better, she replied, with a composure that caused him bitter disap-

pointment, that she was well again—she had only had a little headache.

Slocum walked up to his room feeling weak and sick. He saw now that he had been intoxicated by that silly talk of that little Goldie girl, or, rather, by the foolish interpretation he had put on it. He was a fool; a conceited ass; he had imagined just because she was a simple, country girl and in trouble, that she'd be glad. He took off his coat, threw himself on his back on the bed, and, drawing deep breaths, stared at the soiled and browned ceiling.

When he had roused himself and gone down-stairs again, the Goldies were finishing their dinner. He avoided looking at them, and began to talk ostentatiously to the people at his table. As the Goldies filed out he felt the envious inward sinking that always reminded him of his first homesickness. His appetite suddenly deserted him; the sight of the dishes became obnoxious; the dining-room grew more ugly. He left the room, saying to himself that he didn't believe he could stand that jay boarding-house any longer. Even if he did have to pay more, he'd move to a decent place. He was like a child, bent on torturing himself, and yet, through it all, he kept an amused eye upon himself. If he could have found exactly the right confidant, he would have enjoyed describing his sensations.

He felt so restless that he could not occupy himself as he usually did with the evening papers. Finally, though it was not yet half-past eight, long before the Goldies would appear, he determined to go over to the theater. As he walked down the street he saw Dowd standing under the big electric sign. He was tempted to turn back to avoid meeting the manager; but he checked himself and went on. On seeing him, Dowd waved one hand in greeting.

"Well, how are you?" he cried. "You're just the man I'm looking for!"

Slocum was too surprised to make a suitable reply. He tried to indicate a friendly appreciation by returning Dowd's warm grip.

"Say, look here," Dowd exclaimed,

in the deep voice of confidence. "I'm up against it for sure with those Goldie people. I want you to help me out. Come in here," Dowd went on, leading Slocum through the blue folding-door and the heavy plush curtains into the lobby. On the stage a young girl in short skirts was singing and dancing. "Just look at that house, will you?"

Slocum's eyes glared over the rows of empty seats at the back of the theater and at the empty boxes. Then he looked up at the sides of the gallery, where only a few people were sitting. "It's pretty slim, isn't it?" he admitted.

"D'you know why?" Dowd asked impressively. "Because I was ass enough to let you quarrel with me. If you'd stood by me instead of getting on your ear, we'd have made those Goldies the biggest vaudeville attraction of the season. I'd have treated you white, too. It would have meant good money for you."

"Oh, well!" said Slocum, to indicate that in his mind the incident was closed.

Dowd looked at him sharply. "The big chump that I hired after you hasn't been able to get a thing into the papers. He goes fussin' round to beat the band. To see him and to hear him talk you'd think he had a pull on every dramatic editor in town. But he don't do anything."

"Why don't you get some one else?" said Slocum.

"Oh, one's as bad as the other. They're all no good. Now, you had the knack of cooking up things that would hit 'em," he concluded winningly.

Slocum smiled and shook his head.

"I tell you what I'll do," Dowd went on. "If you'll write up a half-dozen articles about those people—the Goldies, I mean—good, snappy articles like those you did just before they started in here, only putting in new stuff—well, if

you'd do that and get 'em into the papers, I'll give you a hundred dollars. I suppose you know I've gone and tied myself up with 'em for six weeks. Gee! the way that girl fooled me!" he concluded bitterly.

"I can't see how she fooled you," said Slocum, with an angry flush. "You made that contract with her the day after the family did their turn before one of your audiences. They'd made a hit."

Dowd looked at Slocum suspiciously. "Well, let that pass," he went on. Then he gave himself the luxury of adding in a voice of concession, however: "Well, she *did* me, all right. Now that I've got 'em on my hands, I want to make all I can out of 'em. When I get through with 'em they won't be good for anything—except the old farm," he went on, with the air of making a joke. "Now, what do you think? Will you do those articles for me?"

"No," said Slocum coldly.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to."

Dowd shrugged his shoulders. "Well, then, I swear I'll get rid of 'em. I'll get rid of 'em at the end of this week. I'll make a new deal. I'm sick of having dead wood in my house. I'll engage a lot of new people, and I'll make a big splurge in the newspapers. It's open or shut with me whether I get out of this business altogether."

Slocum waited a moment without speaking. "I might as well tell you," he said at last, looking Dowd straight in the face, "that if you try to impose on those people, you'll have a suit on your hands. You may think you can do 'em because they're green; but they've got friends here who'll take care of 'em. You'd better be careful."

Slocum turned and passed through the plush curtains and out into the street.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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### **The Richest Maiden in Scotland.**

The announcement, recently, of the engagement of the Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, to Lady Mary Hamilton, the only daughter of the late twelfth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, brings into prominence one of the richest and most beautiful women in the world. The Hamiltons are among the wealthiest and most distinguished people of Great Britain, the title belonging primarily to Scotland. The estate, which consists of one hundred and fifty-seven thousand four hundred acres and two palaces, lying partly in Lanarkshire and partly in Linlithgowshire, is in trust for the late duke's wife and his children, the eldest son, the present thirteenth duke, receiving, of course, the lion's share. Lady Mary, however, is immensely wealthy in her own right, and is marrying into another of the wealthiest families of Scotland—that of the Duke of Montrose. She is known in her own country as the Lady of Arran, because she is the owner of the island of that name, and is a great favorite in her native land. Her engagement is particularly popular because it will result in the union of two great historic houses. The prospective groom is a keen yachtsman. In the recent elections in England he stood as the Unionist candidate for the House of Commons for Stirlingshire, but was defeated, a fact which indicates how

little the British voter sets store by title or position.

### **A Philadelphia Girl's European Prestige.**

An American girl who is now a European society figure of the first magnitude is the beautiful Baroness de Reuter, who was some years ago Miss Potter, of Philadelphia. The De Reuter title comes from the original Julius Reuter, of the world-famous firm known as the Reuter Agency, which controls the telegraph business of Europe. This man founded that concern and built it up. When he had become successful, the title was bestowed upon him by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who was King Edward's uncle. The family later became naturalized in England, and the husband of the present baroness, who is the second son of the late baron, is English, although his labors are laid in France. He looks after the interests of the French branch of Reuter's Agency. The baroness is one of the bright particular stars of that brilliant cosmopolitan society which is equally at home in London, in Paris, and in Berlin. She is the mother of two pretty children, who are shown with her in the picture.

### **New Jersey's Woman Preacher.**

Women ministers are rare. They are not often called to important pulpits. Whatever their qualifications as





evangelists and missionaries—and they have distinguished themselves as both—the idea of a woman in a pulpit seems to be repugnant to the average American conception of the ministry. It seems to be accepted that they should act and not talk. Consequently, women ministers are not numerous, and the appointment of one

this method of working out her destiny. The congregation of the Church of Our Father, of Rutherford, is not large, but what it lacks in size it makes up in enthusiasm and interest. It is said that its members are highly pleased with the idea, and intend to lend Miss Padgham every assistance. She assumes her new duties on the



LADY MAY HAMILTON

She is the richest maiden in Scotland, the daughter of a duke, and is engaged to the Marquis of Graham, the son of a duke, who is almost as wealthy as herself.

to a pulpit in the small town of Rutherford, New Jersey, elicited somewhat more than passing attention. The Reverend Elizabeth Padgham, who has had this distinction thrust upon

her, is a young woman of twenty-five years of age, who hails from Syracuse, New York, and who brings to her task considerable ability as an organizer and speaker. She was reared in comfort in her native city, but has chosen

first Sunday in June next, and will endeavor to hold a pastorate which has heretofore been exclusively controlled by men. Her efforts will be watched with considerable interest by those who do not approve of women in this field.

### Macmonnies and His Good Fortune.

A statue of General McClellan, to be erected in Washington, D. C., is the reason for another hearty discussion

now going on, which involves that eminent sculptor, Mr. W. F. Macmonnies, so conspicuous in this country and Europe. McClellan, as Mr. Macmonnies is modeling him, is going to wear either a hat or a cap. The late general's friends

and admirers are divided as to which of these shall be used. This brings Macmonnies into prominence again. That worthy sculptor has been blessed with any amount of discussion of his work. In his earlier days it was his *Bacchante* which was ruled out of the Boston public library. A little later, it was a *Venus* and *Adonis* modeled by him which created discussion because of the so-called "temperament" of the woman. Mr. Macmonnies has this faculty of attracting attention—his work cannot be ignored.

Wherever you go in art circles his name is sure to come up some time. That bespeaks the force and interest found in everything that he does. Mr. Macmonnies is young yet, only forty-two years of age, and his interest in art is not the least abated. He is one of

the big figures in American art life and in Paris, where he lives and works—one of the chief members of the American art colony. His ability to work, and work hard, is one of the things which has always attracted considerable

attention to him. He attributes much of his success to his friend, St. Gaudens.

### The Napoleon of Journalism.

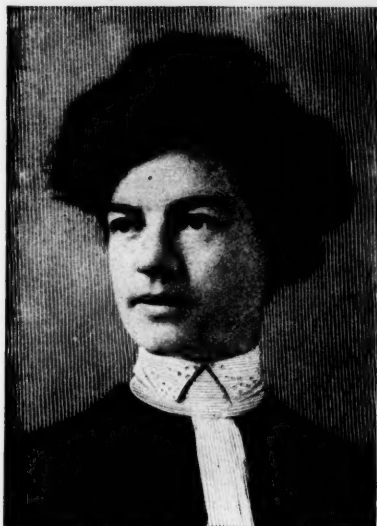
Alfred Harmsworth—Lord Northcliffe—the brilliant British journalist who on December 8 last was made a viscount by King Edward, after having been knighted the year before, is one of the commercial wonders of England. Only forty years of age, he is the owner of the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Evening Mail* and *News*, and thirty

other journals as well as magazines. His energy and originality in his chosen field of work have made fame and fortune for the entire family, as his brothers, Cecil Harmsworth, R. Leicester Harmsworth, and Hildebrand Harmsworth, originally intended for



BARONESS GEORGE DE REUTER

Once a Philadelphia girl, she is now one of the most important society women in Europe. Her husband is the son of the man who founded and owned the European telegraph monopoly.



REV. ELIZABETH PADGHAM

A Syracuse girl who has been called to the pulpit of the Church of Our Father at Rutherford, New Jersey.

other professions, have joined him in many of his ventures. The last-named two have been in Parliament. It has been reported more than once that Mr. Harmsworth has planned to enter the field of American journalism, and that eventually the sun will never set on his daily papers. His wife, Lady Northcliffe, is a social favorite.

### A Courageous American Missionary.

Misfortune is a thing which discolours places and things for most people. Where you have suffered you will not want to remain or revisit. Doctor Susie Carson Rijnhart, the Tibetan missionary, however, has recently returned to a land where she suffered enough to discourage most people from ever wanting to visit it again. She lost her husband and her child there, and came very near losing her own life. It was a grim experience. For four years Mrs. Rijnhart and her husband, both physicians, worked among the Tibetans, slowly penetrating what is regarded as an inaccessible country.

Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, and the stronghold of Buddhism, which they were studying, was their goal. When, after nearly a year of traveling, they came within a reasonable distance of



W. F. MACMONNIES

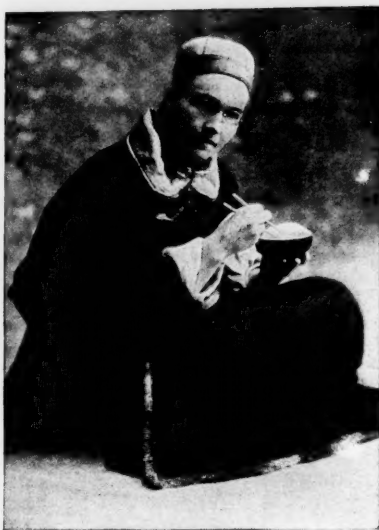
No American sculptor had more distinction than Mr. Macmonnies. He is now completing a statue of the late General McClellan.

Lhasa, their child, a baby one year old, died, and following that their guides began to desert them. As they were crossing the Tsa Chu River, near Lhasa, they were attacked by brigands and their last guide killed. Mrs. Rijnhart and her husband escaped, but only for a little while. Toward night, finding his wife exhausted, Doctor Rijnhart left her in a sheltered spot in order to go forward and reconnoiter the country. He was never heard of afterward. Brigands are supposed to have killed him. Mrs. Rijnhart was left helpless, until some passing Tibetan soldiers per-



SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH

In 1904 he was made a Knight by King Edward, and in 1905 a Viscount. He is the owner of some thirty-five newspapers and magazines in England.



MRS. SUSIE RIJNHART

She is an American missionary whose efforts to work in Tibet have cost her her husband and child by murder and disease, but she has recently returned to that country again.

mitted her to accompany them to the frontier, where she was turned loose. From there she made her way back to America. Mrs. Rijnhart is a woman who believes that real good can be done a benighted population by living among them and teaching them western ideas, and so she is returning—practically taking her life in her hands. The land, she says, presents the best field for missionary effort of any she knows.

### The Tragedy of Edward MacDowell.

The reported breakdown, physically and nervously, of the well-known composer, Edward MacDowell, in New York recently, suggests some interesting reflections on the fate of talent. Mr. MacDowell is unquestionably our foremost living composer, so far as America is concerned. He is a master tone poet, and one whose compositions are instinct with feelings which are distinctly national and American. Seidl declared him to be a greater composer

than Brahms; and Franz Liszt was quick to honor him twenty years ago. It is a curious fact, however, that Americans are not widely interested in his music, or, if they are, no effort is made to show it. Our American orchestras do not often perform his suites or symphonic poems, and individual

musicians make no effort to set forth his wonderful charm in their performances. This fact has, no doubt, had a depressing effect upon MacDowell; and it may be that his nervous breakdown has come from an exalted desire to overcome it. Certain it is that just before he broke down it was his intention to visit Europe, there to remain an indefinite period, in the hope, perhaps, of stimulating American interest.

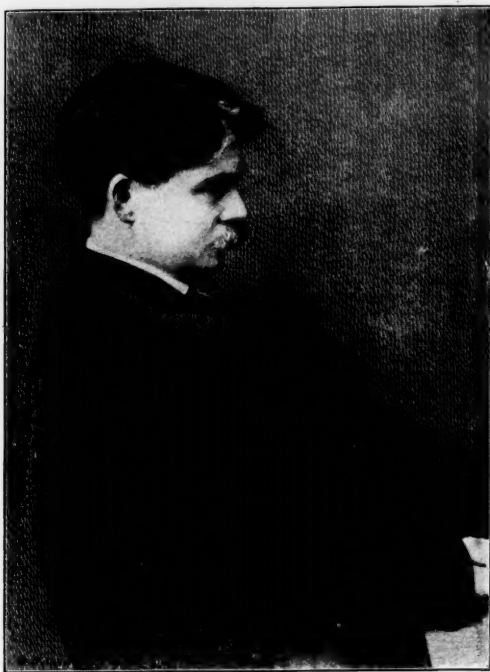
This, however, is now all done away with for the time being, and it was the fear of his intimate friend, Hamlin Garland, expressed at the time, that his musical days are over. However this may be, the case of MacDowell emphasizes the fact that genius may be really and truly neglected, even in these enlightened days. We go about our commercial affairs so energetically in this country that we have no time for

genius. Everybody is busy making money. If you talk about art you have no one to listen to you.

### A Country Banker's Notable Distinction.

One of the most interesting examples of the quiet, conservative American

who occasionally rises to prominence in our national life is J. P. Hamilton, the present president of the American Bankers' Association, who was elected at the last meeting. Mr. Hamilton is a moderately well-to-do banker in a small town—Hoopston, Illinois—but a man who as president of the American Bankers' Association represents fully seventy-five hundred bankers. These bankers are



EDWARD M'DOWELL

A striking example of the ill-fortune that sometimes pursues talent. Although acknowledged the best of American composers, his fame is so small that he is scarcely known by his own countrymen. His health recently broke down.

powerful, their combined interests being more than half of all the wealth of the nation. They are the conservators of the nation's financial interests, and Mr. Hamilton, the modest country banker, has been selected as their head. In a case of this kind the public is shown the reward that sometimes comes to a man who is earnest in his desire to lead a normal, rational life. Mr. Hamilton has been a resident of Hoops-

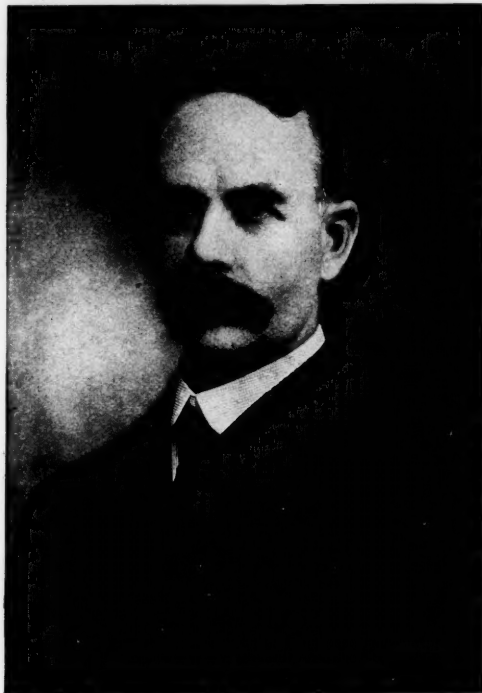
ton for years. It is a small manufacturing place, and he has been identified more or less with its general progress. His chief interest is in the Caldwell, Hamilton Banking Company, of which he is the leading member. A few years ago, as a member of the Bankers' Association, he was called upon to act on the executive council, of which later he was chairman. In 1905 he became vice-president of the association, and this year was elected president. He is fifty-two years of age, is married, and has a family of thriving children.

### The Daughter of Giovanni P. Morosini.

No Italian in this country has attracted more attention in his day than Giovanni P. Morosini, the banker, of New York, who was once a partner of Jay Gould. He is a shrewd man after his kind—wealthy, generous, and a warm-hearted father. Mr. Morosini has a magnificent country estate, near Riverdale, on the Hudson, New York, and this is presided over by the subject of the present notice, Miss Giulietta Morosini, who is a most interesting woman. Miss Morosini does not pretend to much outside of social

station, beauty, and personal charm, but within this realm she is—it cannot be said supreme, but highly thought of. She dresses exquisitely, rides and drives perfectly, and lays herself out to be a delightful hostess, which she is. There are few who have ever seen her who do not admit a personal charm

which comes of mental force and feeling. She is one of those women who wish to be attractive, and have the get-up and energy in them to make themselves so. Some little prejudice against the Morosini family was held in high social circles for years, owing to the unfortunate marriage of one of her sisters, but this has now, thanks to her personal efforts, largely been dissipated. At the last horse-show held in New York, she was one of



J. P. HAMILTON

The able head of a country bank at Hoopston, Ill., who has been elected president of the American Bankers' Association for the current year. He is considered the best type of the conservative financier.

the most interesting figures of all those present.

### Advice to Librettists.

Mr. Harry B. Smith, the foremost and most prolific librettist in America, whose first success, "Robin Hood," has been followed by the production of from two to six comic operas and musical comedies a year for fifteen years,

talks interestingly of that profession toward which many young writers, with a gift for singable verse, are turning eyes filled with the dazzling possibilities of huge royalties.

"My advice to a young man is: If you have undeveloped talent for painting, sculpture, music, the stage and literature, bring yourself up as a librettist. You will not make as much money as a stock broker, but you will meet a great many amusing people, and probably get a good deal more pleasure out of life than you would as a grocer or a pork packer. Besides, you will give a great many benevolent composers a chance to make your reputation; and if your libretti are successful, critics will say how good the music is. Moreover, you will enjoy much laughter in your sleeve; for, after you have written a success, there is

really nothing so funny as to hear the prima donna, the comedian, the scene painter and the stage manager blithely

appropriate all the credit. Only one individual connected with such an enterprise knows the value of a good libretto, and that is the manager who has learned by experience."

Mr. Smith is the author of the libretto and lyrics of "Robin Hood," "Little Robinson Crusoe," "The Begum," "Rob Roy," "The Fencing Master," "The Fortune Teller," "The Singing Girl," "The Rounders," "The Little Corporal," "Half a King," "The Caliph," "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Idol's Eye" and "The Viceroy."

These are among the best known of the sixty productions

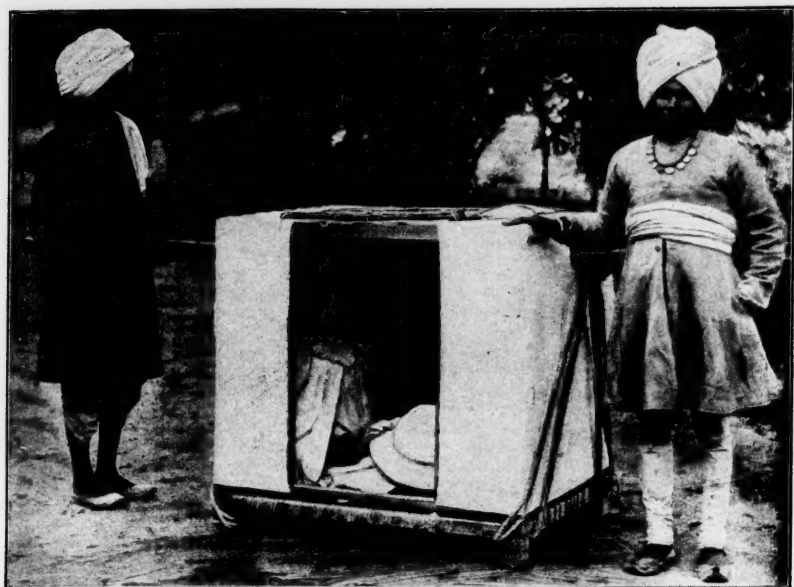
that represent his output the last fifteen years. Scarcely any one else before the public has been so prolific.



MISS GIULIETTA MOROSINI

By reason of a naturally artistic temperament and because of her generous nature, she has achieved considerable social prominence in New York, overcoming a great deal of groundless opposition.

there is



VILLAGE MISSIONARY IN HER MAN-BORNE DHOOLIE SETTING OUT TO PAY A ROUND OF CALLS



A LITTLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHURCH PLATE OR COLLECTION BOX. (LAOS STATES, NORTH SIAM)



AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY SETTING OUT FOR THE INTERIOR OF CHINA

## American Churches in Savage Lands

By W. D. Fitz-Gerald

**A**LTHOUGH practically every church throughout the United States is called upon for contributions to foreign missions, one may venture to doubt whether those who contribute have a very clear idea of the dangers, difficulties and hardships encountered by those heroic men and women who go out to establish American churches in the wildest and most remote regions of the earth. Nor is it generally known that the would-be pastor of a primitive church in the wilds of China or Central Africa must not only know something of medicine and surgery, so as to reach souls through afflicted bodies, but he must also know something of vocal music, pagan religions, accounts, nursing, care of the

health, and possibly a smattering of some savage "classic" like Hindoostanee or elementary Chinese.

It may be well to state here that there is practically no great region of the earth's surface that is not more or less covered by the operations of the two great Bible societies—the American and the British and Foreign. These great bodies, with an income of millions of dollars, prepare the way, so to speak, for the missionaries' churches.

That this is an expensive undertaking will be evident from the fact that the Madagascar Bible cost fifteen thousand dollars for revision only; while the Bible Societies' grant to Dr. Morrison and his assistants for the first Chinese Bible totaled fifty thousand dollars.

On the other hand, the revision of the Lifu Bible, in use in the Loyalty Islands, entailed no more expense on the society than an annual grant of six suits of clothes for the native revisers! And this notwithstanding that the work took more than three years to complete and involved fifty-two thousand three hundred and ten corrections.

While we are upon this subject we may mention the extraordinary difficulty, if not impossibility, of transliterating a civilized tongue like Eng-

nation. Miss Kate Kauffman, of Foo Chow, points out that each individual has an independent idea as to time in hymn singing, and, moreover, sings with a powerful nasal twang.

In a private letter Miss Kauffman relates the amusing effect of a Sunday morning choral service upon a newly arrived recruit in the mission field. "When the congregation burst into song (!) she positively leaped up and looked round in very genuine alarm. She thought a typhoon had struck the



CENTRAL AFRICAN CHURCH GROWN TOO SMALL FOR ITS CONGREGATION

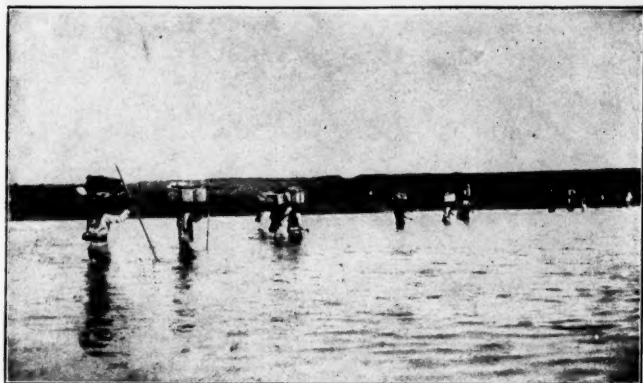
lish into anything like an equivalent in a savage language. For example, "the Lamb of God" had to be rendered, in Alaskan Eskimo, "the *Little Seal*" of God! They would not know what a "lamb" was!

In another case no equivalent could be found in the savage dialect for the word "love," and, as it was defined by the missionary to his interpreter as a feeling for that which we care most for in the world, that worthy promptly rendered it to the congregation as *a liking for putrid meat!*

Even the choir in savage churches is a sore trial. Missionaries in China tell us the Chinese are *not* a musical

church, and the timbers were falling with a crash."

But there is practically no end to the curious and interesting side of mission work in the Chinese Empire. A Presbyterian lady missionary tells how an old Christian Chinese woman wanted to keep the Sabbath holy, but never could tell when it *was* Sunday. After much thought and difficulty, however, the well-meaning creature hit upon a plan of her own. She laid six chopsticks on a shelf, and every morning, the moment she got up, she took one of them away. On the day when the shelf was bare, all work was stopped; and on Monday morning the six chop-



CARAVAN OF THE GOODS OF A LADY MISSIONARY CROSSING THE GOLA RIVER, IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA. NO BRIDGE, AND TSETSE FLIES AND RINDERPEST HAVE WIPED OUT THE FOUR-LEGGED CARRIERS

sticks were duly put back again, and so was the Fourth Commandment kept.

One is grieved to hear, however, that occasionally the mere idea of Christian churches and chapels is turned to base uses by the Chinese. The Rev. W. H. Lingle, in a recent eight-hundred-mile trip which he made in the Province of Hunan, traveling on foot and by wheelbarrow, made the astonishing statement: "I closed more chapels than I ever opened in my life.

"Hea then men," Mr. Lingle goes on to say, "had impudently set up chapels with the sign 'Presbyterian Mission' over them, and in this magic name would appeal to the courts with lawsuits, and so get a 'pull' that was worth a good

deal to them."

Mention of the travels of Mr. Lingle naturally suggests a few words about the dangers and hardships which American pastors have to endure in these remote regions. Just think of an agent of the American Bible Society

being obliged to roam the great and desolate plains of Mongolia with a small caravan of camels, to visit the nomad Mongol tribes in their tents.

This man recently made a tour of over two thousand miles, taking with him not only all the provisions he needed, but also cooking utensils, water tubs and water for the desert lands, and even leather for mending the



THE AFRICAN METHOD OF BUILDING A CHURCH. BRINGING IN THE LUMBER



THE PARSON AND HIS WIFE HAVE JUST ARRIVED HOME AFTER A HARD DAY OF PREACHING AND SHOPPING. THE CARRIAGES ARE ON THE ELEPHANTS. (INTERIOR OF SIAM)

camel's shoes. Further, as the Mongols have no money, he had to trade his Bibles for sour milk, evil-smelling cheese, fuel and pieces of silk.

Elsewhere we have remarked that pastors and ministers of savage churches must also be very expert surgeons and physicians; and it is in this capacity that they have astonishing stories to tell, not only about hardships and perils endured, but also about their surprising patients.

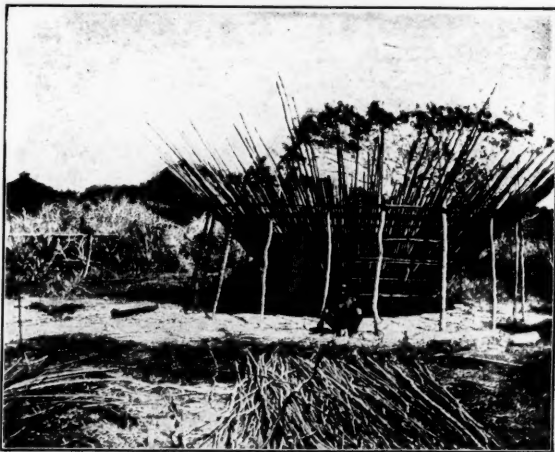
A missionary doctor in Honan, China, had a patient come to him one day suffering from chronic dyspepsia. The missionary found the sufferer had been *eating stone for nearly two years!*

"How much have you eaten?" asked the doctor, with interest.

"Oh, about half a millstone, or, perhaps, sixty pounds weight," was the casual reply. The victim had been

advised by the native "doctor" to grind up the stone in a mortar and eat or drink half a cupful of it every morning.

As nothing seemed to come of this "treatment," cinnamon bark was advised, and of this the unfortunate creature consumed forty pounds. The missionary doctor put him on a simple diet



THE CHURCH STEEPLE OF "WATTLE AND DAUB" (TWIGS AND MUD MADE FROM ANT HILLS) IS PROCEEDING NICELY



UNPACKING A CASE OF GOODS FROM FRIENDS AT HOME. NOTE THE NEW BELL FOR THE CHURCH. (SOUTH AFRICA)

and gave him five or ten grains of sub-nitrate of bismuth three times a day, and he recovered as though by magic.

Another missionary physician in China, Dr. Johnson, complains about his trying patients. "The men," he says, "will never tell the truth about the story of their case, and will not follow my directions. They upset my treatment and eat outlandish things on the

extended out from her bedroom! Money, however, appeared to be no object, for I was paid a fee of one hundred dollars."

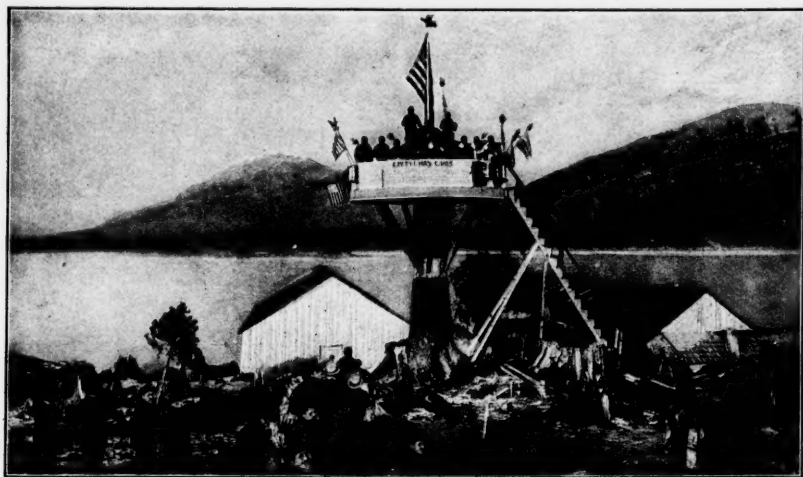
A great story comes to hand from the Rev. John Rooker, who is engaged in medical and other missionary work in Jerusalem. A man came to Dr. Rooker with some very bad pains, and was handed a box with four pills

sly. Think of delicate invalids swallowing huge quantities of green peanuts, decayed fish roes, raw turnips, pickled pig's stomach and Chinese pears, hard as rocks and nutritious as sawdust!

"I was sent for last spring," Dr. Johnson continues, "to prescribe for the mother of a rich magistrate. I was told I would have to feel her pulse by means of a silk cord



THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN THE FAR DISTANT PACIFIC ISLANDS OF MICRONESIA. THE NATIVES, HEARING THE MISSIONARY WAS COMING, BUILT HIM THIS TEMPLE. LATER WHITE ANTS ATE THE POSTS, AND IT TUMBLED DOWN DURING SERVICES



A QUEER AERIAL CHOIR AND CHURCH STEEPLE COMBINED. THE BASE IS A STUMP OF A TREE. CHURCH AND SCHOOLHOUSE ARE SEEN BELOW

and many instructions. He came back two days later looking relieved and happy. "Master," said he, "thank God I am well, but the secret was hard to swallow." And he rubbed his throat expressively. "Tried once—twice—no good. Rubbed here; pushed there—got it down at last."

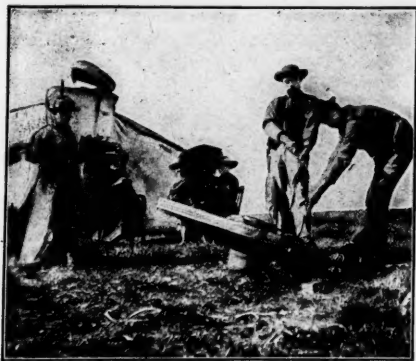
"To my astonishment," says Dr. Rooker, "I found the man had not only swallowed all four pills at once, but *he had swallowed the box and all!*"

Naturally missionary visits, whether to patients or "parishioners," entail wild and perilous travels. A Chinese missionary, the Rev. W. M. Junkin, of the Presbyterian Church, writing from Su Chien, gives a pathetic list of his travels and troubles. "First of all," he says, "my horse fell off a bridge upon me and broke my rib. Then exposure brought on tonsillitis, and in the middle of this our new-born child died of pneumonia. Next a bottle of tansan burst in my face, necessitating the sewing up of my lip, and preventing my preaching the Word of God for some time."

"Parishioners!" And *such* parishioners—*such* a congregation! What

can be more amusing than to watch a "gentleman" of the Laos States, in Northern Siam, dressing for church on Sunday morning, his sole garment a piece of cloth two yards long. He shaves by dragging the hairs out of his face, takes a bath under a tree by pouring water on himself and letting the wind do duty as a towel, and finally completes his toilet by putting flowers, cigars or pieces of money for the church collection in the large hole in the lobe of his ear.

Talking of the church collection, perhaps the most extraordinary thing in this way was recorded away up in the gold fields of Alaska, where the Sunday morning "plate" had at last to be suppressed altogether by the alarmed minister, who feared lest its lurid contents—sticks of dynamite, blasting powder, and the like—would destroy the entire station! Often, too, in the islands of the south seas it is no uncommon sight to see a couple of almost naked savages carrying a freshly killed pig on a pole from their shoulders, which is destined for the church collection. Other offerings may consist of cowrie shells, chickens, and similar barter goods.



A BREAK DOWN ON THE WAY (SOUTH AFRICA). THE LADIES WAIT WHILE THE MINISTER MAKES REPAIRS

The Rev. J. P. Jones, of the Madura Mission, tells us he found five rupees—one dollar and sixty-six cents—to be the average income of every family, giving only about thirty-three cents per month for the support of each individual. "And yet," says Mr. Jones, "the Christians of that mission contributed over two rupees per church member, or seventy-five cents."

One's sympathy is especially excited on behalf of the wives and lady assistants of these far-off American pas-

tors. "What would you think," asks Miss K. Booker, writing from an Indian district, "if you found fifteen scorpions in your bathroom; if you were told over a hundred scorpions were found in your bath tent; and if your dish towels were starched stiff, while your collars and cuffs came home limp?"

Then there are hindrances to the admirable work of these "savage" churches in India in the shape of the Sacred Serpent and Monkey Temples of the South, and last but by no means least, the tigers and snakes. Last year the number of human beings killed by wild animals in India totaled three thousand four hundred and forty-four, while those dying from snake bite amounted to the extraordinary number of twenty-five thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. Nearly half of these were in Bengal, and more than a quarter in the Northwest Provinces and Oudh.

It is a long step from the burning plains of India to the dreary *tundra* of Arctic America, where reindeer carry the government mails and churches are built of every material from snow to sealskin. Mission work here is quite absorbingly interesting. The Rev. I. O.



THE ALLIGATOR BEING HAULED BY THE ELEPHANT ATE SEVEN WOMEN. IN TURN THE PASTOR, WHO IS SUPPOSED TO PERFORM ALL SUCH SERVICES, KILLED IT. THE PICTURE IS TYPICAL OF A VERY ORDINARY SERIES OF INCIDENTS

Stringer, of Herschel Island, though occupying one of the most isolated stations



THE COMMON CAUSE OF DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH. THEY FREQUENTLY BREAK UP THE SERVICES

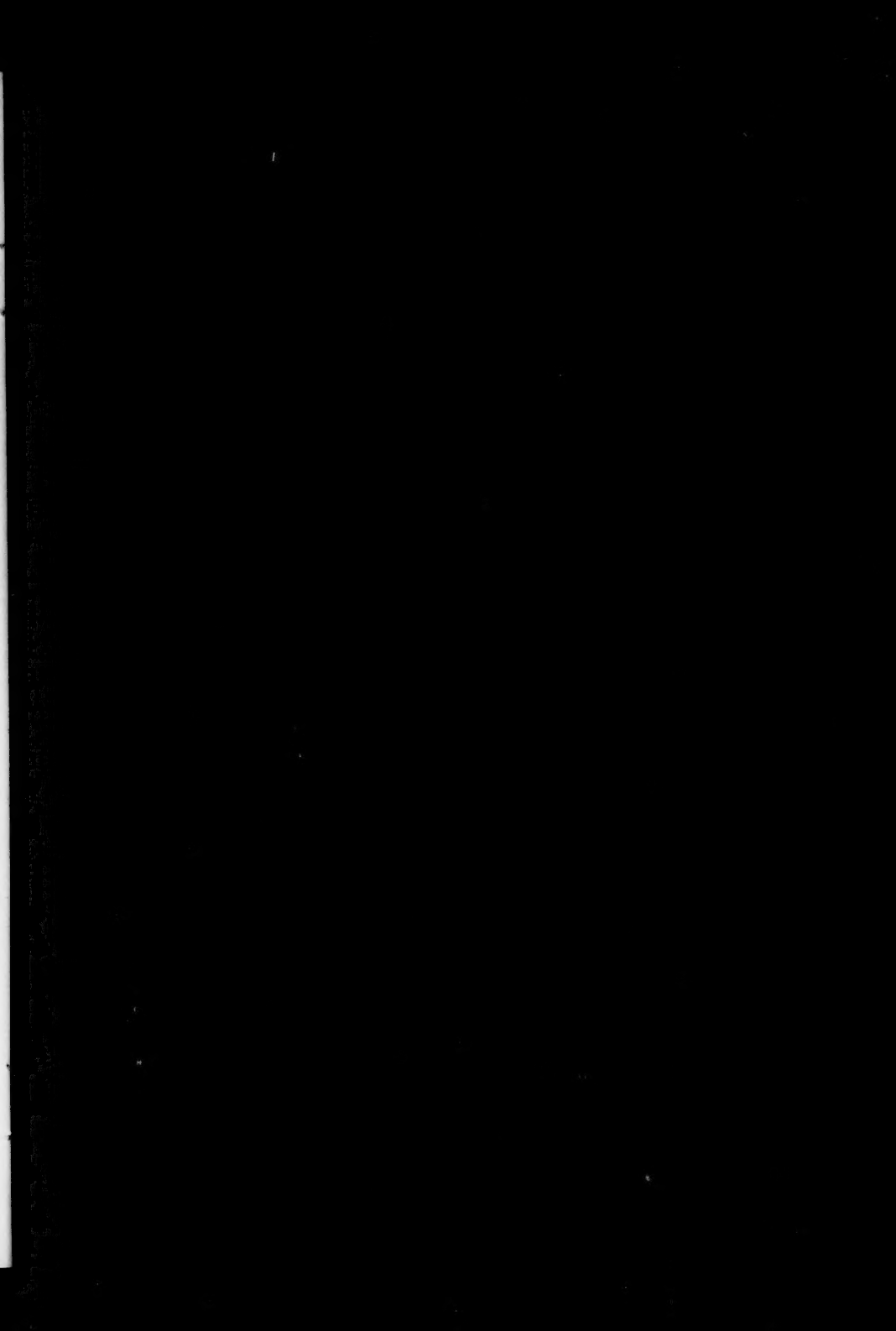
in the world, is a man of resource and ingenuity. He has a complete edition of the Bible in the Tukulud language, and his Christmas tree last season was made out of a pole with barrel staves for branches, as there was no real tree within a hundred miles in that desolate region.

Another resourceful missionary, the Rev. Charles Evans, an early Methodist pioneer in the great frozen land of the Northwest, in order to be understood by the people around him, invented a special alphabet; used birch bark as paper, and made printing ink out of soot mixed with sturgeon oil.

At Mengo, in Uganda, where until recently was the most wonderful cathedral in the world, supported by a veritable forest of tree trunks and thatched with over one hundred and twenty tons of grass, there is a hospital which is probably quite unique. It is built entirely of "wattle and daub," or wicker work and mud, and the fifty beds are made of palm-tree branches with mattresses stuffed with dried peelings of the banana trees.

Churches, too, in these Central African regions are as unlike our conception of a church as anything could well be. Miss Ruth Harditch, writing about the baptism of an African "Prince" in Toroland, beyond Uganda, in East Central Africa, tells us the ceremony took place in "a large cane church, supported by hundreds of unhewn tree trunks. On one side, seated on mats and the skins of leopards and lions, were the men, clothed in native linen. On the other side were the women, in all the colors of the rainbow. On the west side stood the baptismal font, which was merely a black native pot in a wooden case, draped with Turkey twill."

One great drawback, however, to primitive African churches of this kind is the presence of the much-dreaded white ant, which eats away the rude palm tree supports of the sacred structure; and it is on record that more than once the entire "savage" church has tumbled down about the ears of the congregation!





# STEP BY STEP



BY  
**MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON**

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

The scene opens at the county fair in a New Hampshire town, where Louis Arnold, an orphan boy who has run away from a "poor" farm, performs a slight service for little Gipsy Lawrence. Her father pays for Louis' admission to the race track, and Gipsy shyly offers him a bag of candy. Later when Louis opens the bag he finds a ring which has evidently slipped in there by mistake. He tries to find the Lawrences, but without success. Benjamin Weston, a well-to-do farmer, becomes interested in the lad and gives him employment. Kindnesses are showered on Louis by the Westons and Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Weston's daughter, who, with her husband—a Chicago lawyer—is on a visit. After the return of Mr. and Mrs. Richards to Chicago, Louis' school-days begin. He is at first well received by his schoolfellows, but presently his story becomes noised around and he is dubbed the "New Hampshire Almshouse Beggar." But the principle of "forgiving our enemies" has been instilled into Louis' mind by an old friend, Miss Wellington—"Aunt Martha" he styles her—and the boy, instead of harboring resentful thoughts, "forgives." Later Louis goes to high school, and there again meets Gipsy—Margaret Lawrence, as is her real name. Louis and she become fast friends. Margaret is an exceedingly bright scholar, and is sneeringly styled "the mathematical prodigy" by Josephine Ashton, one of her jealous companions. One day, after Margaret solves a difficult problem in algebra, Professor Allyn announces that he has reason to believe some of his pupils are using keys. He commands that all desks be searched, and to Margaret's surprise a forbidden key is found in her own desk.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**A**N expression of mingled astonishment and consternation swept over Margaret's face as her glance fell upon the little volume, which she had never seen until that moment. Then the hot, swift color surged up to her temples, an overwhelming flame, but only to recede as quickly as it came, and leave her startlingly pale with a heart beating with almost suffocating rapidity.

What did it mean? What could she do?

She had affirmed to her principal and in the presence of the whole school that she had nothing of the kind in her possession, and here, in her hands, she held the witness to her apparent guilt and a falsehood to conceal it.

What could she say?—how establish her innocence and win back the confidence and respect of her teacher and her classmates in the face of such conclusive evidence? For a moment, that

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seemed an age, she was almost crushed with grief and shame as she tried to think how she could meet this trying ordeal. The next she arose in her seat, though she trembled in every limb, and held the book aloft, where it could be seen by every one in the room.

"Professor Allyn," she began, in a clear but tremulous voice, "I have found a key to our algebra in my desk; but I do not know how it came there. I have never used a mathematical key in my life—I have never even seen one before."

Every eye was fixed upon her, and there was a sharp rustle of excitement throughout the room.

Professor Allyn's searching eyes did not leave her face while she was speaking; indeed, he had been covertly watching her from the first, and he had been considerably perplexed by her manner; but there was the evidence of her guilt in her hands, and what could he think?

"Miss Lawrence, I am more pained than I can express," he gravely remarked. "I knew the key was in your desk, for I went to it this morning to get the philosophy I loaned you yesterday, and in my search for that the key came to light."

"But it was not here yesterday afternoon when I left the room," Margaret affirmed, with quivering lips, "for I arranged everything at the close of school, and only my usual books were in my desk; besides, I always do my algebra problems at home, and if I had been in the habit of using a key, I should never have brought it to school."

This was certainly a telling argument, and Professor Allyn's face lost something of its stern look. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the girl had an enemy in the class, who, jealous of her proficiency in mathematics, had taken this cowardly way to place her in a false position?

She did not appear like a person capable of such deception; her eyes met his frankly and steadily, but yet with a look of pain and perplexity in them that strongly appealed to him.

He hardly knew what to think—what

course to pursue. He now regretted that he had made the matter so public, that he had not sought her personally, and privately charged her with the offense; but he had been so indignant upon finding the book—which seemed to prove that both he and the entire class had been grossly and habitually deceived—he felt that only open exposure and reprimand were adequate punishment for such a misdemeanor. And yet, what if she were innocent, after all?

"You may be seated, Miss Lawrence, and I will inquire farther into the matter by and by," he finally remarked; and Margaret sank into her chair, her heart almost breaking with humiliation and a keen sense of injustice.

When recess time came she was too wretched to go out to mingle with her classmates, so remained in her seat, with the obnoxious key still lying on her desk, a mute reminder of her recent mortification.

Every scholar had left the room, and Professor Allyn had gone to another portion of the building, much to Margaret's regret, for she had hoped that he would take this opportunity to "inquire farther into the matter"; thus she almost felt as if she were ostracized from the support and sympathy of every one.

But she had not been alone three minutes when Louis Arnold looked in at the door, then came directly to her. They had become quite friendly by this time, and her face lighted instantly at his approach.

"I have come to tell you that I do not believe you ever used that key, Miss Margaret," he said, then added: "And the general opinion among the boys is that some one has played a mean trick upon you."

"Thank you for coming to tell me of your confidence in me," Margaret returned, but finding it almost more than she could do to preserve her self-possession at this evidence of faith and good-will. But after a moment she went on: "But I cannot *prove* that I did not use the key, and, of course, I cannot help feeling very unhappy about it."

"I believe you can prove it," Louis replied, after thinking a moment.

"How?" she questioned eagerly.

"You can give up the book to Professor Allyn, and then if you continue to do your work just as well as before, that would be proof enough for everybody."

"I don't know," said Margaret doubtfully; "they might reason that I could easily procure another."

"I had not thought of that," said Louis; then, as his eye fell upon the key, he asked: "Is this the miserable bone of contention?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, regarding it askance.

"May I look at it?"

"Of course, if you like—I have not even opened it."

Louis picked it up and slowly slipped the leaves through his fingers, glancing curiously at the pages as he did so. Suddenly he paused as a small square of paper fluttered out and fell to the floor.

"What is this, I wonder?" he remarked, as he stooped to recover it.

It proved to be a piece of tissue-paper, such as is placed between visiting-cards, to prevent the name which has been engraved or printed thereon being soiled; and on this there was the faint imprint of a name—very faint it was, and the lettering, being reversed, seemed illegible.

He turned it over, but with not much better results; then held it up to the light, and studied it intently for a moment or two.

"Aha!" he finally exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction; "I suspected as much."

"What is it?" Margaret questioned, almost breathlessly.

He held the paper between her eyes and the light, and she beheld, traced in very indistinct characters, some of which were scarcely distinguishable, a name that looked like "Robert G. Ashton."

The girl suddenly flushed an angry scarlet, and her usually gentle eyes flashed fire as they met those of her

companion in a mutually comprehensive look.

"Josephine Ashton did it," said Louis, in a tone of conviction. "Bob Ashton is her brother; he graduated from Harvard last year, and this key must belong to him. I am going straight to Professor Allyn to tell him about it."

His own eyes were blazing with indignation, his lips curled, his nostrils dilated with scorn, and he betrayed evidences of excitement that were very unusual in our young hero, who was habitually self-contained and rarely allowed himself to act upon the impulse of the moment.

Had this discovery been made in his own interest, doubtless he would have



*She rose in her seat, though she trembled in every limb, and held the book aloft.*

gone away by himself and thought it all over very carefully before taking any step against the one who had perpetrated the wrong against him; but now all the chivalry in his nature had been aroused to defend this girl who had been the victim of a mean jealousy, and so unjustly and publicly disgraced because of it.

Somehow he felt called upon—almost as if he had the right, so to speak—to stand by her; for, away back at the time of their first meeting, there had seemed to be a kind of bond established between them—a bond which the possession of her little ring for so many years had been the guarantee, even though she had never dreamed he had it. Then, too, she had lost her father, her brother was away in college, and there was no one else to fight her battles here in school.

For the moment Margaret herself had felt almost as anxious as he to have Mr. Allyn and everybody else in the class know the truth; in that first flash of angry feeling she had thought that no punishment, however severe, could be too heavy to be meted out to one who had wronged her as Josephine Ashton had done.

Then she began to consider what the consequences would be. If, through this discovery, Josephine should be publicly disgraced, and the contempt of her teacher and the whole class be turned upon her, it would only serve to make of her a more bitter enemy than now; and she had been yearning to be upon friendly terms with her. Her own suffering had been, still was, terrible beyond description—almost more than she could bear, she thought; how then could she wish any one else to be subjected to the same experience? Would it not be better to go quietly to Josephine, have it out with her, and trust to her honor to vindicate her?

"What do you suppose Professor Allyn would do if he knew?" she inquired of Louis, after running these things over in her own mind.

"Why, just what he ought to do—bring the real culprit to summary justice," he spiritedly responded; and then

turned with the book in his hands, as if to go directly to find the principal.

Margaret put out a trembling hand to detain him.

"Wait—please don't," she pleaded. "I—"

"Of course I shall, or else you must," he interposed, with decision. "This is the meanest trick I ever heard of, and I'm not going to stand tamely by and let you bear such a wrong. I should feel like a—coward."

Margaret smiled faintly at his earnestness.

"You are very good to take my part so bravely," she said gratefully, "but I think I would like to settle this quietly if I can. I believe I will return the book to Miss Ashton, and perhaps, when she learns what we have discovered, she may be willing to do what is right. Please promise me you will not say anything about it—at least, until I see what I can do."

"I don't like to do that," said Louis reluctantly. "Why, I should think you would be too angry for anything, and feel that nothing would be too bad for her."

"I did feel so at first," the girl confessed, with a burning flush, "but—"

"Well?"

"I know I should feel mean and sorry afterward, if I should do anything out of a spirit of revenge; it isn't quite the right way to treat an enemy, you know," Margaret returned, with downcast eyes.

Louis experienced a sudden inward shock at her words. In his ardor to espouse her cause and see justice done her, he had forgotten his own rule of life, for the time being. He also had been taught to return good for evil; to bless them that persecute; and he now flushed crimson under the gentle rebuke.

"I understand," he said, in a low tone. "I know that what you want to do is right, and you will feel better for giving Miss Ashton a chance. But a fellow hates to see a girl abused as you have been, and it almost makes me feel like a sneak to know about this and let you bear blame that doesn't belong to



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THE BOY AND GIRL BOTH STARTED VIOLENTLY AS PROFESSOR ALLYN'S COLD, GRAVE  
TONES FELL UPON THEIR EARS

you. All the same, I'll promise not to say anything about it if you wish me to."

"Thank you ever so much; and now let me tell you it has done me a great deal of good to have this little talk with you, and——"

"What is this you are promising not to tell, Arnold? Ah!—I will take that book, if you please."

The boy and girl both started violently as Professor Allyn's cold, grave tones fell upon their ears. They had been standing by an open window looking out upon the street, and had been so absorbed in their confidential talk they had not observed the man's approach until he was close beside them.

Both colored consciously at his question and demand; but, in his loyalty to Margaret, Louis' hand closed involuntarily over the key as he glanced inquiringly at her to ascertain if he should give it up.

"The book, Arnold!" the principal reiterated authoritatively; and the young man reluctantly relinquished it to him, yet with a secret hope that he, also, would discover the truth.

"Do you know anything about this key?" Professor Allyn demanded, as he searched the boy's face with his keen eyes.

"I—I never saw it until this morning, sir," Louis replied evasively.

"Miss Lawrence has also made the same statement," the principal dryly observed; "but do either of you *know* to whom it belongs?"

Both were silent and greatly embarrassed.

Louis had promised Margaret that he would not give away what he knew, yet he was just aching to do so; while the young girl was in an agony of fear lest her plan for returning good for evil should come to naught.

"Arnold, do you know?" persisted the teacher.

"Y-es, sir, but I have just promised Miss Lawrence that I would not tell," was the reluctant reply.

"Very well"—sharply—"I will not compel you to break your word; but this is a very serious matter, and must

be thoroughly sifted; and I insist, Miss Lawrence, that you tell me to whom this key belongs—ah!"

From force of habit the man had opened the book to glance at the fly-leaf, and there lay the square of tissue-paper which Louis had carefully placed inside the cover, after showing it to his companion.

Professor Allyn examined it critically; but at first making nothing of it, he also held it up to the light, and then spelled out the name "Robert G. Ashton."

He gazed in perplexity first at Louis then at Margaret, as he began to comprehend the situation; then the whole plot suddenly flashed upon his mind.

He had known that Josephine Ashton had been very jealous of Margaret—knew that she had easily borne off the laurels of the class until this young girl appeared upon the scene to take the lead, when she had betrayed an intolerance, a petty spite, which had both pained and surprised him. Now he was appalled as he began to see through the plot to injure an innocent classmate, and he regretted more than ever having made the affair so public. Now there were two involved, and, in order to do full justice to Margaret, he would be obliged to make just as open an example of Josephine as he had made of Margaret; whereas, if he had taken more time to consider, all might have been quietly settled between himself and the two girls.

"I understand," he said sadly, after taking this bird's-eye view of the situation. "But why did you wish Arnold to promise not to reveal what you had discovered? What were you intending to do about this disgraceful affair?" he inquired of Margaret.

She saw that the secret was out, and there would be nothing gained by trying to conceal anything; that it would be better to frankly explain her attitude to him.

"Miss Ashton has appeared to dislike me ever since I entered the school," she began, "but I like to be friendly with all my classmates. I do not believe she stopped to think what a dread-

ful thing she was doing when she put the key in my desk—for, of course, after finding her brother's name in it, we know she must have done it—and I thought if I quietly returned the book to her, without making any fuss about it, she would know I wished to be kind and considerate, and so might, perhaps, be willing to set me right, at least with you—

"And you were going to trust to her honor to do this, after suffering such a wrong at her hands?" interposed Professor Allyn, his face glowing with his admiration for the high-minded girl, while Louis' eyes plainly expressed his appreciation of her beautiful spirit.

"Sometimes it is better to trust people than to condemn them," said Margaret thoughtfully; "anyhow, I was willing to try it."

"Even to the utter sacrifice of self—for, once having relinquished this bit of paper and with Arnold pledged to secrecy, you would have no proof of your innocence," said the principal, and wondering if she had thought of this.

"I know," said the girl, flushing; "but if one could win a friend—"

"But Miss Ashton could never be your friend without first doing you full justice," interposed her teacher.

Margaret's eyes were luminous as she lifted them to his.

"Of course I know she can never be happy until she does right," she gently replied; "but if she could be helped on the way, it would be a—a double conquest, wouldn't it?"

Professor Allyn reached down and clasped the girl's hand. "Miss Lawrence—Margaret," he said, with evident emotion, "I have no words to express my appreciation of such self-abnegation; but"—in a positive tone—"justice will not allow me to aid and abet you to quite the extent you desire. I will gladly help you to win your friend and Miss Ashton to do right; but you must be vindicated before the class. I will, however, think the matter over more at length before taking any action. Meantime you may solace yourself by knowing that you have my unbounded admiration and esteem."

He turned away, deeply moved, taking the key with him, while Margaret and Louis smiled into each other's eyes with mutual satisfaction, in view of the promising outlook for the future.

Before the session closed there was laid upon Josephine Ashton's desk a note in which she was asked to remain for a few minutes after the class was dismissed.

Without a suspicion of what was in store for her, she sat quietly in her seat until the room was empty and Professor Allyn came to her.

He laid the bit of paper, with the faint imprint of her brother's name upon it, before her, then placed the key beside it.

"That slip of paper I found in this book, during recess, after taking it from Miss Lawrence; and there is but one inference to be drawn from the fact," he said gravely; then went on to tell her of his conversation with Margaret and of her wish that Josephine's agency in the matter should not be made known to the class.

"But," he continued, "Miss Lawrence must be exonerated. She is resting under a stigma in the estimation of the class, and this must be removed at once. Now, Josephine, what will you do about the matter?"

The girl had remained, after the first shock of surprise, sullenly silent while he was talking; but now, at his appeal, she threw back her head with a haughtily defiant air.

"Nothing," she said, through her tightly locked teeth. "And no one can prove that I put that book in her desk."

"I admit that no one saw you do it," coldly rejoined her teacher, "and possibly the evidence would not be sufficient to convict you before a judge and jury; but, taking all the circumstances into consideration, to me there is proof positive that you did so."

He paused a moment, then added, with deep feeling: "Josephine, don't let this stain rest upon your conscience. You alone will be the sufferer if you refuse to right this wrong, and all your life you will regret it. This is all I have to say about the matter, except

that, in deference to Miss Lawrence's request, I shall call no names when I explain it to the class to-morrow morning. Here is your book," he concluded, putting the bit of paper inside, and pushing it toward her.

"It isn't my book," cried the girl, springing to her feet, her face aflame with passion, as she shoved the obnoxious key farther away.

"Pardon me; I stand corrected. I will mail it to your brother," said Professor Allyn, with icy politeness, as he made a move to recover it.

With a look that would have annihilated him, had it possessed the power, Josephine snatched it almost from his grasp and dashed blindly from the room.

But she was promptly back in her seat the next morning, and, to all appearance, serenely unconscious that anything of more than usual import was pending; listening with stoical calmness while Professor Allyn briefly stated that the key found in Miss Lawrence's desk the previous day did not belong to Margaret, and had never been used by her. This had been satisfactorily proven to him, but, for good and sufficient reasons, he should not discuss the matter farther—it was to be dropped, but Miss Lawrence was fully exonerated, and was to be so regarded by the class.

After school was over Margaret was besieged by numerous questions regarding the affair, but to all she gave evasive answers, making light of it, and saying that, since she had been set right, the sooner it was forgotten the better it would please her.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Two or three weeks later Louis received a voluminous letter from Aunt Martha—a missive which he devoured with avidity, and which contained some very interesting news that both pleased and surprised him.

First, Miss Wellington's brother-in-law had married again—a kind, capable woman who would make a good mother to the children for whom Aunt Martha had been caring during the last five years.

Second, almost immediately following the wedding she had been engaged as attendant and companion to a lady who had recently come to Colorado for her health. The husband of her charge could not be with his wife much of the time because of the demands of business, hence for some time had been seeking a responsible person who would not only give her proper care, but who would also be congenial and make her enforced absence as pleasant as possible.



"Somebody thinks you are pretty fine—eh, Margaret?"

They are wealthy people [Miss Wellington wrote], and I find my position very agreeable, since I have many privileges and luxuries such as I have never enjoyed before. The name of the family is Sherburne. They have a beautiful home in Chicago, but seem to be very much alone in the world, having no children, or relatives excepting Mrs. Sherburne's only sister, who, strangely enough, lives in your town. Her name is Ashton, and she has a son and a daughter, Robert and Josephine—possibly you may know them. I have told Mrs. Sherburne something about "my boy," and she has seemed interested in you, and has said: "When we go home he shall come to visit you;" which has made me very happy, for I am yearning for one of our heart-to-heart talks, and I am sure I shall find that my Louis has tried faithfully to live up to the standard we set ourselves in those old days in New Hampshire. Your letters tell me that, and so give me great joy.

There was much more, but the items recorded were especially interesting to Louis, who thought it very queer that Aunt Martha should have stepped right into a position with relatives of the Ashtons. He learned later that the Sherburnes used to come East every summer for a visit, but during the last five years Mrs. Sherburne had not been allowed by her physician to take the trip.

Louis heard from his friend more frequently after this change, for she had more time to herself, and, as she was in a position where she saw more of life, her letters were full of interest, and contained much sound advice and loving counsel. Finally, there came a missive telling him that Mrs. Sherburne "was gone," and that Miss Wellington had, at Mr. Sherburne's earnest request, come to Chicago to take charge of his home; and as they were now so much nearer each other, there was a possibility that they might occasionally meet.

So the weeks and months slipped away; the Christmas holidays and vacation passed, spring opened and the Easter recess came around, during which Nellie Evarts gave a house-party, inviting five of her girl friends to spend a week with her; and Margaret Lawrence, who had become her dear "familiar spirit," was included among the number.

Something delightful was planned for every day, and there was to be a grand finale or class reunion the last evening of their visit, when they were to have an orchestra for the dancing, refreshments served by a Boston caterer, and, last but by no means least, a grand display of brand-new party dresses.

They were six merry maidens during that never-to-be-forgotten week. The Evartses lived in a fine, spacious residence on the "swell" side of the river. At the top of the house there was a great billiard-room, which was the favorite resort of the sextet; for there they could get away from every one else and chatter to their hearts' content without fear of being overheard. There were horses and carriages in the stable, and every fine morning the gay little party went spinning over the smooth roads for a drive. There were also visits to various points of interest in and around Boston, interspersed with a couple of high-class matinees, which latter were an especial delight to all.

One afternoon—it was like a summer day—Nellie proposed a tramp to a certain pine grove about half-a-mile from her home, and suggested that they take some baskets along and picnic in the woods. As Mrs. Evarts was very busy with preparations for the reunion, Nellie offered to take her two younger sisters with her and her friends, much to the joy of the little folks, and so made quite a party. The grove which they visited commanded a fine view of the river and the surrounding country. It also lay very near the railroad, and just at the foot of a rise of ground there was a grade-crossing which had recently been pronounced dangerous and was, within a few weeks, to be raised to allow the trains to pass underneath and thus avert possible accidents.

The afternoon passed very quickly and pleasantly, the children hunting for cones, mosses, and other woodland treasures, while the six girls discussed various interesting matters, prominent among which were the beginning of school the following week—their last term in "dear old High"—the approach-

ing graduation, and plans for the summer vacation, after which there would be a scattering to different colleges or finishing schools not yet decided upon.

At half-past four lunch was served, and they were just in the midst of this when their attention was attracted by the clatter of horses' hoofs. Presently they saw Josephine Ashton's pretty pony team coming down the hill on the opposite side of the railway.

She pulled up as she drew near the crossing, which ran so obliquely across the road as to make great care necessary in driving over it.

Mr. Ashton had often cautioned his daughter to be watchful of such places or she would be liable to get into trouble, and usually she was very careful; but this time, for some reason, she failed to guide her team aright, and trouble did come.

The girls in the grove suddenly heard her cry out an imperative "Whoa!" in a shrill voice of fear, whereupon her gentle ponies, trained to perfect obedience, came to a stop almost instantly, but with the trap tilted to one side. Then they saw Josephine leap to her feet in the carriage and look anxiously up and down the road, as if searching for some one by the wayside to whom she could appeal for help.

"What can be the matter?" cried Nellie, rising from the log where she had been sitting, to get a better view.

"It looks to me as if one of the wheels was caught between a plank and the rails," said Margaret, who had herself been well trained in the art of driving once upon a time.

"Oh, that is a bad fix! Do you suppose *we* could help her out of it?" anxiously inquired Alice Wellman.

"No," replied Margaret; "it would take a strong man to lift that trap and release the wheel. If only a team would come along—or if there was a house near by where we could go for help! But hark!—oh, girls!—isn't that the five o'clock train up at the West station?" she concluded breathlessly, as a sharp, shrill whistle, warning whoever it might concern to clear the track, fell on their ears.

"Yes, it is—it is! What *will* Josephine do?" panted Nellie excitedly, while Miss Ashton herself, having caught the appalling sound, fell to screaming for help at the top of her lungs and wringing her hands in the most frantic manner, for she well knew that if no one came to her aid her lovely carriage would be dashed to pieces and her beautiful ponies killed before another five minutes elapsed. She did not even seem to have presence of mind enough to get out of the trap, and so was in imminent danger herself.

"*Something must be done quickly!*" Margaret exclaimed; and, springing to her feet, she darted out from the grove, speeding down toward the crossing as if those little members had been shod with wings.

"Get out!" she cried, as she drew near the frightened girl. "Get out of the trap. Miss Ashton, and *take the reins with you.*"

This order was given because she saw the horses were becoming restless and nervous, and she feared they might start to run and so get beyond control.

Josephine, brought somewhat to her senses by the sound of a human voice, instantly leaped to the ground, but heedlessly left the lines hanging over the dashboard. Margaret, however, was now close upon the scene, had them knotted in a trice, and threw them lightly over the ponies' backs, speaking peremptorily yet reassuringly to the impatient animals as she did so.

"Come," she called out anxiously to Josephine, "you must help me—quick! Unhitch those other traces!"

But Josephine was absolutely helpless. She could hear the train steaming steadily toward them, although it was not yet in sight, and, almost frantic from terror, she was unable to do aught but wring her hands and sob that her ponies would be killed.

But Margaret, with nimble fingers, soon had the harness released on her side, then darted around to the other just as the locomotive rolled into view around a near-by curve in the road.

How she accomplished the remainder of her task she never could tell afterward; it was all like an illusive dream to her as, the traces once free, she sprang to the horses' heads, grasped their bridles firmly with one hand, and freeing the neck-yoke with a single sweep of the other, started them forward and led them safely out of harm's way, at the same time cheerily encouraging and soothing them, but seeing, with quaking heart and failing vision, only that great, black, looming monster that was almost upon her.

The next instant, in spite of the ringing in her ears, she heard a crash, then confused commands mingling with frightened voices and the shuffling of hurrying feet. The pretty trap had come to grief.

The engineer had espied the danger ahead the moment he rounded the bend, and instantly reversed his engine; thus, as he never ran at great speed between the East and West stations—they being only a mile apart—the force of the collision was only sufficient to overturn the trap, wrenching off the imprisoned wheel and breaking the pole. No other damage was done, save that of throwing the passengers into a temporary excitement and delaying the train for a few minutes, while the accident was investigated and the trainmen removed the obstacles from the track.

Meantime, Josephine had thrown herself prone upon the ground by the roadside, thrust her fingers in her ears, and buried her face in the grass, to shut out the sight and sound of what she believed would be a horrible tragedy. Here Nellie Evarts and her friends found her when they arrived on the scene, and tried to calm and reassure her; but this was not an easy task, for she was completely unnerved and nearly crazed with fear.

Among the passengers who alighted from the train to ascertain what was the trouble were two young men who had been to a neighboring town to witness a ball game. One of them, after ascertaining the cause of the delay, caught sight of Margaret, who was still caring for the ponies, and with a

few flying leaps was beside her, an anxious look on his fine face as he began to comprehend something of the situation and the part she had borne in it.

The girl was almost spent from her heroic efforts, now that all danger was past, and was beginning to feel that her strength would not endure the strain much longer, when she suddenly felt a firm hand laid upon the bridle above each of her own, while a familiar voice observed, with calm assurance:

"It is all right, Miss Lawrence. I have them well in hand now," and she lifted her drooping head to find herself looking into the clear, earnest, brown eyes of Louis Arnold.

"Oh, how glad I am! It seemed as if I could not hold them a moment longer," she breathed, in a weak voice, while he could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"Well, then, you may let go now," he said, smiling archly down upon her, for she still unconsciously retained an almost convulsive grasp upon the bridles.

She gave a little, nervous laugh, and her arms dropped limply by her side.

"Oh, it was frightful!" she said, with a deeply drawn sigh. "I thought I never would get the ponies free from the trap—it would have been dreadful if they had been killed or hopelessly maimed."

"How about yourself? What if you had been killed or maimed?" Louis questioned rather shortly, as he led the horses to a near-by tree, where he fastened them securely.

Again Margaret laughed as she saw his point.

"I don't think that occurred to me."

"It is Josephine Ashton's team, isn't it?" Louis inquired, while he searched her still white face solicitously.

"Yes, and I hope that pretty trap is not very badly smashed," Margaret observed, glancing over her shoulder at it as she spoke, and beginning to feel a little more like herself.

"I don't know whether it is or not," was the somewhat indifferent rejoinder. "It didn't interest me at all after I

caught sight of you and comprehended what you had done. How did you know what to do to free the horses?"

"Oh, I used to have a pony and a dog-cart when papa was here; and sometimes I helped the man unharness

—just for fun. Besides, I've often watched him take the pair out," Margaret explained.

"Well, it was a big thing for you to do, under the circumstances; and it was a very narrow escape for you as well as for the horses," Louis remarked, with clouded eyes. "Do you feel all right now?" he asked, with evident concern.

"Oh, yes; only I can't keep quite still yet," she said, holding out a hand that was far from being steady; "but," she added appreciatively, "your coming on the scene put new strength into me."

Louis colored slightly at her words, then smiled his pleasure as he said softly: "Thank you, Margaret."

"I wonder where Miss Ashton is," she presently observed; "suppose we look for her?"

They walked slowly back over the crossing together—the train having gone on—and soon came upon Nellie and her party gathered in friendly concern around Josephine, who was now sitting up, supported by one of the girls,

but still weeping nervously.

"Was she hurt?" Margaret inquired of one of her friends.

"No, only terribly frightened and shocked," was the reply.

"Well, it was enough to frighten anybody," said Margaret sympathetically; "but, Miss Ashton"—approaching the sobbing girl—"the ponies are all right. They haven't even a scratch. I am sorry about the carriage, though," she added regretfully. "I wish that might have escaped, too, it was such a pretty

trap; but perhaps it can be easily repaired," she concluded hopefully.

As she ceased speaking Josephine glanced up at her, gave her one swift, indescribable look, then fell to crying harder than ever, and Margaret, with a pained expression on her lovely face,



*She laid her hand upon Margaret's shoulders and looked frankly down into her sweet, wondering blue eyes.*

slipped away and returned to the grove to gather up the fragments of the interrupted lunch and repack the baskets preparatory to going home.

Louis Arnold, with a look of lofty scorn in his fine eyes, and curling his lips, followed, deftly assisting her, after which he quietly took possession of the receptacles, saying he would be burden-bearer for the party on their return to town.

Meantime a carriage had come along, the owner of which, after learning of the accident, offered to take Miss Ashton and her ponies home—a kindness which the girl eagerly accepted.

The ponies were fastened to the back of the vehicle, while Josephine was assisted into it, and, as they drove away, the curious spectators dispersed, leaving the place deserted, nothing save the shattered trap remaining to tell the story of the recent mishap.

#### CHAPTER XV.

During the evening of the same day on which the accident to Josephine Ashton's carriage occurred, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton drove over to the home of the Evartses to call upon Margaret and to express their gratitude to her for the heroism she had manifested in rescuing their daughter's ponies and, as they believed, for saving her life also.

Evidently Josephine had given them a detailed account of what had occurred, while they had also heard much from other sources, for news of the incident had spread like wild-fire, and was being talked over everywhere in the town; thus they seemed to fully realize their obligation to Margaret.

So much was said during their call in praise of what she had done, that Margaret was beginning to feel greatly embarrassed, and to wish that she might make her escape from the company, when Nellie's youngest sister, who, with wide eyes and eager ears, had been taking it all in, piped, in her shrill, penetrating, little voice: "I guess, Miss Lawrence, you must be a—heroess now."

This naive observation and the general laugh that followed turned attention from Margaret to the smaller maiden, who was asked to define a "heroess"; and after this the conversation gradually became more general, and the modest heroine was allowed to rest upon her laurels.

This was on Saturday. On Sunday morning, just before church-time, there came a box of beautiful roses and a basket of luscious fruit for Miss Lawrence, and these were accompanied by a note from Mrs. Ashton; but not one word from Josephine.

Mrs. Ashton wrote that her daughter was not feeling well, and was keeping her room; hence she was writing to inquire if Margaret had experienced any ill effects from the previous day's excitement. She hoped Josephine would be better to-morrow and able to come to thank Margaret in person, but Josephine was prostrated, and might even be obliged to miss the class reunion on Tuesday evening. Would Margaret please drop her a line to assure her that she was all right?

"Well, I just hope that Josephine Ashton *won't* come to my party," Nellie spiritedly asserted, when Margaret showed her this note. "I should think she would be ashamed of herself not to send you just a word of acknowledgment, even if she is sick in bed. I don't understand it!"

Margaret made no reply to this indignant outburst. She thought she understood Josephine's silence, and she secretly admitted that she herself would better enjoy the prospective festivities if she remained away.

Monday passed, and she still heard nothing from Josephine, and finally concluded that, since what had occurred on Saturday had no power to move her, the old feud would never be settled—they would never be friends.

Tuesday dawned a perfect day, and at an early hour the Evarts mansion and surrounding grounds began to be the scene of considerable bustle and excitement.

The broad verandas on two sides of the house were enclosed with canvas

and decorated with evergreens and beautiful Chinese lanterns, which were also profusely festooned among the trees on the lawn. There were flowers and potted plants everywhere about the house, where space could be found for them. The alcove under the great stairway in the hall was screened with laurel to conceal the orchestra, which was to discourse sweet music throughout the evening, while the spacious double parlors had been cleared, the costly rugs taken up, and the floors waxed for dancing.

Everybody was busy, and everybody was happy, "from early morn till dewy eve," as they shared in these delightful preparations.

Nellie and Margaret occupied the same room, and when they finally went up-stairs to don their pretty dresses, it was with a satisfied feeling that every room, nook, and corner was in perfect order and as beautiful as good taste, the united efforts of professional decorators and many helpers, and the lavish expenditure of money by an indulgent father and hospitable host, could make them.

In the midst of the delightful occupation of dressing there came a rap on the girls' door.

"A package for Miss Lawrence," said the maid, who passed in what looked like a small box in an immaculate wrapper tied with white satin ribbon.

"What can it be?" cried Nellie, dancing across the room with it and waiting, all on the *qui vive*, to see it opened.

Margaret, no less curious, hurriedly undid it, and lifted the lid of the box, to find, reposing on a bed of pale pink cotton, an exquisite gold locket, set with pearls, attached to a lovely chain.

On the back of the locket a monogram, comprised of Margaret's initials, had been engraved, while within it there were places for the portraits of two people.

"How perfectly beautiful!" exclaimed Nellie. "Who could have sent it?—your brother?"

Margaret smiled a trifle sadly and shook her head.

"No, it could not have been Ted,"

she said, well knowing that the dear, hard-working fellow could hardly afford a suitable necktie for the occasion, let alone costly lockets set with pearls.

Préssently she espied an envelope snugly tucked in between the cotton and one side of the box.

Drawing forth a delicately perfumed sheet from the enclosure, she read the following:

DEAR MISS MARGARET: Please accept and wear to-night the accompanying testimonial to a brave girl—the united offering of my husband and myself.

Sincerely your friend,  
HARRIET A. ASHTON.

The happy light suddenly died out of Margaret's eyes; the smile faded from her lips; a burning flush swept over her face as she finished reading this note.

All this from Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, and still not one word from Josephine! How could she wear the lovely trinket that night? It would be a continual reminder of the enmity of her classmate and spoil all her pleasure. She would have been far happier to have won the friendship of, and been at peace with, Josephine than to have had a hundred lockets and a deluge of pearls showered upon her.

With a regretful sigh she quietly laid the gift upon her dressing-table and went on with her toilet; while Nellie, reading something of what was in her mind, turned away with a frown upon her own brow, to look for a ribbon that she wanted.

Presently there came another tap, and two huge, suggestive-looking boxes, one for "Miss Nellie Evarts," the other for "Miss Margaret Lawrence," were deposited inside the room.

Both contained long-stemmed roses—Nellie's crimson, Margaret's pink. The former was accompanied by a card bearing:

With the compliments of  
CHARLES N. OSGOOD.

The latter was the offering of Louis Arnold.

This interruption changed the at-

mosphere, and both girls began to dimple and bubble over.

"My! I begin to feel like a regularly grown-up young lady about to make my *début*," cried merry Nell, holding her fragrant blossoms off at arm's length in mingled delight and admiration. "Aren't they beauties? And"—with a ripple of amusement—"can't you just see, in your mind's eye, those two boys bravely marching up to Irving's counter to give their order?"

"Well, they certainly have shown good taste and been very generous in their offerings," said Margaret, with a responsive laugh, yet flushing consciously as she bent to inhale the perfume of her roses.

"Somebody thinks you are pretty fine, eh, Margaret?" roguishly observed Nellie, as she noticed her rising color.

"Well, I know some one who thinks Charlie Osgood is rather above the average," Margaret retorted, to cover her embarrassment.

"Who could help it, dearie?—such a *nice boy*," was the demure reply; then, as their eyes met in a conscious glance, there was another burst of silvery, girlish laughter, whereupon both resumed their interrupted dressing.

They looked very fair and sweet when they went below to join their other friends and receive their classmates; but Mrs. Ashton's lovely gift to Margaret still lay unheeded in its box, up-stairs on the dressing-table.

The guests soon began to pour in, and the rooms were quickly filled. There were about seventy-five people present, including many of the parents of the seniors. Nellie, in looking them over, found that every one of her classmates had honored her invitation save Josephine Ashton. Nellie was wounded, yet at the same time she was relieved, for she had resented what she called Josephine's "shabby treatment" of Margaret. A few moments before the time set for refreshments to be served, Margaret slipped up-stairs to get a handkerchief, having dropped the one she had taken down with her and been unable to find it; and as she was about to enter her room, she saw through the

half-open door a tall, slim figure standing by her dressing-table, in a drooping attitude.

The figure turned as she pushed the door wider and entered, and she found herself face to face with Josephine Ashton!

The girl was dressed in white and much more simply than usual; but Margaret thought she had never seen her look so lovely before.

She colored crimson as she met Margaret's glance of astonishment, then her eyes dropped to an envelope she was holding in one hand, and, for a moment, she seemed uncertain what to do.

The next, she threw back her proud head with a resolute air, and, going to Margaret's side, drew her gently within the room and shut the door.

"I know I am intruding, and you must think it strange to find me here," she said, speaking with an effort, "but a servant told me this was your room, and I came in to leave this letter for you"—touching the envelope with one white-gloved finger.

"You do not intrude," Margaret gently returned, but with quickened heartbeats; "the guests have the freedom of the whole house to-night."

Again Josephine stood irresolute for an instant; then, suddenly tossing the envelope upon the dressing-table, she swept close up to Margaret, laid her hands upon her shoulders, and looked frankly down into her sweet, wondering blue eyes.

"Margaret Lawrence," she began, in tremulous tones, "I am going to tell you all about it. I wrote that letter because I was a coward and thought I hadn't courage to face you. It is a confession of all the meanness, the folly, and the jealousy I have been guilty of toward you since you came into our class; and also of the wretchedness I have suffered in consequence. I will leave it because I can't rehearse it all again—I should forget half I ought to say. But I am very glad I have met you here alone, for now I need not wait to know if you can ever forgive—"

Before she could complete the sentence Margaret had slipped her arms

around the girl's waist and drawn her into a close embrace.

"Oh, Josephine," she breathed, her eyes glistening with inward joy, "if you could only know how I have longed to have you for my friend! Let all the past go—you do not need to say 'forgive—'"

"Indeed I do, if I care anything about regaining my self-respect," Josephine huskily interposed; "so tell me—*can* you—*will* you?"

"Of course I will, and——"

"But I have used you shockingly, Margaret."

"Let us forget it, please."

"I did put that key in your desk."

"Yes, I know, but——"

"And I have been furiously jealous of you," Josephine went on, as if determined not to be forgiven until she had uncovered everything. "I am two years older than you, and it has galled me more than I can tell you to have you lead the class."

"But I *had* to do as well as I could, Josephine," said Margaret apologetically.

"You dear little saint!—you don't need to apologize for doing your level best. I am only trying to show you how very bad I have been," rejoined the penitent girl, with a catch in her breath that was between a laugh and a sob. "But tell me—why wouldn't you let Professor Allyn reveal to the class the name of the one who put the key in your desk?"

"I couldn't—that would have been dreadful; and I knew it would only have made matters worse between us."

"There are precious few people who would have cared anything about that. Oh, Margaret!"—and she was almost weeping now—"I don't know what to say to you! I have cried myself

almost sick over it many a time; but I have been too obstinate and too much of a coward to confess the wrong. But the other day you had your revenge——"

"Dear, I never had any desire to be revenged," interposed Margaret; "at least, after the first flash of temper was over," she conscientiously added.

"I know it, and that has made my own position all the more galling. Did you think it was all fright and grief over my broken trap that upset me so last Saturday?" questioned the now contrite girl. "No, indeed; I was shamed, humiliated, broken-hearted, because I saw myself as I knew others must see me—a proud, selfish, arrogant girl, who, because of overindulgence at home, had grown to think that every one else must bow before her. But the scales fell from my eyes after that ac-



"Professor Allyn, may I say a few words to the class?" she inquired.

cident. There is no knowing what would have happened to me if you had not come to the rescue as you did; for I was paralyzed with fear.

"Then, when you came to tell me that the ponies hadn't even a scratch," she presently resumed, "and said how sorry you were that you could not have saved the trap also—that was the last straw. I have been sick in bed ever since—not from the shock, but because I *hated myself*, and believed that you, Professor Allyn, and I don't know how many more, must feel just the same toward me."

"No—no," Margaret began; but Josephine, giving her a little pat on the shoulder, went right on:

"I thought at first that I could not come to Nellie's party to-night—I could not endure to meet you. Then something told me to write to you—to make that a beginning toward something better in life, toward your standard—yours and Louis Arnold's," she interpolated, with a rising flush. "I've always admired him, ever since he entered the school, for nothing could ever tempt him to do a wrong or mean thing. He never would toady to any one, either, but treated all alike, going straight ahead about his business, seeming to know just what was right to do and—*doing* it. You and he seem to be very much alike in that respect, and I suspect that is why he admires you so."

She bestowed a searching glance upon Margaret as she made this last observation, and smiled slightly to see how the prettily fringed lids drooped suddenly over Margaret's eyes, and the delicate pink deepened in her cheeks.

"So I wrote my letter," she continued, "and made up my mind to come here and leave it for you, tender my greetings to Mrs. Ashton and Nellie, out of respect for their invitation, then quietly slip away again with papa and mama, who can only remain a little while because of another engagement. I told mama the whole story while I was dressing, and she was *so* shocked. She said she never would have presumed to offer you a gift if she had known how badly I had used you, for

it must seem almost an insult to you under the circumstances——"

"It was very kind of her—the locket and chain are beautiful," interposed Margaret, with some embarrassment, and wishing now that she had them on.

Josephine smiled again. She had observed their absence, and understood why they had not graced the occasion.

"But she was very nice to me," she went on, not appearing to heed Margaret's remark. "We had a lovely talk about it, and I think we shall always feel nearer each other because of it. And now I believe that is all I want to say to-night—are you sure you absolve me?" she concluded, with brimming eyes.

"With all my heart, Josephine," was the earnest response.

"Then I am very glad I have seen you, instead of waiting for you to read and reply to my letter. But I am keeping you a long time from the company down-stairs."

"I do not mind, for I am happier than I can express to have the barriers between us broken down, and to know that after this we shall be friends;" and Margaret's eyes now overflowed.

Josephine gently drew her toward her dressing-table.

"Then will you wear mama's gift?" she pleaded. "I know it would please her to see you wearing it—may I fasten it around your neck?"

"Yes, indeed—please do," said Margaret eagerly, and suddenly experiencing great delight in her new possession. "It is the prettiest locket I ever saw, and I shall always love it—now."

Josephine had it fastened in place almost before she ceased speaking; then, bending down, she kissed the girl softly on her lips, while both felt as if a seal had been set upon a lifelong friendship.

"Now, come," said Margaret, her face glowing with love and happiness, as she linked her arm within her companion's; "let us go down, and I will introduce you to mama and Ted—my brother."

Josephine shot a startled glance at her.

"What must they think of me?" she questioned dubiously.

"They do not know."

"Margaret!—have you never told them?"

"No; because I kept hoping that everything would come right, and, if it did, I knew I should be sorry I had said anything about it."

Josephine could say nothing at this evidence of such sweet charity; she could only give the arm resting within hers an appreciative pressure; and then they went down-stairs together.

The house-party broke up the next day, each and all declaring the week of their sojourn with Nellie to have been "the loveliest time of their lives."

Monday morning following found the seniors all back in their places at school, eager to begin on the last term of their last year at "High."

Just before the lessons were taken up, Josephine Ashton arose from her seat, an unwonted humility in her bearing. "Professor Allyn, may I say a few words to the class?" she inquired.

The professor looked surprised for the moment; then his face suddenly grew luminous. Instinctively he knew what was coming.

"Certainly, Miss Ashton," he cordially replied.

"A few months ago," Josephine resumed, but with lips that were absolutely colorless, "Miss Lawrence was arraigned before this class upon the supposition that she had been using a key to our algebra—one having been found in her desk. She was afterward practically vindicated, but no *proof* of her innocence was given at that time. Actuated by unworthy motives, I put the book in her desk. She has forgiven me. May I ask our principal and the class to be no less kind?"

There was a moment of oppressive silence after the trembling girl sank into her seat. Then Louis Arnold's hands came together with a resounding clap.

It was the signal for a rousing ap-

plause, which attested the entire class's hearty appreciation of the moral courage which had prompted Miss Ashton to assume the blame that belonged to her, and thus fully exonerate Miss Lawrence.

Finally Professor Allyn arose and rapped for order. He was deeply moved.

"It seems almost superfluous for me to add anything to the expression of approbation and good-will so cordially and unanimously manifested by the class, and which shows me that you all honor one who has the courage of her convictions." He paused a moment, then resumed: "It is a noble stand that Miss Ashton has taken this morning, to thus publicly give us uncontrovertible proof of the innocence of her friend. In so doing, she has also exonerated every other member of the class; for, of course, there has been some doubt in the minds of all regarding who had thrown suspicion upon Miss Lawrence. This class will soon go out from me, some to pursue a higher course, others to take their places in the world; and, while my interest always follows my pupils in their chosen walks of life, I wish to say that every one of you will carry with you a larger share of my esteem because of the keen sense of what is just and honorable that you have shown to-day. You may now take your books."

The weeks sped by, June came, the examinations were passed, the class was graduated, and its work in the "dear old High" a thing of the past.

Margaret led her class to the last, although Josephine followed a close second, while the bond of friendship recently established between them only grew stronger as the race went on. Before vacation was over Josephine had been admitted to Vassar, Margaret and Nellie were booked for Smith's College at Northampton, and Arnold and Osgood, having successfully weathered the trying preliminaries, had become Harvard freshmen.



BY  
**WILL SCARLET**

*An honor is never without profit save in vaudeville.*

**V**AUDEVILLE "came in" with the bicycle, but, unlike the bicycle, apparently it came to stay. "Wheels"—as we used to call them in the days when everybody shared the desire of Helen's baby—have all but disappeared from our streets, while we are being given specialty performances ranging in price from five cents to a dollar and a half, and in altitude from roof-garden to rathskellar. There is even a concern which announces vaudeville at one cent, but its entertainment is machine-made, and the admission is paid through the medium of a slot.

Variety is much older than the bicycle, but there is a vast difference between variety and vaudeville. Variety was the "damn," and vaudeville is the "darn," of histrionic expletive. The former was never considered quite respectable; the latter caters especially to women, children, and churchgoers. The word "vaudeville" was coined in the fifteenth century, supposedly from the Vaux de Vire, two valleys in Normandy, where lived the song-writer,

Olivier Basselin, originator of this kind of amusement. Naturally enough, such performances first became popular in France, which had several accepted theaters given up to them while we were still struggling with variety in England and America.

London managers wooed women patrons twenty years ago with highly proper music-halls; but until recently, mixed entertainments of the same character were presented here chiefly before "stag" audiences, or as an adjunct to a minstrel-show or a circus. The burnt-cork people called the vaudeville portion of their bill the "olio," and the tent-men alluded to it as "the concert."

*Vaudeville makes strange bedfellows.*

Nowadays, the folk who fill the vaudeville houses are very much like the folk who fill any other sort of theater. They are perhaps a little less sophisticated and a little less fashionable, though the Empire Music Hall, in London, and Hammerstein's Victoria, in New York, attract numbers of well-dressed and cultured social swimmers. In the main, however, your vaudeville audience is distinctly middle-class,

**THIS WEEK**  
10 DREN & C. B. M. L. Y.  
1000 COMEDY  
2 BOOTH-MICKELSON  
LATE STAGE IN  
SHANGHAI (NEW YORK)  
3 EXTRA FEATURES  
MACKS  
TRAINED  
SEALS!!



dropping in at matinées after a shopping tour or coming from the country for an evening of pleasure. It is made up of the solid element of the population—hard workers and plain thinkers, easily amused, and most unwilling to use their mental equipment for any purpose except financial gain.

This change in the character of spectators and of "show" has not

brought about as radical a change as might be expected in the character of the performers. A better element has been infused without fusing. The old-time variety people



—and they form all of the average bill except the "head-liners"—are persistently homogeneous, resenting the influx of "legitimate" players, and holding aloof from them. The "legitimate" players doubtless have done their share toward provoking this attitude, which is none the less cruel and none the less fatal to immediate advancement. "Is there a 'star dressing-room'?" asked a well-known prima donna as she entered the theater in which she was to make her "vaudeville début." The juggler to whom the question was put replied promptly: "Well—there is a room reserved for falling stars."

This witticism gives a cue to the feeling back of the coldness mentioned. Even now, when actors frequently "go into vaudeville" betweenwhiles, and not simply when they have failed at everything else, the ordinary program often consists of a big name, to draw crowds, and a number of obscure ones, whose owners entertain the crowds

after they have been drawn. Scores of "head-liners" who have received fabulous salaries would not have been worth fifty dollars a week but for their reputations. Naturally, the performers who get the fifty, or a little more, are sore and vexed at the realization of their superior merit. That's human nature.

The small fry have one consolation in this connection, and their audiences another. The value of reputation lasts only while the celebrity is making one round of the vaudeville houses; and the only recruits to "the business" who remain in it are those who "make good." Cissie Loftus, Elsie Janis, Robert Hilliard, Della Fox, and Frank Keenan may always count upon receiving princely stipends from vaudeville managers; Lillian Russell, Irene Bentley, Tod Sloan, "Jimmie" Powers, and others who have won fame in different fields, are desired only while the novelty of their altered effort lasts. This fact is the comfort of the men and women who always have made, and always will make, their living by "doing two a day."

The benefit which audiences derive from the ever-changing roster of the music-halls lies in the variety that the vaudeville people have brought. But for them, the typical program might still be made up principally of clog-dancers, negro banjoists, trick bicycle-riders, tight-rope walkers, trained animals, tramp comedians, and Japanese equilibrists. Even now there is an appalling dearth of

novelty in the performances given. Beside such of the antiquated "acts" as have survived, we have the



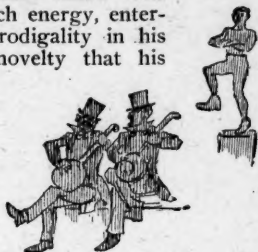
*Vaudeville of the present.*

"sisters" who sing and dance; the monologist, made up as a dorky, a Jew, an Irishman, or a gentleman; the Spanish disciple of Terpsichore; the "side-walk comedians"; the "sketch team," consisting of man, wife, and "Company," said "Company" usually being a versatile property-man; jugglers, and "comic instrumentalists." Most of these established kinds of entertainment are wearisomely awful. The "sketches" are all alike, and it is an open question why one should take especial delight in hearing "Il Trovatore" played on tin cans when it can be played so much better on violins. You remember the story of the man whose neighbor applauded a feat like this. "Why applaud?" queried the man. "That's very difficult," answered the neighbor. "Difficult!" returned the man. "I wish it were impossible!"

Round and round the circle of vaudeville theaters these performers go, sticking to one line of work throughout their lives, and to the same "sketch" or musical selections for years at a time. It would seem that the habitué of these houses must see four out of five "turns" at least once a year, and, unless he confines himself to a single place, he is in danger of seeing the four out of five once a week. The entertainers who are at Proctor's this Saturday will be at Keith's next Monday, so that, unless you like amusement in duplicate, you would do well to stick to one resort or the other. Music-hall perform-

introduced one-act plays like "The System of Doctor Tarr"; the inventors who have scored with demonstrations of wireless telegraphy and flying-machines; the comic-opera folk who have made it possible for the much-maligned but always sprightly and attractive "show girl" to "break into" vaudeville.

The blame for this state of things cannot be laid at the door of the manager. He—poor fellow—has evidenced such energy, enterprise, and prodigality in his search for novelty that his expensive quest leaves him little but credit. His is the honor that is never without



profit save in vaudeville. With half the expenditure of thought, the "legitimate" manager would simply coin money. Every

owner of an important variety house maintains agents in Europe and the Orient, allowing them carte blanche in the matter of outlay. B. F.

Keith brought Ching Ling Foo, the magician, from China; Oscar Hammerstein lured Abdul Kader and his three wives from Turkey; and their brother pioneers have been equally active.

The sums paid to these "artists" and to American entertainers of reputation are almost past belief. Moreover, the demand still exceeding the supply, salaries have increased of late, instead of decreasing. The statement that Cissie Loftus received a thousand dollars a week for appearing forty minutes a day was so amazing five years ago that few believed it. Charles Hawtrey got more than that,



ances have all the variety of two peas in a pod, two bricks in a hod, or two bones in a cod. What differences there are have been brought about by the interlopers—the "stars" who have



Shades of the past.



*The show-girl breaks into vaudeville.*

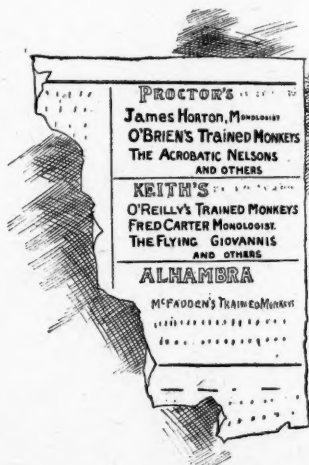
Babes and the Baron," and Percy Williams must have paid at least that amount to Albert Chevalier at the Circle Music-Hall, and to Henry de Vries at the Colonial Theater. A thousand dollars a week is not nowadays an unusual wage; though, of necessity, the number of persons who receive it is limited.

To the uninitiated it must be difficult to see where the profits come in when expenses are so high. They are made possible chiefly by the fact that the vaudeville manager conducts both theater and performance, so that he is not obliged to divide his income. If John Smith presents "The Fountain of Gold" at Tom Brown's playhouse, and the receipts are six thousand dollars a week, Smith has only three thousand dollars and Brown only three thousand. Should it happen that the expenses of the theater are twenty-eight hundred, and those of the organization equally great, each man pockets two hundred dollars. If the vaudeville manager's gross receipts are six thousand dollars, however, he gets the entire amount, and, if house and "show" each cost twenty-eight hundred—which is unlikely—his

however, when he took the plunge, and Lillian Russell was said to receive no less than three thousand dollars every sixth day of her engagement at Proctor's. Fred Walton, the pantomimist, asked sixteen hundred dollars a week to leave "The

profit is the full four hundred. As a matter of fact, the average program of nine or ten acts hardly will come to more than twenty-one hundred dollars, so that, if the cost of running the theater is no more, the manager has an extremely good chance of making money.

The performer does not fare so well in the matter of finances as would appear from the size of his salary. Unlike the "legitimate" actor, whose railway fares are paid, he must defray his own traveling expenses and those of his assistants. The wages of these assistants, who may number six or eight, make up quite a respectable sum, so that a considerable hole has been made in the "head-liner's" income even before he allows for agents' fees, advertising, photographs, and a score of similar incidentals. Formerly the entertainer could count on "working" only about half the time, which, of course, divided his income by two; but of late the increased number of vaudeville theaters, and their combination into various "circuits," lessen the number of idle weeks in each year. Then, too, the season of the variety-player is longer than that which obtains in the more



*And they call this variety.*

dignified branch of the profession. Unless his "act" happens to depend upon dialogue for its success, he is able to piece out the hot period very nicely between roof-gardens, summer parks, and outdoor resorts. If the performer's specialty is riding or juggling or acrobatic feats, he obtains employment in a circus from March until October.

The actual labor accomplished by the vaudeville-performer is hardly worth mentioning. Aside from traveling and "getting up an act" occasionally, he has only to appear on the stage twenty minutes at a stretch twice or three times a day. Of course he spends two hours of the twenty-four in putting on and taking off his make-up. Monday morning of each week he has a rehearsal with the orchestra, and the stage-manager of the house at which he is to appear assigns him a place on the bill. This place is dictated by the length of his "turn," by the room required for it, and by its nature. The stage-manager tries to put dissimilar "acts" together, so that the danger of monotony may be lessened. The recruit from the "legitimate" is likely to separate more amusing specialties, and not infrequently some tragedian of an earlier decade must be horrified at finding himself sandwiched between Irish comedians and a troupe of trained seals.

Once aware of his position on the program, the performer has only to jot down the hour of his several appearances, and to take care that he is on hand. At the proper time he stands in the wings, prepared to take the stage. A boy replaces one numbered card on an easel with another—the vaudeville-performer, like the hotel guest and the convict, is known by his number—the conductor begins his music, and the performer goes on to earn his salary.

As has already been hinted, the people of the variety theater occupy a world of their own, and this world fills a part of the histrionic universe far removed from that of the "legitimate" theater. They have their own newspapers, agents, hotels, vernacular, and view-point. This view-point was never better illustrated in its narrowness and egotism than in George Ade's brilliant "Fable of Paducah's Favorite Comedians and the Mildewed Stunt":

After every show, as soon as they washed up, they went and stood in front of the theater, so as to give the hired girls a treat, or else they stood around in the sawdust and told their fellow workers in the realm of dramatic art how they killed 'em in Decatur and had 'em hol-lerin' in Lowell, Massachusetts, and got every hand in the house in St. Paul. Occasionally, they would put a card in the *Clipper*, saying they were the best in the business, bar none, and good dressers on and off the stage. Regards to Leonzo Brothers. Charley Diamond, please write. Lillian Russell was jealous of them, and they used to know Francis Wilson when he done a song and dance.



The property-man in his time plays many parts.

It is fairly safe at the present time to estimate the number of vaudeville-performers in this country at no less than ten thousand. These may be divided into four classes—the men and women

who appear in beer-gardens and burlesque "shows"; those who fill up the programs at minor places of amusement; those who are featured in the bills of such theaters as Keith's or Proctor's; and the "head-liners." There are now one or two variety houses in every town and city of importance in the United States; places of the size of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Springfield, Ohio, supporting this kind of entertainment every day in the week, where only four dramatic attractions of the better order can draw audiences in the course of a month.



*Mental science on a roof garden.*

with the "legitimate" places of amusement in their location, in their architectural beauty, their receipts, and the influence which they exert. If each of these buildings holds an audience of a thousand persons each afternoon and evening, one hundred and twenty thousand men, women, and children see a vaudeville performance every week in New York.

Of late, Sunday has come to be a great day for the givers of specialty shows. On the Sabbath, apparently, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of variety. What there is in the influence of the day that sends amusement-lovers scurrying to so-called sacred concerts is a mystery, but the fact remains that as many as twenty-two of these religious entertainments have been advertised on a single Sunday. With the coming of torrid weather, the crowns of many vaudeville theaters blossom with roof-gardens as a bush blossoms with roses; and here crowds gather to profit by that kind of mental science which makes a man believe himself cooler in an enclosed space, the top

Gotham has scores of vaudeville theaters which are not advertised in the newspapers, and which are known only to their patrons; but there are on Manhattan Island no fewer than ten that com-

of which has been baked by the sun all day, than in another enclosed space, the top of which is less thoroughly cooked. Refreshments are served on these roof-gardens, and the performances, barring a preponderance of "acts" which appeal to the eye rather than to the ear, are identical with the ones given earlier in the year in the theater proper. New York's best-known roof-gardens are Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens, the Aerial Gardens, the New York Gardens, and the Madison Square Gardens.

The audiences at these altitudinous resorts differ much less than those seen in the several vaudeville theaters on the street level. Indeed, the variance between the typical spectator on Fourteenth Street and the typical spectator on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street is more marked in the specialty houses than in those given over to drama and comic opera. Keith's, where the performance is "continuous" from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, profits greatly from suburban custom; and it is an ancient jest that many of its patrons bring their lunches and stay all day in its precincts. Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theater, from its very location, draws heavily on women shoppers; and Ham-



*The vaudeville performer, like the hotel guest and the convict, is known by his number.*



*What will please these amusement seekers?*

merstein's Victoria attracts gatherings of distinctly Broadwayish character. The prices at the Victoria are higher than elsewhere, the audiences better dressed and appallingly sophisticated; and the entertainments, for that reason, are the best of the sort given in New York. The Colonial, the Alhambra, Hurtig & Seamon's, and other up-town music-halls are patronized chiefly by young men and their "best girls," and by families whose dwellings are hard-by.

Despite the fact that these amusement-seekers display singular willingness to mistake assault and battery for wit and humor, they really are excellent judges of quality in the special line they favor. Like the audiences in other theaters, they demand more each day, until the average manager is at his wits' end in the effort to satisfy them. A good idea commands a higher market price in vaudeville than anywhere else.

What will please these amusement-seekers it is not easy to decide, and upon that decision rests the future of variety. My own idea is that eventually vaudeville will bear the same relation to the drama that the short story does to the novel. Narratives will be condensed into one act, just as they have been condensed into two thousand words, for the benefit of play-goers and readers who have neither time nor attention to devote to a longer relation. In this tabloid form we shall have comedy, drama, farce, comic opera, and perhaps even grand opera. These little playlets, with occasionally an acrobatic "act" or a bit of juggling between, in the end may come to make up the performance at the better class of vaudeville house. There is now a place of amusement in Paris, the Théâtre St. Antoine, where this experiment has been tried with pleasure to audiences and profit to management.



#### NOT HER STYLE.

YOUNG MINISTER—You are all the world to me!

FAIR SOPRANO—Sorry, but you are too good for this world, I'm afraid!



#### A NEW SPEED RECORD.

FARMER GREENE—(reading paper)—Maria, did you know that our sun was rushing through space at over a million miles a second?

MRS. GREENE—Do you mean our son Josh, in New York? Land sakes! Has he bought an autermobile?

# THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND

Oh, where's the way to Fairyland,  
The way I used to know?  
The path of green, with flowers between,  
Down which I used to go?  
I seek in vain to find again  
The road once clear to see,  
But ne'er a sage of any age  
Can point it out to me.

Oh, where's the way to Fairyland?  
The years are kind and few  
Since last I trod the daisied sod  
My early fancy knew.  
With eager feet I followed fleet,  
And, led by Faith's white hand,  
By night or day I found the way  
That goes to Fairyland.

Alas, the way to Fairyland  
That lay so straight of old!  
Who sells its chart in traffic's mart  
Regains it not with gold;  
And I, who thought the map had bought  
Such glad returns that day,  
Turned smiling back upon the track,  
And now forget the way!

Oh, where's the way to Fairyland?  
I seek it up and down,  
But find it not in woodland grot  
Nor yet in teeming town—  
Kind Sleep, that brings so many things  
We else must seek in vain,  
Give me your hand to Fairyland,  
And I'll not wake again!

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.





# TIDDLES TODDLES TALES

*Edwin L. Sabin*

## III.—The Adventure of the Stolen Sweetheart

THE schoolroom was indeed a hive of industry—as all schoolrooms should be. Each short-jacketed and short-frocked bee was pursuing its individual routine of labor, with a view to a common good—education. Brain cells were being built, and stored with supplies for future use. There were few drones, for on the platform, her dais, sat the queen bee—teacher. As in all well-conducted hives, the workers were working for the queen, although unwittingly they were conserving the public weal.

Here in the hive a detachment of workers was constructing and filling arithmetic cells; here another detachment was devoting itself to grammar cells. Yonder was a spelling squad, and next to it was a geography squad. Summoned before the queen, one detachment was reporting upon what it had accomplished. Through all the hive was a subdued rustle and hum.

Amid the geography squad Mistress Betty Blossom sat at her station and swung her plump legs while with puckered brow she wrestled to whip into submission the map of Europe, spread before her—her material.

An adorable little worker was Betty

Blossom, with her cherry mouth, her round, pink cheeks, and her round, blue eyes, her straight bangs, her two flaxen pigtails, tied each with a blue ribbon, and her red-plaid frock. Regard her, the first love of Tiddles Brown; said Tiddles, together with his twin, Toddles, being engaged at present before teacher, and having little thought, in the strenuousness of recitation, to regard her, himself.

'Twas colored in patches, was Europe—curiously blotched like a calico-stained Easter egg. Portugal was green, and was set into Spain, which was brownish; reminding Betty of a piece of citron in spice-cake. Betty was very fond of citron and spice-cake. France was drab, and not especially attractive; but the German Empire was a delicious pink, bringing to one's mind strawberry ice-cream. Switzerland looked for all the world like a caramel that had been nibbled a little; while the British Isles were custard yellow topping a lemon-jelly ocean.

Evidently Europe was a nice place in which to live.

At a sudden clang of the queen bee's table bell the detachment reporting to her stood up; at a second clang it retired. As the members filed past Betty, seeking each his or her appointed niche in which to settle, a tiny, closely folded

square of paper dropped upon Betty's Europe, locating itself right in the middle of Russia.

Betty deftly placed a fat palm over it, and gradually, so as to attract no suspicion by any indiscreet precipitancy, slid it along until it had been transferred beneath the desk top and rested in her plaid lap.

Again a sharp clang of the bell, this time signaling for a detachment of spellers; and in the confusion Betty was enabled to unfold the paper square, and absorb its crumpled contents.

Deer Betty  
after scowl you  
and me will play i know  
sum thing nice  
Tiddles

"Class B in geography must put away their geographies and study arithmetic now," bade teacher, looking Betty's way.

This was fortunate, inasmuch as it gave Betty opportunity to answer the note, under pretense of doing her examples. At the risk of brain fag, and by dint of protruding tongue and much wetting of pencil, she produced the following—and a very maidenly, circum-spect missive it was, too:

All rite. i got to by  
sam, shoos. then i  
will. you wate on  
our hors black.



Evidently Europe was a nice place in which to live.

Betty laboriously kneaded the paper into form compact, and, imperatively poking the little girl in front of her in the back, reached around with it. It secured lodgment in the little girl's open hand, which understandingly swung backward to meet it. The billet-doux passed on, along the

safer off-side of the line of seats, the mediums enlisted seeming to know, by a sort of prison intuition, for whom it was destined.

Mean indeed would be that person who would stay it and read it, or confiscate it. Mean, mean, and meanest mean! Yet so mean was Toddles, who, in the second seat behind his brother, was pressed into service, as oft he had been pressed before. For this afternoon Toddles was feeling particularly cross-grained and rambunctious.

Betty had been solicitously observing the methodical progress of her packet; and now to her amazement and horror she witnessed Toddles begin maliciously to open it! Her eyes grew rounder and darker, and she swelled with indignation. Vainly she wriggled, and with a daring little hiss protested. She could do no more to turn him. Indignation surged also up the line of conspirators—but all were helpless.

Toddles continued, with malevolent smirk, to investigate the paper. 'Twas his whim to be a spoil-sport, little wretch! The course of true love was sacred not to him, and he would betray his own brother.

Viciously prodded, under cover of her desk, by his wrathful neighbor to

the immediate rear, who would thereby admonish and punish him, for the honor of her sex and to uphold the esprit de corps, Toddles, the focus of sundry glares, calmly read:

All rite. i got to by sum shoos. then i will. you wate on our hors block.

Huh! He folded the note again, and now passed it on—his milk-and-water brother might have it.

Betty raised her arithmetic, and, with it as a mask, stuck out a red, furious tongue at the back of Toddles' head. Could that tongue have projected itself twenty feet, it would have stung him like a serpent's. There was venom on it.

Then Betty wrote fiercely; and another note traveled up the line of seats. This time it evidently was intended for Toddles, because when he read it Betty grinned exultantly, and her neighbors shared her joy.

Smartie Smartie had a party. you mene old thing. i hate you and DUBBLE hate you.

Toddles' ears grew red; but, pooh! what did *he* care about rebukes such as this? What should any boy care, when by the investiture of first trousers, however short, he had been made far superior to girls, no matter how pink their cheeks or how cherry their mouths or how plump their legs? Pooh! A fig for Betty Blossom and her anger! Pooh! humph! and hurrah! And, twisting quickly, Toddles answered Betty's tongue and message with the worst face in his repertoire. Then he hastily resumed the normal, for teacher was casting suspicious glances at that end of her domain.

As a fact, twins only roughly resem-

ble each other even outwardly. Nature never duplicates; this is her chief wonder amid her many wonders. An ant would observe that the lineaments of Toddles, when traversed, were vastly at variance with the lineaments of Tiddles; and an impression of Tiddles' thumb would assuredly differ from an impression of Toddles'.

While inwardly— Dear me! Toddles apparently was of sterner stuff than Tiddles. According to his close-noting mother, as well as according to his own actions, "he did not care for girls." Mother Brown adduced this with fond pride—just as with fond pride she added: "Tiddles is such a little beau."

She and Mr. Brown decided that it was very nice to have Tiddles associate with femininity of his age, because it would exert a refining influence over him; and they and the Blossoms regarded the intimacy as "too cute."

But Toddles—humph! Huh! What recked he of the "refining influence" of Betties or Susies or Mamies, or any of the ilk, when he could strut manfully with hands in new-found pockets? Let Tiddles disgrace his garb, if he would



Viciously prodded by his neighbor in the immediate rear.

be so weak, but himself—oh, deluded lad, who would pose as a miracle—had outgrown girls.

"I know what you're goin' to do—you're goin' to play with a girl!" accused Toddles of Tiddles, as with their roistering crowd they homeward marched from school that afternoon.

"Aw, Tiddles! Goin' to play with a girl! Tiddles's goin' to play with a girl!" jeered companions all.

"I ain't, either!" denied Tiddles faintly.

"You are, too. You're goin' to play with Betty Blossom. Guess I know. She wrote you a note an' I read it," proclaimed Toddles relentlessly, far from what is understood to be brotherly, and oblivious of the shame of his own admission.

"Aw, Tiddles! Gettin' a note from a girl!" gibed the chorus.

Twitched and jostled, Tiddles, martyr to the cause of ladye fair, trudged angrily on, nagged, persecuted, frustrated.

At the Brown front door mother was lying in wait, so to speak; and when the twins entered the gate she received them.

"Boys, mama wants one of you to go on an errand for her."

There was a portentous pause, while Tiddles looked at Toddles, and Toddles looked at Tiddles, parrying. Mother surveyed both.

"Toddles'll go," informed Tiddles.

"I won't, either! I went last. You got to go," retorted Toddles, with haste.

"Boys!" reproved mother gently.

"You didn't go last! I went last. I went this morning—didn't I, mama?" appealed Tiddles, equally prompt.

"But I went this noon——"

"Jus' across the street," interrupted Tiddles scornfully.

"Hush, boys. Yes, it is Toddles' turn," intervened mother.

"But why can't Tiddles go?" whined the victim. "I promised to help make a wagon. He hasn't anything to do."

"Well, Tiddles can go, instead, if he wants to," proffered mother doubtfully, but willing to encourage generosity.

"Have, too, somethin' to do," snarled Tiddles.

"Playin' with a girl!"

"Toddles!" rebuked mother severely, "it is nice for little boys and little girls to play together. Mama approves."

Virtue swelled in Tiddles' conscious bosom. Toddles glowered at the ground. "Now, listen, and mama will tell you what she wants. And then Tiddles can help her a minute in the house."

Rebelligiously departing, Toddles gazed backward and expressed his derision.

"Aw, goin' to play with a girl! Girl-boy! Girl-boy!"

And vengefully Tiddles yelled shrill defiance—experiencing in his brother's spell of irksome service a certain satisfaction and vindication. Mother, anxious to terminate such a spectacle of brothers—twin brothers—in discord, called him, and the door closed upon him and her.

Toddles slothfully proceeded, scraping his feet, hands in pockets, and jaunty hat on back of tousled crown. Rankled in his heart the errand foisted upon him by his unscrupulous brother and his unjust mother. Of course by rights it was Tiddles' turn! Hadn't he himself gone clear across the street and back that very noon? Certainly!

The Blossom dwelling, square and yellow, with green blinds and big front porch, was set comfortably back from the passing thoroughfare.

Before it the maples arched more thickly. As Toddles scuffed along beneath them a flutelike little trill arrested his attention. Betty came tripping down through her yard, and stopped at the white picket gate. Toddles halted, questioningly, gazing suspiciously.

"Hello," said Betty, with maiden shyness.

"Hello," responded Toddles, on guard.

"I didn't have to go after shoes," she advanced.

Toddles hazarded a grunt. Came she in peace, or came she in war?

"Where you goin'?" she asked innocently.



"Aw, Tiddles! Goin' to play with a girl."

"No place," claimed Toddles, not committing himself.

"Were you comin' here?"

"Uh, huh!"

A sudden light burst upon Toddles' mind. She took him for Tiddles! Oh, joy! Could love be so blind? Yes. Tiddles had been expected. Here was a chance to play even. She would "hate and dubble hate" him, would she? And Tiddles would be mama's pet, and shirk errands, would he? Huh!

"Did your mama say you could play on my horse-block?" encouraged Betty hopefully.

"Uh, huh! Come on out."

"All right." And Betty skipped blithely through the gate. She perched herself upon the horse-block and invited: "You sit here now."

Rather sheepishly Toddles joined her, placing himself as indicated. The horse-block was high and benchlike, terminating in posts. 'Twas a spot shady and pleasant and exclusive. They sat facing the street, and dangled their legs over the edge. Toddles experienced a strange but not disagreeable abashment at the touch of Betty's stiff little skirt and the pressure of her soft shoulder. The month was May.

"Now, what was it you know?" de-

manded Betty contentedly, swinging her stoutly shod feet.

"When?"

"You said you knew something nice."

Toddles pondered and fidgeted.

"I'm goin' 'way off," he declared at a venture.

"An' take me?"

"Uh, huh!" Toddles was emboldened to expand. "'Way, 'way off—a million miles, where there ain't anythin' but coconuts an' oranges an' molasses candy!"

"I like molasses candy," said Betty reflectively.

Toddles continued. His mother had differentiated Tiddles as the imaginative, spiritual one of the twins; but she had never caught Toddles in his stride.

"An' I'll be a king an' kill everybody," elaborated Toddles, waxing murderous.

"But me?" hinted Betty.

"Uh, huh!"

"An' if Toddles comes there you'll kill him, won't you?" urged Betty hopefully.

Toddles wriggled.

"Uh, huh!" he assured.

"Want to chew my gum?" rewarded Betty.

Toddles nodded. Betty removed the dainty from her red mouth—after a preliminary rolling—and in the shape of a warm, white wad passed it over. Toddles gratefully accepted. He chewed.

"Your brother is awful mean. I hate him," avowed Betty, snuggling closer.

"I can beat him fightin'," announced Toddles with gusto.

"Tisn't nice to fight," reproved Betty—albeit not without admiration.

"Tain't nice for girls, but 'tis for boys," answered Toddles.

"Now, you let me chew awhile," she directed.

"All right. Here." He turned his face to her, and exposed the gum, held invitingly projecting from between his front teeth.

Betty met the challenge, and with a giggle and a peck seized it with her teeth.

The innovation proved so fascinating that the gum passed back and forth rapidly.

"It's almost kissin'. ain't it?" volunteered Betty.

"This time let's kiss," proposed Toddles gallantly.

While the gum was being transferred their lips touched with an audible double smack.

"Tain't wrong, is it?" debated Betty.

"Uh, uh! People kiss. 'Tain't nothin'," assured Toddles bluffly.

From their absorption in each other, there on the cozy horse-block beneath the trees, and surrounded by the glamour of May and late afternoon, they were abruptly distracted by a medley of riotous whoops.

Inimical, unsympa-

thetic eyes were observing them. Yes. Two boys of their own age had drawn near, unsuspected, down the walk, and now stood by.

With a little exclamation Betty sprang and sought the sanctuary of her gate. Toddles slid from the horse-block, and embarrassedly poked at a knot-hole in it. One of the boys was Tiddles.

"Kissin' a girl! Kissin' a girl!" hooted Tiddles and companion, vying in pitch and volume—Tiddles especially exhibiting animus.

"Shut up your old mouths!" retorted Betty scornfully. "Come on, Tiddles. We'll play in my yard. We don't care for them."

"I can't," faltered Toddles.

"He can't, he can't!" declared the real Tiddles. "You're goin' to get it, Toddles! Mama sent you on a errand, an' I'll tell her!"

"He isn't Toddles. He's Tiddles!" corrected Betty indignantly.



While the gum was being transferred their lips touched with an audible double smack.

"But he is! You are, too, Toddles—aren't you?"

Still poking at the knot-hole, Toddles nodded.

"Uh, huh!" he admitted.

Betty's face crimsoned and her eyes flashed.

"Oh, an' you said you were Tiddles!" she gasped.

"I didn't, either. You never asked," defended Toddles.

"But you pretended! I hate you!" And with a stamp of her small foot Betty, bursting into tears of anger and chagrin, turned and ran for the house.

"Betty! I was comin', Betty!" Tiddles called imploringly after her.

"Don't you dare. I hate you both!" wailed Betty over her shoulder as she sped.

Amid a short, awkward silence the trio left outside the picket fence stood helplessly exchanging looks. Grief and rage and treachery had invaded the little paradise of the Blossoms' horse-block, to nullify its happy vibrations.

"I got to go," murmured Toddles, starting away.

"So've we; come on, Tiddles," spoke Tiddles' companion.

"I'm goin' to tell mama on you!" threatened Tiddles at his brother's back retiring up the walk. Then, with a wistful glance toward the Blossom front porch, where Betty had disappeared, he followed his friend in the opposite direction.

Toddles heard, and believed. Apprehension, elation, regret, mingled within him, disturbing him. The revenge of which he had availed himself was not without its disagreeable consequences. Betty's tears, his mother's waiting reproaches, and perhaps worse—repetitions of the derisive cry: "Kissin' a girl! Aw, Toddles was kissin' a girl!"—thoughts such as these constantly recurred to smite him. He strove to summon a defiant whistle; it came, weak and discordant.

However, low as he had fallen—lower even than his decadent twin—and uneasily as had culminated his program, he could not but guiltily admit, recalling the horse-block and Betty, that in some details memory was sweet.



#### HER LIGHTEST WISH.

SHE—Before marriage you said my lightest wish would be your law.

HE—Well, what do you want?

SHE—An automobile!

HE—Do you call that light? Why, them things weigh two or three tons!



#### UNPROFESSIONAL.

PAT—And phat doctor did ye have?

MIKE—None at-all. Oi doctored meself, and got well in two days!

PAT—Sure, 'tis a poor sort av doctor ye'd make, to cure a patient so quickly as thot!



#### HE KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

WIFE—I've got such a headache! I wish I could keep Johnnie out of the house for an hour or two.

HUSBAND—Why not go to the door and tell him to "come in this instant"?



# *The Out-of-Town Girl in New York*

BY *Grace Margaret Gould*

NEW YORK is like a big flower-show at Easter-time, with the Easter girl the fairest flower of all.

From the Lenten season she emerges resplendent, arrayed in the latest effects. To the out-of-town girl she is a bewildering, ever-changing delight. And, incidentally, to study her is to know all that is newest in the spring fashions.

It is evident that the Easter girl knows her own mind better than she does the supposed mind of some self-appointed dictator in fashion; for, instead of being dressed, she now dresses herself; and the result is that she wears only what is suited to her own individuality. That's one of the special charms of the 1906 Easter girl, and one of the first things that is apparent to the out-of-town girl who comes to New York to study her. But then she has many another charm, too. She has an unusually fetching little waist that gives her a witchery all her own. She wears floating, filmy neck-scarfs this spring, and she coquets with you behind big bunches of flowers, which, when you investigate, you find are the very newest things in muffs. The out-of-town girl who happened to be in New York before Lent was delighted with the way the New York girl carried her flowers, for, whether they were a bunch of violets, a cluster of orchids, lilies of the valley, or a single American beauty rose, she fastened them to her muff.

But that was before Lent. Now the latest Easter fad is the muff made of real flowers. It's extravagant, to be sure; but the New York girl who wants a new fad every week doesn't have to worry her pretty head over the cost of things. So, instead of wearing her violets at her corsage or pinned to her muff, she has them made up by her florist in the form of a muff, which she uses just as if it were fur or lace and velvet.

She is a vision of loveliness, this Easter girl with her flower-muff, and she appears to you slim and willowy, and really looking much taller than she did a few months ago. The out-of-town girl is wondering what has become of the New York girl's hips, and what magic she has used to change her big, athletic-looking form into one of girlish slenderness. It isn't magic; it's just the new fashion. The small waist is in; long lines and trailing skirts for everything but knockabout wear are in favor; and it is the picturesque that is in vogue.

The Easter costumes are artistic, and so many are the designs shown, that, generally speaking, the right girl wears the right frock.

A course in physical culture and the services of a masseuse really seem necessary before the girl of the early winter is ready to get into her Easter frocks. The Princess gown, which is the height of fashion, demands the small waist and slight hips; and the

women who can meet these requirements should certainly wear the Princess frock this year. The New York girl has been training for it, and she intends to wear it.

The more perfect her figure, the plainer the gown she selects. If her bust is not too large, she also looks with favor on the high corselet Princess skirt, which she wears with a variety of waists and the shortest and cutest-looking little bolero jacket.

Whenever it is possible, however, she has some connecting link between the waist and the skirt. Even in the lingerie models this is often so, as she introduces in the embroidered design of the waist the prominent color note of her skirt.

Fine tucks play a prominent part in many of the newest sheathlike Princess frocks, while in those made up in the soft silks and the veilings a shirred corselet effect is seen.

The New York girl is more enthusiastic than ever over the Eton jacket costumes; and she has shown, with the aid of her dressmaker, much ingenuity in designing her spring Eton jacket costumes so that they have a look of novelty. The jackets are cut in all sorts of odd shapes—some very short, and others with the fronts in stole effect. Those made of a series

of stitched and button-trimmed tabs mounted on a yoke portion are something quite out of the ordinary.

The best liked Etons are those that fit the figure, though many box Etons are seen. However, when a loose-fitting coat is desired, it is the smart pony coat that the New York girl selects. It is single-breasted and loose-fitting, and is made with elbow-sleeves or long sleeves, just as she happens to prefer.

By the way, the out-of-town girl is somewhat worried over the fate of the sleeve, and she wonders, as she looks about her, if its days are not numbered, for the fashionable sleeve is certainly rapidly growing less and less; and it is getting smaller, too, which is a fashion note to remember.

Elbow-sleeve waists have been the vogue for some time, and they are still all the rage, but the very fashionable elbow-sleeve, just a little while ago, ended in a dainty frill, which fell below the elbow. Now the smartest elbow-sleeves finish above the elbow, and the

cry for a pretty elbow—one worthy to be shown—is heard throughout the land. The edict has gone forth that very short sleeves will be worn this summer.

The New York girl and her Easter



Chip hats filled with flowers are now carried by bridesmaids.



*A fluffy little shoulder cape of dotted net.*

hat were never more interesting than this year. To the out-of-town girl the new hats are a puzzle, and to get them on as they should be worn is a feat she finds hard to accomplish. So strange are the shapes, and so eccentric the arrangement of the trimming in many of the imported models, that the poor little out-of-town girl is quite apt to put them on just the way she shouldn't. Of course they are tilted, some at the back and some at the side, and the majority are small in shape. There are many plateaux bent into the oddest of shapes, and smart little sailor hats are also in fashion.

The treatment of the sailor hat this spring varies greatly. Sometimes it is trimmed merely with a wreath of flowers encircling the rather low crown. For example, a pale-blue straw sailor will have about the crown a wreath of little pink button-roses, and where it is tipped up at the back it is filled in with pale-blue maline. Another sailor

shape may show a much higher crown, banded with black velvet, with a cluster of rather large roses and green leaves fastened at the left side, and one rose caught to the side bandeau, which gives the hat just a bit of a coquettish tilt. For a sailor of this description unbleached leghorn is a favorite straw. Sailor shapes with little bowl crowns of satin are among the novelties. Many ferns are used as a trimming for the Easter hats, and much shaded ribbon; ostrich feathers are worn, but the willow effect is little seen. Buckles of flowers are fashionable, and many quills and wings are used. Little old-fashioned bouquets of flowers are considered a smart trimming, and shadow-veils are worn on many of the hats.

A very curious shape is known as the "hood." It could not truthfully be con-



*Suspenders to match the skirt, made with fleur-de-lis ends.*

sidered a thing of beauty, but its chief advantage seems to be that it can be twisted into innumerable shapes. A specially fashionable model of this sort is one that rolls up at both sides, forming a decided point in front. This hat is worn tilted way up at the back, and flowers are used as the trimming, straying over it in vine effect.

The New York girl, who learned long ago to economize space, has discovered a way to have a cheval-glass in her bedroom, and yet not have it take up one bit of space. She has her closet door inlaid with a mirror. It's the most convenient thing imaginable, for she can see exactly how her skirt hangs, and, with the aid of a hand-glass, view herself from the back—which is something very essential this year, as not only the backs of the hats, but the backs of the new waists, are lavishly trimmed. Then, since false curls and puffs have become such necessary accessories of the tout ensemble, it is quite essential to get a glimpse of yourself as others see you.

Much depends this Easter-time on the proper adjustment of the little accessories of the toilet. The out-of-town girl learns a great deal in this direction as she watches the New York girl dress.

It is the arrangement of her curls, and the proper placing of the combs in her coiffure, and the right pose of her hat, which give the New York girl's head such a chic look. Then it's just the same story in the way she dresses her neck. No matter if high collars are the vogue, the New York girl wouldn't think of wearing one if her own neck happened

to be short. She makes a point of having the collar fit the neck in more ways than one. Just now she particularly favors the airy, coquettish chiffon neck-scarf, which she wears knotted loosely in front, with one end thrown carelessly over the left shoulder. As beauty touches, these scarfs are certainly a success. They come in the loveliest of colors, and are scattered with a delicate hand-painted floral design, and the best part of it is that they can

be cleaned and also laundered, and yet the flower design will still be visible.

Fluffy, filmy shoulder-capes are one of the little Easter fashions which the New York girl looks upon with approval. The prettiest are double-capes of accordion-plaited net. At the neck they are finished with two little plaits, one falling down and the other standing up. The up-standing frill is usually in a contrasting color from the rest



*The coquettish hand-painted neck scarf, and the way to wear it.*

of the cape, and is always in a shade which is most becoming to the wearer. These capes fasten at the neck with velvet ribbons, which tie in a rather small bow with very long ends.

Suspenders and brettelle effects continue to be fashionable, and many of the crepon, crêpe-de-chine, and soft silk skirts are made with suspenders of self material. A crêpe-de-chine skirt in the new shade of yellow called Mais-Alice, which has just been made for a New York girl who has a reputation for smart dressing, was made with suspenders of the crêpe-de-chine, which showed groups of tiny tucks here and there, and which were finished at the bottom to simulate a fleur-de-lis. Each petal of the fleur-de-lis was appliquéd with an exquisite lace motif; and the same lace motif, only a trifle larger, was introduced as the trimming of the white lingerie waist, which was made purposely to wear with this crêpe-de-chine skirt.

The out-of-town girl who comes to New York at Easter-time would be

greatly disappointed if she could not attend at least one smart Easter wedding. She would feel that her education in things fashionable was sadly lacking if she hadn't the opportunity of seeing, anyway, one Easter bride, and of observing the new frills introduced in the costumes of the bridesmaids. It may interest the out-of-town girl who can't come to New York to know that the majority of the fairest and richest of the Easter brides will have their wedding-dresses designed in Princess fashion. Empire frocks are considered good style for bridesmaids, and instead of these maids carrying conventional bouquets, as of old, the new fad is for each bridesmaid to have swinging from her arm a big picturesque hat with the crown filled with flowers. These hats are very lovely in faint green chip, suspended from very pale-green satin ribbons, and filled with lilies of the valley and maidenhair fern. They also look charming in light blue, with huge bunches of pink and white sweet peas filling the crown.



### A Love Test

Maidens fair who desire to know the fate of their love may count the daisy leaves to this charm, instead of "He loves me, He loves me not."

"My love is constant as the star,  
As fickle as the wind,  
As changeful as the ocean bar,  
As the sweet summer kind.  
In love I'll sorrow find.  
My love brings comfort, as the sun,  
As fire he shall destroy.  
My love is fair to look upon—  
An ever-present joy.  
My love shall have alloy.  
Yea!  
Nay!  
Love shall stay!  
Love shall come and fly away!  
Yea!  
Nay!"

# A Beggar's Wooing

By Jean Blewett

"THERE'S no nonsense about my Nan; not a bit—the most practical girl alive," is what Adam Forester tells all his friends. There is solace in the fact. His brother Richard, just over the way, has four stalwart sons to inherit his name and property, while he has only his slender bit of a lass. It doesn't seem quite fair. Although when the wealthy old farmer gets at this point in his cogitations he stops to comfort himself with the assurance that Nan is the most practical woman alive.

There are no "notions" in her head. She wouldn't spend her money foolishly after the manner of some pretty girls; she wouldn't neglect her cook-book for all the novels in the world. Adam Forester is glad enough that Nan is the girl she is, for in the depths of his mind is stowed away the sure and certain knowledge that if Nan were otherwise he would be as wax in her hands.

Coming up the pathway from the orchard on this September morning, he glances in at the open kitchen door for a moment, then goes on with the look of a man well content.

"The most practical woman in the world," he says, with unction, "washing her frocks and petticoats as old-fashioned as you please, and John Somers waiting to say good-by to her. John doesn't appreciate her good qualities, I fancy. Looks as though he wanted to hang himself. Poor lad!"

The "poor lad" is having a bad time of it in the farmhouse kitchen. Hardly a glance has Nan vouchsafed him since he came in, hot, tired, and miserable, half-an-hour ago. He has the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and this is saying a great deal. There he sits, looking sometimes at Nan, but oftener at his boots, splashed generous-

ly with the soil of the marshland pasture at the back of the farm, which until yesterday was his own.

Through this pasture he has gone this morning with the purchaser of his fine herd of cattle. He has raced and run till even his great body is weary, for the tall steers had refused the call to leave the place where the grass kept soft and green instead of withering up as in other spots, where the alders showed first their wealth of creamy white blossom, then their wide bunches of black-red berries; where the spice-wood sent its breath everywhere, where wild grape-vines spread themselves out grandly to make a shelter and a shade; where the blackbird sang its earliest and latest song, and the frogs croaked noisily all night through.

Instead of coming through the gap, away the steers had galloped helter-skelter down narrow paths, hidden in ideal hiding-places, and generally misbehaved. Finally they had gone off with their purchaser, leaving John standing in the middle of the road. How sleek and fat they looked, the finest lot of cattle in the neighborhood! Sold—gone!

He made a queer grimace as they turned the corner. He struck his closed hand against the rail fence.

"I didn't think I'd care so much," he muttered. "Le'me see, everything is gone now. I'll go and say good-by to Nan."

He is waiting now for her to grant him a few moments—waiting with ill-concealed impatience.

"You're working hard," he says at length. "This must be your busy day."

"Oh, the work is nothing," she makes answer, without looking around; "a labor of love."

A homely sunflower thrusts its face

up to the open window, and nods to John in a knowing way. "Look at her," it seems to say; "look at her; she is worth the watching."

So she is. Her cambric gown is maybe a bit old-fashioned—in truth, 'tis one of her school-day gowns, but it fits the slim body to perfection, is a trifle low at the neck where the soft lace falls, and is guiltless of sleeves from the elbows to the wrists. As for length, well, you see, Nan has grown some inches taller since the skirt was made. It is short, decidedly short; half-an-inch of white embroidery shows beneath it, as Nan very well knows, for Sarah, the hired girl, passing through the kitchen awhile ago, called out:

"Your father loves you better than your mother, Miss Nan; sure your petticoat is longer nor your frock."

But Nan is not consumed with bashfulness at the thought of John finding her in so short a gown. She has on a pretty pair of tan stockings, number three boots, and her ankles are the neatest in the neighborhood.

As for John, he has carried her shoes and stockings many a time along the warm, dusty road, and helped her put them on at the schoolhouse gate. Of course all this was ever and ever so long ago.

"Nan," he says, "why don't you let Sarah do that? I want to talk to you."

"Sarah!"—with fine scorn. "Do you know what I am doing? I am washing my blue organdie and my striped dimity, to say nothing of a few fancy waists. A likely thing I'd let Sarah try her hand on my very best finery! Now, don't kick that stool, and don't sit and scowl at the back of my head, please. Can't you smoke?"

"Never mind me," says John moodily. When has she minded him, indeed? "I don't want to smoke."

"Just as you like. I won't be long now"—bending over the tub in a way that the yellow sunflower seems to admire, for it thrusts its big face yet farther in. There is that about Nan which makes everything she does seem the right and proper thing. That the washing of her own pretty gowns is a labor of love is obvious. No hireling could lift each piece with such solicitude from its foamy bed, rub it, wring it, flit it in air, plunge it into the crystal depths of the rinsing-bucket with such care.

"The most practical woman alive." John recalls her father's oft-repeated assertion with growing irritation as he watches her. Practical! Did she not



*They had gone off with their purchaser, leaving John standing in the middle of the road.*

tell him the other day that she liked the sturdy, tall sunflowers at the window a great deal better than the morning-glory vine which all summer long swung its bells in the sunshine?

"There!"—with a look of pride at the rinsing-bucket beside her—"not a color has run. I was afraid of the dimity—mortal afraid of it. You remember the mauve muslin I had last summer, the one——"

"No, I don't," he interrupts. "Never mind about the muslin. You surely can think of something else besides finery."

"You're cross," she complains, "and all because I wouldn't leave my dresses in the soap-suds and talk to you. I know you detest the practical woman and love the other one."

"What other one? Explain yourself."

"Why, the sentimental, do-cherish-me one. But you mustn't blame me. I'm what nature made me." She glances in the little mirror and sees a fair, flushed face; damp, curling hair; a decided chin; nose fairly well-shaped; red, smiling lips; and two grave, dark eyes that seem too big for the face. She is not vain at all, but—well, any one with half an eye can see that the face is a pretty one.

"I'm not half so nice as Barbara, eh? She wouldn't have kept you in the

steam and heat all this time, not she; and all for the sake of a fluted waist and ruffled skirt. But then she has so many more pretty things than I, John"—looking at his boots—"you've been to marshland. Are the wild grapes ripe?"

For answer he takes a glossy, dark-blue cluster from his coat pocket and hands it to her.

"Oh, the pretty, sour things! Let us go and gather some to-morrow. I've promised father some of the kind of wine his mother used to make. He has the recipe. We'll go early. I declare I'm lonesome for a look at the old place."

"And I expect to be lonesome for a look at it many a time; Marshlands

isn't mine any longer." He speaks carelessly, but Nan, looking at him, is shocked at the pallor of his face.

"I wish I hadn't been washing when you came in," she says; "stand up and let me scrape the clay off your coat. If it dries on it will leave a stain. My father has all but ruined his Sunday trousers tramping down to see how well the new ditch drains the meadow. He won't take the time on a week-day, and the state, he gets his good clothes in is dreadful."

"Nan," says John wistfully, "are you as heartless as you seem?" The yellow sunflower stops nodding to listen.



"Never mind me," says John moodily.

"My, how can I tell?"—lifting her brows. "Men ask women foolish questions, and expect to find wise answers for them. What is it you mean?"

"I mean nothing at all."

"Yes, you do," she insists; "you want to quarrel with me to-day. What have I done?"

"Nan"—pushing the brush impatiently away—"tell me the truth. Are you really as much in love with handsome things—dresses, trinkets, furniture, a carriage, and all the rest of it—as you make out? There's such a difference in girls, you know. Some are happy if they can only make others happy—"

"That's Barbara," she interrupts. "I'd know the description anywhere."

"While others"—paying no attention to her rudeness—"can't be happy unless they've got everything."

"Ah! that's Nan Forester. Now, look here, John, I'm not going to pretend—I leave that"—with a saucy smile—"for the other girl to do. I'm worldly-minded, I'm selfish, and I'm very fond of nice things; I'm one of the girls that want all the good things of the earth."

"And I can never offer them to you." John moves farther from her. "Curious, isn't it? Blake's over ears in love

with you, and getting richer every day. He's a decent fellow, too, is Blake; square, if a little hard. He has got all I had—my farm, Marshlands, the house I was born in, every acre of the dear old place, the big orchard I planted, my chestnut mare—she knows your step and your voice, Nan—got everything."

Nan's face is sober enough now. "I am sorry," she says, laying one small hand, pink and funnily puckered with soap-suds, on his big, brown one, "very sorry. How did it happen?"

"It is the old mortgage, you see. If I hadn't been the stubbornest fool on earth, it would have gone before. But I couldn't let go. Father left it on me, in a way. The day he died—it will likely seem foolishness to you—I told him what I meant to do. You remember him, the big, kind fellow, the best man that ever lived, Nan. If you ever hear anybody trying to make out that he left too much on me, tell them—no, you needn't do that; but remember that you heard me say he was the best man that ever lived. The day he was buried I was eighteen. Folks were kind of blaming him for getting so in debt. Men that weren't good enough to wipe his shoes were whispering together. 'A

fine old place,' I heard one say, 'but mortgaged for all it's worth. What a foolish trick for a man to do!' I hated to see him lying helpless in his coffin, but I went in. There was only me, and I shut the door, and—and I talked to him. I told him I'd pay off the debt if I could; told him I was so strong the mortgage didn't scare me an atom."

He stops here, and presently she gently prompts him: "Yes, John?"

"I've worked hard enough, Heaven knows; worked and scrimped and saved; but—well, I'm no whiner. I was



The two men looked at each other.

licked long ago, but didn't know it. Never mind, I know it now. I'm down flat. Not that I'm hankering for sympathy, mind you! Blessed is nothing! The world is big, and there's some things—health, for one—the law can't touch, thank God! The happiest man I ever met was a beggar—lived a beggar and died a beggar." He stands up, a big, broad-shouldered giant, and stretches out his right arm—the arm of an athlete. "Jasper Blake, gentleman; John Somers, beggar. Good-by, little girl; good-by, Nannie."

The old, childish name, outgrown with other childish things! If this young face did not bear the unmistakable print of anguish, one might think he did not care. But John, with all his hatred of scenes, with his sense of fairness which forbids him to appeal to her sympathy, cannot quite hide that his heart is breaking.

"How much am I worth, John?" The sunflower seems to stand with its yellow head bent to listen, as Nan, in the prosaic farmhouse kitchen, asks the weighty question no scholar on this green earth has been able to answer since Adam wandered through.

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny  
plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring stream,

in the garden of Eden, a lone and lonesome man: How much am I worth?

The September sunshine kissing her soft, brown locks, her tender brow and eyes, her cheeks, her bafe, round arms, seems stamping a value of mighty worth on youth and love and the bloom of health. John looks at her, looks till he is fain to pull the torn brim of his straw hat over his eyes to hide what he would shame to have her see—the mist in their deep, blue depths.

"You're worth the whole world, little girl," he says huskily.

"Am I?" She steps close to him, a

certain proud surrender in her air, and holds out both hands. "Then you are no beggar, John—stupid John—you're the whole world richer than anybody else."

Now, a royal precedent has Nan for her boldness, but I doubt if any prince ever felt quite so proud, quite so overcome, as this farmer lad. He raises her hands to his lips, and if they smell of soap he heeds it not. Bankruptcy! What does the word mean, anyhow?

"Do you mean it, Nan?" he whispers.

"I generally mean what I say," retorts this exceedingly practical woman.

There is only an innocent-looking sunflower looking on, so John draws her very close to him, and kisses her lips for the first time.

"Now, do go," she says at length, "and let me get those things out to dry. I'm afraid my father will cease to think me the most practical woman alive, if he finds me dallying over such important work as washing a dimity dress."

"I'm afraid he will anyway when he knows about us, Nan; what's the good of you pretending to be practical when—"

"When I look about and find the things of value, eh? Listen to me, John—'tis seldom I talk sentiment—but I want to say that there is nothing of such value for life and death as love that is real and true. Now, go."

As he passes out at the front gate, a fine-looking young fellow is tying the chestnut mare, which until yesterday was John's own. The two men look at each other. Jasper Blake turns and looks at the broad acres he has won from John.

"Poor beggar!" he murmurs compassionately, as he goes up the path to the farmhouse.

John thinks of the girl he has won from this prosperous rival, and—

"You poor, poor beggar!" he exclaims out of the fulness of his heart.



# By Way of Interlude

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## THE PENALTY.

JUDGE—Ten days. But, hold! Haven't I seen your face before?

PRISONER—Quite likely, judge! I've often had me picter in patent medicine testimonials!

JUDGE—Oh, six months!

## A PUBLIC BLESSING.

SMITH—Don't you think cigarettes should be prohibited?

JONES—No. They've killed four dudes already that have wanted to marry my daughter!

## A CASE OF NECESSITY.

FATHER—I suppose that young man will want to live here with us after you are married?

DAUGHTER—No, papa; he won't want to—but I'm afraid he'll have to!

## HEROIC.

MRS. CHERUB—I feel sure baby will be a hero some day!

MR. CHERUB—Yes; he will probably live to grow up and get married, same as I did!

## PUTTING IT UP TO THE WEATHER MAN.

TEACHER—Now, Franklyn, what is the cause of thunderstorms, hailstorms, cyclones and tornadoes?

SCHOLAR—"Fair and cloudless" bulletins from de weather bureau, mum!

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

EDITH—He says he has unlimited means.

ETHEL—Oh, every man thinks that until he gets married.

## A SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION.

FORTUNE TELLER—For fifty cents I tell you all about your fate.

MISS GROGAN (*indignantly*)—Fate, indade! Oi want to foind out about me future husband—not me bunions!

## A HORRID SUSPICION.

MRS. DR. KNOWITALL (*to young lady undergraduates*)—And remember, girls, there is always room at the top.

MISS JONES (*anxiously*)—But don't you think it will be a trifle crowded after this class graduates?



THE KNEE EXERCISE—THE FIRST BENDING WORK A FAT WOMAN CAN DO

## The Matter of Reducing the Weight

By Augusta Prescott

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon all matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet, and health. Enclose a self-addressed envelope for a reply. Your letter will be confidential.

**T**HERE are women in the world who are too stout. There are men, too, for that matter. But the burden of stoutness falls more heavily upon a woman than upon a man.

A woman's clothes are built for a medium figure; her muscles are trained to support only just so much flesh; her feet and ankles are by nature adapted only to the carrying of a certain weight; and both she and her ideals are planned along slim lines. Therefore, when a woman becomes stout it is a matter of much seriousness to her.

Fat women have certain characteristics which single them out of a multitude. If your eyes were blinded you could still tell the very fat woman, not

from her appearance, but from her traits and ways—if these could be described to you!

Fat women are invariably thirsty; this is a fault both of the palate and of their stoutness. Fatness breeds thirst. They are always slightly hungry, and, while they do not eat a great deal, they eat just what they want, and as much of it as they like. If they cannot have what they want they eat nothing at all. It is a remarkable characteristic of the too-stout woman that, while craving food, she will eat nothing except the food she likes well. Thin women, on the other hand, nibble anything, and call themselves satisfied.

But the remarkable case of the fat woman is that she exercises not at all.



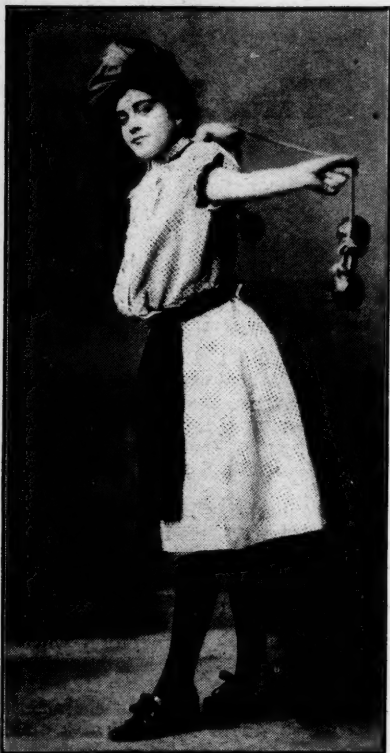
THE FIRST EXERCISE FOR THE FAT WOMAN: THE WALKING STEP

Burdened with her pounds, she gradually gets out of the habit of moving about, and soon it comes to pass that she actually cannot stir. Walking hurts her feet; household duties tire her terribly; exercises, such as gymnastics, are out of the question; and the very act of getting up and down-stairs or

moving about the room is an exertion. Her muscles have grown fat-bound. Fat, at this state, is a dangerous disease.

The most serious thing about the fat woman is her degeneration from the standards of beauty. She has ceased to be good-looking. For every pound of fat she has added a year to her age, and, now that she is stout, she has lost her girlishness, lost her "lines," lost her grace, and has ceased to be even stylish. Nothing fits her; nothing looks well upon her. She is too fat.

It was a woman with fifteen millions, who, rolling into the office of a Fifth Avenue physician, said: "Doctor, what can I do to get thin?"



SWING THE DUMB-BELLS OVER YOUR HEAD

"Walk around Central Park every day," said he; "and don't drink while you are eating."

The advice would have been good if followed.

But the trouble with the fat woman is that she cannot walk; a six-mile tramp around Central Park daily would be as impossible as a trip daily to the moon. She actually could not perform it. Her feet and ankles, her legs and her back, would refuse to work. As for going without drink at her meals—well, ask a fat woman how impossible that is! She would choke.

The remedy for the fat woman—a and by fat woman is meant one who is really too stout for good looks—is a slow one. She must work by easy stages, noting her progress as she goes along. She must be content with a few ounces off per day; and she must be hopeful. Hope is the very sum and essence of all things to the woman who is trying to get rid of her pounds.

Suppose, as a beginning, that a woman of five feet five inches, weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, desires to reduce her weight to normal, which would be somewhere near a hundred pounds less than she weighs. These

figures, while heavy, are by no means extreme. Hundreds of women tip the scales at over two hundred pounds, and thousands are just along the border of two hundred. They may not admit it, but they are.

Suppose such a woman, anxious to reduce, starts in to rid herself of her

superfluous pounds, what should she do first? And suppose she desires to get down to normal and remain at normal, how shall she proceed? What must she do every day? And what must she keep on doing?

To these questions there are three answers. She must exercise; exercise comes first. Second, she must diet; diet plays quite a part in the reduction rôle. Third, she must massage; massage is important and powerful if performed in the right way.

In addition to these three points come those of sleep, of occupation, of the temperature of the room in which she sits, of the friends she meets, of the enjoyments she takes, and of a thousand and one other things, apparently unimportant, each of which works powerfully upon the system.

A London specialist, who has reduced hundreds of women, principally ac-



WORK SLOWLY AND GRADUALLY UNTIL YOU CAN REST YOUR HANDS FLAT ON THE FLOOR—NOT ALL AT ONCE, BUT IN TIME

tresses, singers, and society belles, has this to say about reduction:

"I take it for granted that every fat woman is a bundle of nerves. I know that her skin is tender and her flesh very soft and easily bruised. I know that her susceptibilities are highly developed. She is sensitive to surroundings and influences. She is inclined to be hysterical, and it is very seldom that she is in good health.

"Knowing this, I begin with the outdoor-air cure for her. I set her walking around the block. The first day she walks once around; the second day she walks around two blocks; the third day she extends her tour to the circumference of three city blocks; and the fourth day to four. She keeps it up until she can walk around ten squares. Then she goes back and begins all over again, meanwhile taking certain home exercises and treatment.

"I find that fat women nearly all lace too tightly. Their muscles are bound in by steel. Frequently they are tightly clasped around the throat; and I have known them to wear tight shoes.

Put together in this manner, the fat woman cannot reduce. She must begin by letting out her clothing until it is actually loose. In this condition her muscles have full play.

"I advise fifteen minutes' swift massage twice a day. Slow massage develops. But the quick, hard strokes will reduce.

"I advise the taking of five-minute home exercises three times a day—not longer, nor oftener.

"I advise the eating of vegetables, fruits, and light foods, without too much starchiness. These, with little meat, will give just the right diet. In the way of drinkables, the stout woman can drink like a fish two hours after meals and two hours before. But no nearer and no oftener.

"In the matter of smaller details, I advise

the utmost care. The fat woman should breathe pure air. Hot, close air seems to fatten a woman. Houseworkers and those who are in the kitchen are generally stout. This is because they eat frequently and irregularly, and because they breathe hot, close air. The lungs and muscles do not seem to work



LET HER STAND ERECT AND TAKE THREE DEEP BREATHS

as well in such an atmosphere, and the fat accumulates.

"I cordially advise all fat women to eat tranquilly. Never quarrel at the table; never get excited; think pleasant thoughts; and eat slowly, and not so very much.

Let your food digest. Then, too, if a woman is very fat—fat enough to be around the danger point—she should be careful to keep her mind tranquil. It sounds absurd, but it is true that in time of sickness, agitation, or trouble, the fat woman puts on flesh. When well and happy, her fat seems to fade away; she reduces much more readily.

"My professional lady clients, actresses and singers who must reduce quickly, have no trouble at all taking off five pounds a week, and even more. I reduced a court beauty ten pounds in a week, so that her diamond necklace, which had grown too tight, would meet; and so that her court gown, which gaped in the front, would hook. And I have even taken off fifteen pounds in a week. But this is too much. The domestic woman

should be content with three pounds off a week."

The professional gentleman, had he been so inclined, might have gone farther into his professional secrets, which, by the way, consist largely of

exercise. But, as he did not do so, here they are, exactly as told by a woman who was a pupil of his, and who took off seventy-five pounds in a very short time.

The treatment begins with an exercise. This is the walking step. Put on a gymnasium-suit consisting of blouse waist and short skirt; and, with the waist and neck very loosely fastened, walk around the room. Open all the windows wide, place the hands upon the hips, and walk.

The rule is to lift the foot until it is at right angles with the waist. Walk around the room, lifting and lifting. The foot should clear the ground by twelve inches. Five minutes of this work will tire out the stout woman. But let her not be discouraged. It is her first day's task.

Right here it must be laid down as a



THE FAT WOMAN CAN TAKE THE SCHOOL GIRL'S EXERCISE—JUMPING THE HOOP

rule that the fat woman must be weighed daily. A pair of bath-room scales, costing about ten dollars, may seem an extravagance. But they will repay her in the long run. On the scales she can hang a card, and on the card she can note her daily progress. It will act as a great encourager to her.

After she has "walked" five minutes she will be overheated. She must now close the windows, put on dry clothing, and massage quickly and heavily for five minutes. The massage should be done with the flat of the hand, and should be downward over the hips, using hard strokes, as though one were trying to pound the fat away.

The Japanese, if they find themselves getting fat, take to pinching the abdomen. They gather up great handfuls of fat and squeeze it hard, the idea being to actually exercise the muscles and work off the fat in this way; and it succeeds if persevered in!

The fat woman's second-week exercise—for she must "walk" every day for the first week—is to stand erect, put both arms behind her, and lift. This will seem impossible at first. But, if she will do as directed, she will have little trouble.

Take two light dumb-bells, or even flat-irons will do, and tie them to the opposite ends of a jumping-rope. Lift the rope in your hands, swinging the dumb-bells over your head, and lower them as far at the back as you can. Do this just six times. In the afternoon try it six times again. Repeat,

walking up and down as you do so, every day for a week, followed by quick massage of the hips and the Japanese pinching of the muscles of the abdomen.

The diet, meanwhile, should be this: For breakfast, one cup of what one likes to drink; two eggs and one small roll. If preferred, one may take a chop or a cereal. For luncheon, nothing at all except a pint of milk sipped hot. For dinner, supposing the fat woman dines at night, there may be three vegetables, one kind of meat, and some green food. Nothing to drink. If thirsty when exercising, the fat woman can take a mouthful of fruit, which quenches the thirst well.

By the third week she is ready for the bending work. And here her troubles begin. There are plenty of things more fascinating to the fat woman than bending!

Her first bending exercise is the knee exercise. To perform this, bend one knee double, stretch out the other leg straight, place one hand flat on the floor, and balance with the other. Try this with both knees.

The other bending exercises which the stout woman will find herself able to perform in the next few weeks are these:

The side-to-side bending motion, bearing all your weight on one foot, bending to one side until your hand nearly touches the floor. Repeat by bending at the other side in the same manner.

The all-fours bending movement will



LIE FLAT ON THE FLOOR, PLACE YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HIPs, AND KICK UP YOUR HEELS. DO THIS THREE TIMES A DAY FOR FIVE MINUTES, FOR AN OCCASIONAL EXERCISE

follow. Stand erect, fill your lungs with good fresh air—for all the windows must be open. Then, without bending your knees, lean forward until your finger-tips rest on the tips of your toes. Stand thus a second, then bend the knees, lay the hands flat on the floor, and run around the room on all fours. This is fine exercise.

It will be quite awhile before the fat woman can bend backward. But she can try it gradually. Let her stand with feet well apart, place her hands on her hips, throw back her head, and bend backward. Go back as far as possible. Straighten up and repeat. Three times is enough for a trial.

On off days, when the fat woman does not feel like exercising much, say, on the very hot days of summer or the muggy days of spring, she can take the schoolgirl's exercise. Clad in a gymnasium-suit, she can jump the hoop. If the windows are wide open, she will find this as good as it was twenty years ago. It will make her feel light-footed and young again.

The woman who is trying to take off her flesh must learn deep breathing. She must wear her strings loose, and she must try to keep her poise. When dressed for evening, or for a walk, let her stand erect and stretch out her arms. Then let her take three long, deep breaths. This will get the lungs and the muscles in good working order.

Here are things for the fat woman to remember:

That a quick, hot bath in a good bath-vinegar will reduce the weight.

That, while reducing, she must stroke her muscles with a good astringent lotion, to keep them from getting baggy and flabby.

That she must not sleep more than seven hours a night, and not at all during the day.

That late suppers and between meals are impossibilities.

That discouragement is her worst foe.

And that all women can be thin if they want to be; for fat is very easily removed.

## Answers to Correspondents

**MY DEAR MRS. PRESCOTT:** In reading SMITH'S MAGAZINE I noticed your kind offer, and would be pleased to have you answer the following questions and furnish me with recipes if possible: I am very thin, about five feet seven inches in height, and only weigh one hundred and six pounds. I would like to know of something that will help me gain flesh. I want something to keep my hair from coming out—it is getting very thin. Thanking you in advance, I am, yours truly,

A WESTERN WOMAN.

The hair-tonic formula has been mailed to you. Let your druggist put it up. I am sorry you are so thin. Eating all you want of one thing is apt to make you fat. Try drinking cocoa and the chocolate preparations.

**EDITOR BEAUTY DEPARTMENT:** Please let me know of some way of whitening the skin of my face and neck.

A READER.

I am mailing you the formula. You can put it up yourself from ingredients right in the house, most likely. Use frequently, or as often as your skin needs whitening.

**DEAR MADAM:** I was delighted with the article in SMITH'S MAGAZINE on "The Woman Beautiful." I think it one of the best on that subject that I have read. I notice that you answer questions. Will you kindly give me the reduction diet? I am very stout, and, if possible, would like to reduce my flesh. Also please mention a good face cream. I am afraid of creams in general, as I am inclined to a growth of hair on my face, and would not like to use anything that would increase the growth. Thanking you,

Mrs. Y.

Try eating without drinking liquids of any kind. Drink two hours after meals. Experiment by leaving pastry out of your diet, also all sweets, sugars, sirups, and creamy foods. Thank you for your kind letter. I am sending you a face-cream formula that will prevent the growth of hair on the face.

**DEAR EDITOR BEAUTY DEPARTMENT:** I am a constant reader of SMITH'S MAGAZINE, and would like very much to have you send me a recipe for a hair-tonic. I had a fever, and my hair became gray. I am only thirty years old, and do not want to have gray hair. Can you send me a harmless remedy to darken the hair; also a cream for the face and hands, and a cucumber lotion?

ELLA.

You are too youthful, my dear young lady, for gray hairs. They can be kept at bay for many years yet. Try the hair-tonic, the formula for which I am sending you. Also try oiling the scalp now and then, to restore the moisture burned up by the fever. The cold-cream recipe has been sent to you.

**DEAR BEAUTY EDITOR:** After reading your article in SMITH'S MAGAZINE, I decided to write you. I have always wanted a pretty hand and arm. I really have well-shaped hands—narrow, with long, slender fingers and nice nails—but they are red and hard-looking, and, do what I may, I can't get them white. My arms are also a source of mortification. They are ugly, very thin, red, and with a heavy down on them. I would like so much to be able to wear elbow-sleeves; they are so cool

and so much more comfortable in our Southland. Now if you would tell me just what to use, and how, I would be so grateful. I have a very good complexion, and can wear low neck. Would also be glad if you would recommend something for my hair. I massage my scalp every night, but my hair is so thin, and seems to be lighter in color than is natural—and that is so unbecoming. I know you think I am asking a whole lot, but I would be glad to pay you for your advice.

MRS. E.

No charge at all, dear madam. Advice is free. I am paid by SMITH'S to answer your questions. The hair-tonic has been sent to you, also the formula for a bleaching cream and for removing superfluous hair. Good luck to you! You have the making of a pretty woman. All you need is a little encouragement and patience.

DEAR MRS. PRESCOTT: Will you kindly send the reduction diet? Also please tell me something that will remove freckles. I should like to know of anything which will make the hair glossy.

"MELROSE."

Your letter suggests a talk on hair culture, which I shall be glad to give very soon. Freckles can be removed with lemon-juice or cucumber lotion, home-made. Apply a skin food immediately to allay irritation.

MRS. AUGUSTA PRESCOTT: Having seen in SMITH'S MAGAZINE that if you could help the readers of the magazine on the health question you would do so, I ask you to kindly give me advice on what are known as deep-breathing exercises. I would like to know how to take same, and also if it is necessary to have instructions from an expert? Any information you may be able to give me on this subject will be more than appreciated by me.

"ROCKLAND."

It is not necessary to have a teacher. In the near future I shall publish in SMITH'S—with the permission of our Editor-in-Chief—a complete set of deep-breathing exercises. Meanwhile, loosen your clothing, stand by the window, and inhale.

DEAR MADAM: I am a reader of SMITH'S MAGAZINE, and I see that, by addressing you, I can get full information as to reduction dieting, free of charge. Will you advise me as to how to diet, and other particulars of reducing flesh? I am too heavy, and would like to get thin. Thanking you for the information, I am yours,

"MAY."

Dieting does not mean going without food. It means eating the right things. For breakfast, take one cup of coffee, and all the fruit and chops you want. For luncheon, sip a pint of hot milk. For dinner, eat no starchy food or pastry. Do all your water drinking between meals. Walk five miles a day, and report progress.

DEAR MADAM: Will you give me some advice on diet and health? Can the cream that is made with the sprig of sweet clover in it be made without the clover? The clover cannot be obtained now. How is the cucumber lotion for bleaching the hands made? Also please mention a good cream for rubbing into the hands at night. Hoping to receive a reply to my questions, and thanking you, I am,

N. M.

The various recipes have been mailed to you. Yes, you can leave out the sprig of clover, substituting a few pine-needles, if you wish. The pure juice of cucumbers, with one-third the quantity of water and a few grains of borax, is most excellent for the skin.

DEAR BEAUTY EDITOR: I am very thin, and would like to develop my figure. My bust measurement is only thirty-two inches.

KATE V.

I am sending you a formula which has been highly recommended for the development of the chest. With this preparation one of my readers enlarged her bust measurement from thirty-four inches to thirty-eight inches in a short time.

DEAR MADAM: I am enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, as per offer in SMITH'S MAGAZINE, and would like information on the following subjects: First—I am excessively stout, though I am only thirty-four years old. What would be the best way to reduce? Would you suggest exercise, diet, or a medicine? Second—Is there any method of removing superfluous hair except the electric-needle. Third—Would like to know how to make glove paste. Thanking you in advance,

"VIRGINIA."

I would not advise you to take a reduction medicine. Try diet and massage, especially the latter. Massage vigorously, half-an-hour, twice a day. Directions for removing superfluous hair have been mailed, also recipe for glove paste.

DEAR MRS. PRESCOTT: Kindly send me the formulas for the following: Face cream, a glove paste for whitening hands, and home-made perfume. Also tell me how to mix lanolin and peroxid, or, rather, what proportions to use to make the mixture the proper consistency.

MRS. A. C.

The formula for the cream and the paste have been mailed, with directions. For home-made perfume, take one pint of spirits of cologne, one grain of musk, and half an ounce of oil-of-rose geranium. Mix, and allow to stand two weeks. This will cost much less than a dollar, and will give you a quantity of very strong perfume, which can be diluted.

BEAUTY DEPARTMENT: Will you please send me recipes for making hand cream, glove paste, nail paste, nail emollient, soap jelly? Also please send a good recipe for bleaching face and hands white; and one for stimulating the growth of the eyebrows and eyelashes, and for making the eyebrows black or brown.

QUAKER GIRL.

The recipes have been sent to you. Paint your eyebrows every night with a cream made of vaseline and almond oil, half and half.

MY DEAR BEAUTY EDITOR: Please send me directions for making cucumber lotion; also a good hand cream, and glove paste, and a nail emollient. Yours truly,

MRS. JOHNSTON.

Please ask only one question at a time. The hand-cream formula has been sent to you. For a nail emollient use olive-oil, or almond-oil if you prefer, warmed, and thickened with mutton-tallow, in the proportion of a lump of the tallow the size of a walnut to an ounce of the oil.

The above letters are just a few of the many received. Readers are asked to write as often as they please stating their needs. There is no charge. Please do not offer money. Write on one side of the paper only, and enclose a self-addressed envelope. Your name will not appear, and your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. Address: "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York."

# What Americans Are Thinking

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## Old Age is Not Necessarily the End of Usefulness.

THE one special charm in Doctor Osler's recent book is his evident desire to be more than a physician; but where I find myself differing from him quite radically is that he looks at things from his own point of view as a specialist and physician. The advantage of culture is to liberate us from the provincialism of our specialty. Consider the opinion which he expresses and the remarkable attention that has been paid to it. Foreign and domestic news was almost eclipsed by the utterance of the physician on old age. Why this extraordinary attention? I take it that it was because it aroused a certain mood of combined defiance and fear. Many people believe that for them this life is the only life. Another reason is that in the utterance there are certain conditions in the industrial world which seem to deal with what he said. To crowd out the old—nay, not only the old, but the middle-aged—and push forward the young seems to be very much in evidence to-day. What about his opinions themselves? He has been reported as saying that the work of the world has been done by men under forty. He has been misquoted and misreported. What he says is that for the first twenty years of life it is study, from twenty to forty investigation, and from forty to sixty profession, and then—not chloroform, but retirement on a double allowance. I do not want to make a sweeping statement, as Doctor Osler has done, to the effect that the work of the world has been done by men over fifty years of age, but some men blossom early, some blossom late, and there is no reason why you and I should not blossom late, and if we have blossomed early, there is no reason why we should not blossom a second time. Richness and variety of judgment cannot be the property of young men.—FELIX ADLER, Head of the Ethical Culture Society.

## Dinner-Party Politics Are the Politics Which Corrupt.

DINNER-PARTY politics are the most modern and up to date. The ring invites all the influential corporation men of the State to meet the unsuspecting candidate at a glorious feast in some New York hotel. They first talk about the great Republican party that saved the Union and freed the slave—having that afternoon contributed generously to a Democratic organization of a Democratic county. Then they tell the candidate that all the corporations want is justice and "a square deal," confidentially adding, in a whisper, that he is the first real statesman the country has produced since the time of Jefferson. It is not a temperance dinner, and little by little the politician begins to think that there's something in that, and before the dinner is over he is convinced that the public is very unjust to the corporations and their managers. The politician is now in the ring, the deposit in his bank begins to grow, and his son-in-law begins to do a live brokerage business, and his second cousin becomes third vice-president of a contracting company. Later he makes a speech advocating a policy of doing nothing, and thinks that to make the corporations pay their fair share of the burdens of taxation would cause a panic.—EVERETT M. COLBY, Reform Leader in New Jersey.

## New York and American Women Are the Best Dressed in the World.

WITHOUT doubt, New York women are the best dressed women, not only in this country, but in the whole world. This, of course, I do not say of individuals, but speaking generally. It seems to me, though, that I might speak more than collectively, at that, when

I take into consideration the fact that the best dressed women in other towns are in New York so much that they are not strictly identified with their native cities, and certainly they do not depend upon local taste for the success of their wardrobes. Mrs. Widener I might mention as being one of the most beautifully and becomingly dressed women of my acquaintance, but, although she is from Philadelphia, she is strictly cosmopolitan. I might add that she patronizes American originality almost altogether, with the best possible results. It is noticeable that I can distinguish a New York customer who comes to me for the first time, even though I have had no idea that she did not live thousands of miles away from the metropolis. New York women know how to wear their clothes when they get them, which is a most indispensable quality, and not the least of the success of good dressing.—MRS. JOSEFA NEILSON OSBORNE, Dressmaker to New York Society.

### The Integrity Trust Has Descended Upon Us.

HAVE you heard of the Integrity Trust? This trust is composed of a sequestered group who correspond in number and pretensions to the tailors of Tooley Street. You are all scoundrels. You may not know it, but you are. The Integrity Trust has so decided, and there is no appeal. But there is hope. Indeed, there is no escape from hope, for the Integrity Trust is grimly determined that you shall be reformed. You are in the position of the man suspected of having appendicitis. If you have money enough to pay the surgeon you must have your appendix removed, whether you have one or not. It no longer suffices for one to be honest. He must holler about it; and if he hollers loud enough, the exploitation of his virtue may win admission to the Integrity Trust itself. For others who are shy or inherently incapable of making their honesty notorious, there is no hope of either immediate recognition or ultimate salvation.—COLONEL GEORGE M. HARVEY, Editor, *Harper's Weekly*.

### If Five Thousand Churches Were Burned it Would Do Good.

WHILE I do not wish to be sensational, I frankly believe that the country would be better off if the torch were applied to at least five thousand churches. Some of these churches are living at a poor, dying rate, and it would be far better if many of them could be burned, the people gathered together in one large church, and the surplus of money almost wasted used to carry the gospel into those fields where it has not heretofore been taken. By so doing, the cause of Christ and of humanity would be far better conserved. Barriers have been erected throughout the ages that have tended to isolation and division, but now we are getting another interpretation, and it is toward unity and harmony.—M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, President Hamilton College.

### Women Will Control Things in Fifty Years.

IT is my prediction that in fifty years from now the women of this country will outclass the men, both in business and in the public affairs of the country. I base my assertion on the fact that at present in the high schools throughout the United States the girls outnumber the boys four to one. A number of universities have placed a limit on the number of young women they will receive.—S. B. McCORMICK, Chancellor, Western University of Pennsylvania.

### Openwork or "Peek-a-Boo" Lace Has No Place in Public.

OUR purity crusade will be directed against the perils of immodest dressing. Openwork has its place, but that place is not in public, and it is seen altogether out of place. The openwork stocking is full of danger to the purity of the youth of our land. I deplore the steadily growing tendency to the immodest and unnecessary display of a woman's person.—MRS. KATHERINE STEVENSON, President Massachusetts W. C. T. U.

# The LATEST FASHIONS For LIMITED INCOMES



THE fashions designed for the Easter girl of 1906 make the casual observer think that the spring season has been quite overlooked. Light, airy effects are everywhere, and the Easter gowns look as if they were especially designed for balmy summer days. All new materials shown the spring girl, who is doing her Easter shopping, emphasize this fact. The fabrics most in demand are on the veiling order. Silk and wool veilings are seen in a variety of novel patterns—striped, checked, and figured. The cloths are of satin texture, and many are embroidered in the *à jour* effect. The mohairs are lighter in weight than ever, and more silky, too. Very sheer poplins are among the fashionable spring fabrics; and some of the most stylish are those seen in stripes of contrasting colors. Eolienne and voile make many of the most exquisite Easter costumes, and the soft, lustrous silks will also be used.

In colors it is the same story—very light shades are favored. In the suitings, gray and white mixtures are in demand. Old rose and coral tints are fashionable, as well as the shades of buff, beige, and maize. Both the Alice blue and the porcelain blue will be worn more than ever, and the grays in the silver and tuberosé tones.

As far as designs are concerned, Dame Fashion has put her seal of approval upon many. Princess effects are the height of fashion, and the Princess skirt worn with the short Empire bolero will be the most pronounced style seen on Easter day. Princess gowns

trimmed to simulate the short-waisted Empire effect will also be the vogue.

The more practical Easter costumes will be the Eton coat suits. In these jaunty little jackets many novelties are introduced, not only in the coat, but in the form of elaboration. In sleeves, it is the elbow model that is the most fashionable, made in a full bell effect, or in a puff, finished with a gauntlet cuff. Both the dart-fitted and the box Eton are considered good style. Pony coat suits are also the fashion. The pony coat is very like the box coat, and when made single-breasted, collarless, and with elbow-length sleeves, it is a decidedly jaunty little garment for the slender type of woman.

Skirts are circular, gored, and plaited. Many are finished with a deep flounce. The panel-front skirt is still in fashion, and the length is just a question of the occasions on which the skirt is to be worn. If for shopping and walking, then it well escapes the ground all around; while if for calling, church, and general dress-up affairs, it must touch everywhere, and be made with a slight sweep at the back. All the skirts fit carefully over the hips, and many of them open invisibly at the side rather than the back.

Costumes en suite are much the vogue this spring. That is, not only must the waist and skirt match, but the wrap should match also. And often a costume has two coats—a short coat or cape for every-day wear, and a long, more elaborate wrap for evening and certain other occasions, where a garment to cover the gown is needed.



No. 5395—Lady's Waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

No. 5391—Lady's Fifteen Gored Skirt. Pattern cut for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measures.



No. 5619—Lady's or Miss's Eton Jacket. Pattern cut for 30, 34, 38 and 42 inch bust measures.

No. 5530—Lady's Nine Gored Skirt, in Habit Style or with Applied Box Plait in the Back. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measures.

## For the Girl in Her Teens



**WHIMSICAL** Dame Fashion plans all sorts of airy gowns for this changeable young person who to-day is a girl and to-morrow a dignified woman. Her slender, graceful form permits of many ruffles and frills which would look out of place on an older woman.

Because her gowns are seldom worn more than one season, she may have the very newest and latest styles, and not worry about making the frocks over next year. Spring styles are especially appropriate for girls in their teens; and the fabrics, too, have a truly youthful appearance.

There are soft silks—plain, spotted, and flowered—as well as semitransparent woolen fabrics, with fine hair stripes or checks in self color. The chevrons for every-day wear come in pale shades as well as the more somber tones of Queen's gray, and some have invisible plaids of white, which seem to be just the thing for traveling or street wear. Street suits, made with jaunty little Etons, are provided with corselet girdles, which fit so beautifully that they give the effect of the fashionable Princess gowns, but may be removed with the Eton when the skirt is worn indoors.

Gowns of old-rose veiling are particularly becoming to fair-haired girls, the color being quite trying to older folks. A

No. 5572—Miss's Waist. Pattern cut for 15, 16 and 17 year sizes.

No. 5382—Miss's Plaited Flounce Skirt. Pattern cut for 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 year sizes.

dress of this kind is shown in illustration Nos. 5572, 5382. Tucks on the shoulder, back, and front, provide becoming fulness for the waist, which blouses well over the girdle of black velvet. This girdle gives a desirable note of color to the entire costume. The neck is cut out in an odd manner and worn with a shield of old-rose silk, trimmed with bands of black lace. Deep cuffs, which finish the elbow-sleeves, are also trimmed with bands of lace. The skirt is made with a gored upper portion, to which the plaited flounce is attached.

Quite as becoming, but entirely different in design, is costume Nos. 5496, 5354, where Alice-blue rajah silk is attractively trimmed with velvet in a darker shade of blue. This waist is made with a yoke, which has long, square tabs back and front, outlined by rows of tiny velvet buttons. Elbow puff-sleeves are finished with deep cuffs, buttoned at the back seam.

The skirt is made in three circular sections, each having two tucks at the lower edge. The upper section is finely tucked in yoke effect. The middle section is plain, while the lower part of the skirt is a circular flounce, gathered at the top, and attached to the middle section under the tuck. Each tuck is edged with a narrow band of blue velvet ribbon.

For the young girl who wears sheer white dresses in the summer-time, there are the daintiest colored slips of pink,



No. 5496—Miss's Waist. Pattern cut for 15, 16 and 17 year sizes.

No. 5354—Miss's Tucked Circular Skirt. Pattern cut for 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 year sizes.

blue, and pale-green lawn. The economical mother makes them in Princess style, fastening at the back. The lower edge is finished with a deep lace-trimmed flounce of the lawn.

## Fashions for the Shirt-waist Girl



No. 5579—Lady's Shirt-waist. Pattern cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inch bust measures. The medium size will require three yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 5262—Lady's Box Plaited Skirt. Pattern cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inch waist measures.



No. 5466—Lady's Surplice Shirt-waist. Pattern cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material.

THE shirt-waist girl is so important a young person nowadays that she has a variety of fashions designed exclusively for her. Shirt-waist suits are more in fashion than ever, and there is simply no end to the smart and fetching designs in which they are developed. The linen shirt-waist suits are trimmed lavishly with embroidery, and extremely good style effects are seen when the embroidered design matches exactly the color of the costume. Then, again, much raised white embroidery is used on suits of Alice blue, old rose, green, and tan linen.

The rough silks are also made up into shirt-waist suits this year, and are frequently trimmed with bands or pipings of velvet. Checked taffetas are among the favorite materials for the shirt-waist suit, too; and in many of the costumes tucks play a prominent part.

The display of shirt-waists empha-

sizes the fact that every type of woman has been considered in their designing. There are patterns suited to the stout and the slender woman, the young and the old, the girl who is fond of quaint effects, and her sister, who is a bit of a coquet, and likes to reflect that fact in her clothes. All the sheer white cotton fabrics are those most employed for shirt-waists. Batiste is perhaps the favorite, though many of the daintiest waists are made of lawn and handkerchief linen. For very fine lingerie waists silk nainsook is a new material much in favor. The more elaborate waists button in the back; the plainer, more tailor-made styles in the front. Very many elbow-sleeves are used, yet the long sleeves for practical, every-day wear are still with us. In trimming, the very newest idea is to combine embroidery and lace in one model, or two or three kinds of lace.



No. 5473—Lady's Shirt-waist. Pattern cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36 inch material.

## Spring Styles for Little Girls

**S**PRING frocks for little girls are the daintiest creations imaginable, and seem to be designed exclusively for their wee wearers, instead of following styles for grown folks. She would indeed be a difficult mother to please

days are made of white silk serge, having a fine hair stripe or check of black. These are full-length box coats, fastened in double-breasted style, with collars, cuffs, and straps at the back of black velvet.

Embroidered flouncings are so deep, and the plain, upper portions of the flounces so sheer, that they may be used for fine wash dresses. An illustration of this is shown in dress No. 5558. Here the embroidered part of the flounce is used for skirt, cuffs, and yoke, while the tucked waist and puff-sleeves are of plain lawn. The style is also very pretty, made of check-cheviot, with a velvet bertha and lace yoke.

Blouse dresses are especially appropriate for school and afternoon wear. They may be made of cashmere, pongee, or challis, and will serve later on for cool days at the mountains or seashore. A desirable style is shown in illustration No. 5573. The full blouse waist is made with a yoke. The neck is cut



No. 5558—Girl's Dress. Pattern cut for 8, 9, 10 and 12 year sizes.

who could not find several charming frocks suitable for her little girl among the many new and effective ones shown for spring wear.

Following the popular idea that white is the color for children, fully one-half of the newest frocks are made of white silk, soft woolen materials in cream and white shades, or heavy and thin white wash fabrics, which come in an almost endless array of designs.

The coats for dress occasions are also white, which means all sorts of work for the cleaners. Every child must be supplied with at least two coats, for one will always be soiled. Although the combination of black and white is not considered quite a proper one for little folks, some novel coats for cool spring



No. 5573—Girl's Dress. Pattern cut for 8, 9, 10, 12 and 14 year sizes.

V-shape, and finished with a broad sailor collar, which has fancy tabs in front.

Quite the simplest and smartest things for morning are the one-piece Russian dresses. They are easy to make, and are quickly laundered—two very desirable attributes for the little girl's summer outfit. No. 5542 is shown here, developed in pale-blue linen, with bands of a darker shade; also made of polka dot percale, with mercerized braid for trimming. A narrow belt draws the dress in closely around the waist and has a smart dip in front.

Some of the prettiest frocks of the season are made of white Habutai silk, which washes as well



5521

No. 5521—Girl's Shirred Dress. Pattern cut for 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 year sizes.

as handkerchief linen, and looks like new after every trip to the laundry. For soft silk, shirred dresses like No. 5521 are appropriate. The full waist and skirt are finely shirred and arranged on a fitted body. A little touch of color may be given by using shoulder-straps of colored velvet.

Velvet ribbon may be used in many effective ways to trim dresses of Panama cloth, cashmere, or challis. The dress No. 5485 affords an opportunity for using velvet ribbon in a charming manner. A fitted body lining is faced with cloth to form the shield, and ribbon is applied in points on the shield. The tucked blouse is cut out and edged with ribbon.



5485

No. 5485—Girl's Dress. Pattern cut for 8, 9, 10 and 12 year sizes.



5542

No. 5542—Girl's Russian Dress. Pattern cut for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 year sizes.

## Little New Things in the Easter Fashions

**B**UTTONS are now sold in sets of three sizes to use as a trimming for one gown. Jeweled effects are in demand.

Every picturesque gown nowadays must have its filmy chiffon scarf to match. These scarfs are hand-painted, and the new process is such that they launder perfectly.

The color note is the new pronounced feature in the fashionable girl's handkerchief. It is not only the colored border and the colored embroidered initial that is used, but my lady's favorite flower is printed in color, perhaps in one corner, and sometimes in all four. The smaller the handkerchief the more fashionable it is.

The Easter hat is a thing of wonder this year. Plateaux are twisted into all sorts of curious shapes, and the more novel the form the better it is liked.

In many of the hats the tilt is marvelous. It is quite as frequently at the left side as at the back.

The cache-peigne is a most important feature. It is increasing not only in importance, but in size. Some of the newest cache-peignes for the Easter hats cover the entire back of the hat, and not only that, but they reach quite to the shoulders. These, however, are the extreme styles. Loops of ribbon are used, and showers of rose-buds, lilies of the valley, or violets. Of course, maline is employed to give a soft and airy look. The backs of the Easter hats have been considered quite as carefully as the front and side effects this year, and much of the trimming is massed there. The front brim in almost all of the new hats is conspicuously short. Light effects are everywhere in millinery.



## Useful Hints for Home Dressmakers

**P**ERHAPS every woman who sews, and is trying to remodel her last season's gown, does not know how quickly she can transform her short-gored skirt and give it a decidedly "up-to-the-moment" air.

Ruffles are fashionable at present, and any short skirt may be lengthened, to have the modish sweep, by trimming it with a four-inch ruffle of self fabric. Plaits at the back of last year's skirt should be pressed out smoothly and the fulness arranged in French gathers.

Women who aim to be in fashion, and who found the popular girdle of last summer very unbecoming, will be glad to know that the narrow belts of silk and ribbon are returning to favor. It is well to have the belt match the blouse, in color at least, as this lengthens the waist from one to two inches.

So many of the new collars are transparent that boned uprights are ab-

solutely necessary. If you find that the straight strips of featherbone come through the collar and prick the neck, try putting them in a new way. Use six strips instead of three, two in front and two at each side. Cross them, and secure them in the center of the collar as well as at the points. This will give more body to the collar, and prevent the ends from coming through the edges.

There is no doubt about the popularity of the elbow-sleeves, and most women would like to have all of their new blouses made with half sleeves. The wearing of long gloves is an extravagance, which must, however, be considered. A wise woman will make adjustable cuffs for her lace and silk waists. These may have tiny hooks at the upper edge to correspond with eyes inside the arm-band of the sleeve, and may be removed when short sleeves are desired.





## The Smart Spring Calling Costume



No. 5592—Tucked Surplice Waist. Pattern cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for the medium size,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 44 inch material.

No. 5530—Lady's Nine Gored Flare Skirt. Pattern cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inch waist measures. Quantity of material required for the medium size,  $6\frac{3}{8}$  yards of material 44 inches wide.



5236

No. 5236—Lady's Corset Cover, with high, round or Dutch neck, with or without full length sleeves. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures.

## To Wear Under Lingerie Blouses

ONE of the most important things in the summer girl's outfit is her set of colored slips to wear under the fashionable lingerie blouses. There should be slips of blue, pink, green, yellow, and white; some of silk, and others of lawn. If the girl is inclined to be plump, it would be well for her to make these slips at home, and have them fit as faultlessly as a boned waist lining. They may be cut out at the neck, and elaborately trimmed with ribbon-run lace, but the first item for consideration is the fit. Some slips are sleeveless, others have half sleeves, and many have full-length arm coverings, for economical girls find long sleeves more serviceable than short ones. For these fitted underwaists use pattern No. 5236.

To obtain any of these pattern models carefully fill out coupon form herewith given and mail to us. The price of each pattern is ten cents.

Remittances may be made in stamps or money, and all orders will be filled promptly. Do not fail to give full particulars, quoting the number of the pattern in each instance, and stating the size distinctly.

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FASHION DEPARTMENT

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Enclosed please find.....cents in.....  
for which kindly mail to me patterns

No.      Size

..... NAME.....

..... P. O.....

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President

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Would you like to do advertising work at \$15 to \$50 a week?

Are you open to conviction when we say that the new profession of advertising (writing and managing) is the best for young men to take up today?

Do you want to read a mighty interesting and instructive book on the subject of advertising—if we will send a copy free?

Do you want to learn how others have succeeded beyond their greatest expectations and how you may do the same?

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Gen. Manager

The writer of this advertisement was working ten hours a day for eight dollars a week some years ago. Progress was slow and he could see but little ahead. One day a peculiar incident gave him a jolt and he woke up. The result is that his gross income averages more than two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Perhaps you, too, need a jolt. Perhaps you will get it if you read our

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How advertising can be easily and thoroughly learned by mail during spare hours.

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Write us at once (a postal card will do) for a free copy of our book. We would charge \$1 a copy for this book if it were published to sell in the regular way. As it is published to advertise our school it is distributed free. It may be worth hundreds of dollars to you. Write now—while you have the matter in mind.

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The following might interest you:

I was a compositor for ten years when I commenced a course in advertising with a large school in a nearby city. From the first they proved very careless in returning my lesson sheets, making it impossible to intelligently go on with the work.

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Mr. GEORGE W. SPEYER

rections, with personal suggestions by Mr. Wells, came back promptly. And all through the entire course I felt your personal presence.

My only regrets are that I wasted precious time and money on a course that, although costing more than again as much, never repaid me for my trouble.

Permit me to thank you, gentlemen, for the knowledge you helped me to gain. I do not hesitate to urge any young man or woman into taking your course in advertisement writing, whether as a profession or a help in business.

It will prove an asset worth a thousand times more than your nominal fee. Such is my experience.

Sincerely yours,  
GEORGE W. SPEYER,  
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# The Popular Magazine



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the complete novel in this issue, is a story of ranch life by *B. M. Bower*, whose “Chip of the ‘Flying U,’” and “The Lure of the Dim Trails,” were two of the most popular stories of the past decade. You can’t afford to miss “Rowdy of the ‘Cross L.’” It is one of the best and most realistic tales of the West ever written, and after you have read it you will feel an instinctive longing to taste the tang of the prairie air, and, on the back of a sturdy bronco, do a few little deeds of heroism yourself.

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Quarter Sizes!

\$3.50

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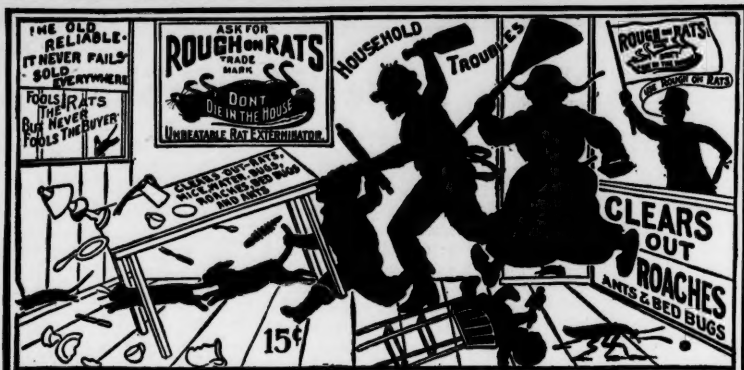
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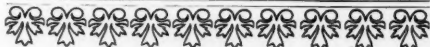
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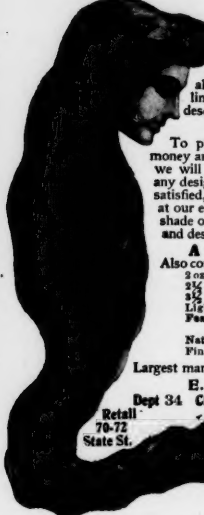
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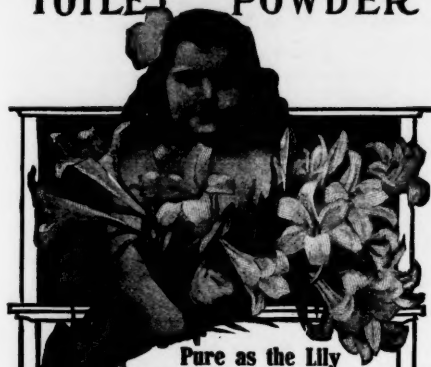
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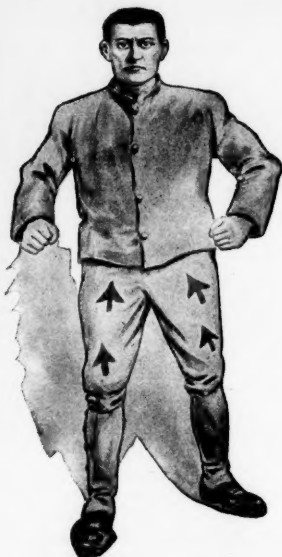
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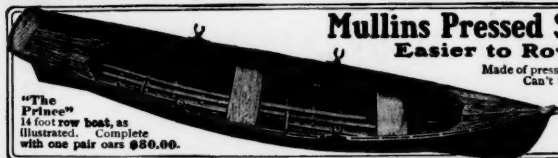
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"THE GILLETTE" will give you a shave as clean, as close, and as satisfactory, as your barber can. You powder off with as smooth and pleasant a feeling as when you leave a barber-shop.

**BE YOUR OWN BARBER AND SAVE TIME, MONEY AND NERVES. "THE GILLETTE" BLADE IS OF FLEXIBLE WAFER STEEL THAT SHAVES. 20 TO 40 QUICK AND COMFORTABLE SHAVES FROM EACH BLADE.**

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades - - - \$5.00

Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades - - - \$10.00

12 " and monogram \$12.00

Standard Combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders - - - \$7.50

Other combination sets in silver and gold up to - - \$50.00

**Standard packages of 10 blades with 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers, at the uniform price of 50 cents.**

**NO BLADES EXCHANGED OR RESHARPENED. No Hinges that Rust: No Clasps that Break: No Springs that Weaken.**

**Sold by Leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers.**

Ask to see them and for our booklet.

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BLADES  
24  
KEEN  
EDGES**



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**NO STROPPING. NO HONING.**

*Spring Blossoms*  
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BRING A MESSAGE OF PURITY,  
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The possession of strong beautiful teeth through life means the early and habitual use of this ideal liquid dentifrice.

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**Confidence** can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

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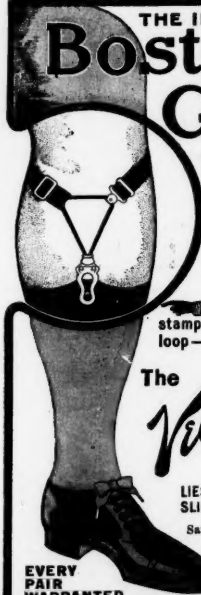
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